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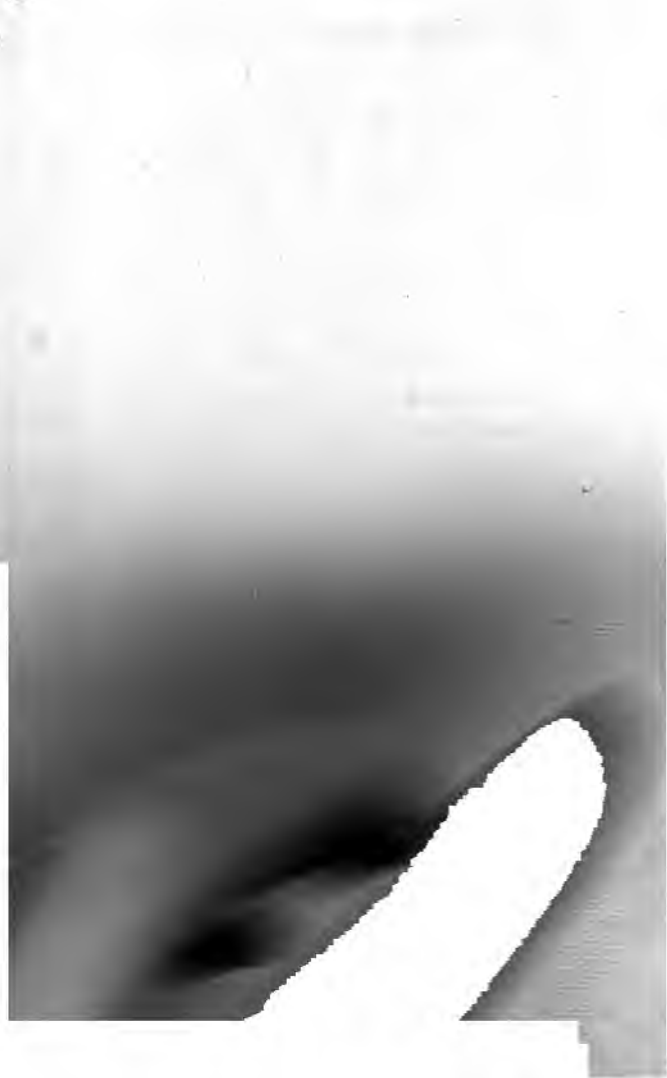
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12







LETTERS
ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY
THE REV. JAMES CAUGHEY,
OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, UNITED STATES OF
AMERICA.

VOL. V.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.,
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HUDDERSFIELD :
PRINTED BY ROBERT PILTER, KING STREET.

PREFACE.

TO MESSRS. JOSEPH WEBB AND THOMAS
MALLINSON, OF HUDDERSFIELD.

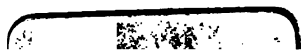
New York, Nov. 8th, 1847.

MY DEAR BRETHREN,

It has been suggested by some of my friends, that a short account of my late voyage, and of my reception in America, would be the most acceptable Preface I could write for my Fifth Volume of Letters. As the English public have already been made acquainted with the proceedings at my "farewell meetings" in Sheffield, Birmingham, and Liverpool, a repetition of them here will hardly be considered necessary. It is, however, my intention, should life be spared, to publish "in due course," my letters descriptive of these never-to-be-forgotten services. Let it suffice for the present to say, that on the 20th day of July, 1847, after taking a most tender farewell of a large number of *precious*

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To you, a tearful agonizing farewell! And farewell poor *perishing sinners*, whom I would fain have brought into the path to heaven, by thousands, and hundreds of thousands. Farewell, ye men of God!—ye ministers of his,—ye local preachers, and leaders,—officers of Emmanuel's hosts,—who helped me often to push the battle to the gates, and to shout the victory close by the trembling gates of hell. Farewell! farewell! my children in the Lord,—the seal of my apostleship are ye in the Lord;—whom I found in the hand of the enemy,—led captive by him at his will,—and whom I left in thy care, O blessed Jesus!—chief Shepherd, and Bishop of souls:—keep them, O Saviour, from the evils which are in the world;—may none of them backslide from thee, or dishonour thy cause. Amen!" More I cannot describe upon paper. The lights on the Isle of Man appeared about twilight, and shortly after the quarter moon went down behind a bank of cloud. The evening was pleasant, with a placid sea, which suited the state of my weak body and mind:—

"Soft hour! which makes the wish, and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart."

I walked the deck till a late hour, lost in thought;
—"thoughts of the heart, how soft ye flow!—mourn-

ful and sweet, as music's dying fall;"—fraught with many a treasured hope, and tender memory;—darting to regions afar;—now with lately-parted friends, and the next moment with expectant friends in North America;—both hemispheres were visited,—quicker than the scintillations of the *Aurora Borealis*. My whole being had, as it were, resolved itself into memory,—“an *ocean of memories*.” Some one has termed the memory, *the image chamber of the soul*; mine was that, truly; and *many images* were there,—and *mingled pictures*,—“like broken scenery mirrored on the surface of a troubled stream.” Some were *delightfully pleasing*, because associated with the expectation of soon mingling my tears of joy with those of *long-tried* friends in America; while others were *oppressively sad*,—on account of friends I might possibly meet no more upon earth; and these crossed each other and intermingled,—“as rich sunbeams and dark bursts of rain meet in the sky.” But enough of this:—

“The dangers I had 'scaped, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliverance found
Unlook'd for, life preserved, and peace restored,
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love,”—

called for loudest songs of praise. “Bless the Lord,
O my soul!”

The following morning we were running along the northern coast of Ireland,—“its weather-beaten and bleached rocks, from the green waves emerging.” At the close of day land had almost disappeared :—

“ Away! away we steer,
Upon the ocean’s breast,
And dim the distant heights appear,
Like clouds along the west:
While our ship,—lonely as the bird,
Whose home is on the wing,”—

hurried onward, fearlessly, into the bosom of night. Morning came, and nothing but sky and water appeared around ;—our ship,—“poised in the centre of a sphere,” wrestling hard with a rolling treacherous sea,—“*a working sea remaining from a storm,*” and nearly all the passengers sick,—among whom I also was “*a complainant.*” And old voyagers there were who grumbled heavily at the loss of both breakfast and dinner,—a thing they did not appear to have been accustomed to ;—relish such usage they neither could nor would, and so revenged their affronts by dashing most vociferously, and without a word of apology, the whole of “*stomach contents*” directly in the face of the sea,—“fearless of old ocean’s face or thundering frown.” During three or four days there were some sturdy contests of this kind, between the *haughty sea*

and *stubborn passengers*,—and many an interchange of mutual affronts. A few retired from the scene of conflict, concealing their defeat between decks; others, with myself scorned to retreat till it could be done “with good grace,” under cover of night. The day passed tediously away; night came, and so did morning,—bleak and dreary enough; but an array of pale faces on deck, proclaimed if we were weak, we were still unconquered.

The sea at length became less rude and more civil. The aspect of old ocean was still sufficiently *rugged* and dreary, but there was a sensible improvement in its spirit and tone. “The billows roll with pleasureable swell,” says some votary of the Muses; I wonder if he was ever sea-sick. The *uneasy* swell continued, but the pulsations of ocean’s breast beat less heavily, and so did those of our “inner man.” Appetite gradually returned; there was a better muster at the saloon table; but a few stragglers, among whom was your friend, were content with a place on deck, “under open sky,” plate on knee,—suspicious of *treachery*,—*fearing a surprise*. *Confidence*, however, gradually returned; and on the evening of the fifth day, there were some appearances of *sociability*,—for a most *unsocial* thing is this sea-sickness;—the sentiment of one could now be reciprocated:—

“The last line of light is now crossing the sea,
And the first star is lighting its lamp in the sky.”

Nor should that of another be omitted :—

“Great Ocean! strongest of creation’s sons,
Unconquerable, unreposed, untired,
That rolled the wild, profound, eternal bass,
In nature’s anthem, and made music such
As pleased the ears of God!

Unfallen, religious, holy Sea!

Thou bowest thy glorious head to none, fearest none,
Hearest none, to none dost honour, but to God
Thy Maker, only worthy to receive
Thy great obeisance!

————— *Undiscovered Sea!*

Into thy dark, unknown, mysterious caves,
And secret haunts, unfathomably deep
Beneath all visibly retired, none goes
And comes again, to tell the wonders there!

Tremendous Sea! what time thou liftedst up
Thy waves on high, and with thy winds and storms
Strange pastime took, and shook thy mighty sides
Indignantly!
Self-purifying, unpolluted Sea!

Lover unchangeable, thy faithful breast
Forever heaving to the lovely moon,
That like a shy and holy virgin, robed
In saintly white, walked nightly in the heavens,
And to thy everlasting serenade
Gave gracious audience.

————— No breath
 Thy beauty stirred, no fin, no oar ;
 Like beauty newly dead, so calm, so still,
 So lovely!"

Sublimely beautiful as are the above lines, they would have been but little appreciated at a *certain period* of the voyage. Poetry has no chance in the midst of sea sickness. The labouring ship,—the deadly swell,—the angry sea,—the dismal sky,—“the waves tumbling their huge sides about,” *upsetting* all order and stability within the “*corporation physical*,” and melting the very soul away,—are *realities too absorbing* for the sublimest imaginings of poetry.

On Sabbath, 25th July, the captain requested me to conduct divine service. Being somewhat out of order, I requested him, in return, to read prayers, and I would preach ; which he did in a most devout manner, and with good effect. After service I was addressed by a gentleman, thus : “ Sir, some did not like your sermon ; but I did ; it was short, but sweet.” Shortly after, a British officer, on his way to join his regiment in Quebec, stepped up, and said : “ Sir, I have heard that to-day which I have been desiring in vain to hear during the last *thirty years*,—a *short sermon*, Sir.” The major appeared highly pleased, not with the doctrine, nor style of the sermon, but

with its *brevity*; which, to those versed like himself in the woes of long sermons, he considered an absolute luxury. Perhaps I had preached longer than the major was aware; but no matter, he was really happy to find one man, after a search of thirty years, who had better sense than to weary his hearers. He then entered into a lengthy detail of his sufferings from "the intolerable infliction of long sermons." Poor man! his suffering had weighed so heavily upon his *nervous sensibilities*, that the bare remembrance of them was sufficient to rouse all his energies into *repugnance*. He became really *eloquent*, "*and every feeling uttered, fully felt*;" but, unfortunately, his excitement carried him, perhaps, much further than he had intended;—"that preaching might as well be dispensed with altogether." To this I demurred, which set him on the *defensive*. Finding it rather difficult to maintain his position, he withdrew his artillery, and retreated, supposing, probably, that I was as guilty as any of my cloth in "long sermon outrage;" and he was not far mistaken.

As day succeeded day, our prospects brightened. Few there were who were not cheered by the anticipation of meeting friends on the approaching shores, and all seemed to be more reconciled to "life at sea." Our fine steamer flew along the waters, ruling the ele-

ments and free waves,—“impelled as though she felt a soul within her heart of oak,”—reminding one of those quaint lines of Raleigh :—

“Ye might have seen the frothy billows fry
Under the ship, as through them she went,
That seemed the waves were into ivory,
Or ivory into waves were sent.”

Many a time, by day and night, did I walk the deck repeating those favourite verses, eyeing the compass, which stood for convenience on the promenade deck :—

“Led by the magnet o’er the tides,
That bark her path explores ;
Sure as unerring instinct guides
The bird to unseen shores ;
With wings that o’er the waves expand,
She wanders to a viewless land.

Yet not alone, for day and night
Escort her o’er the deep ;
And round her solitary flight
Do stars their vigils keep ;
Above, beneath, are circling skies,
And heaven around her pathway lies.

Yet not alone, for round her glow
The vital light and air ;
And something that, in whispers low,
Tells to man’s spirit there ;
Along her waste and weary road,
A present all-pervading God.”

On Saturday, the eleventh day from Liverpool, we hailed the shores of North America, frowning through the folds of a *dense fog*; and, on the same day, we entered the harbour of *Halifax, Nova Scotia*, thankful to our heavenly Father for his abounding mercies. A brother recognized me as soon as I stepped ashore, who remembered with joy my visit in 1841. We enjoyed a pleasant walk through the city,* returned to dinner on board, and, after posting a few letters for friends in England, our steamer was again in motion. The fog became thicker than ever, so as to render our egress from the harbour hazardous; but we regained the sea in safety, and steered for Boston, U.S.

Next day, (Sabbath,) the captain desired me to officiate; but I informed him there was a Baptist minister on board, and that Christian courtesy required he should be requested to preach; and, that I doubted not most of the passengers would be highly pleased to hear him. The captain kindly consented, and we had a profitable season. A few were displeased with the preacher. The introduction of the horrors of hell, and the rich man calling for a drop of water to cool his tongue, could not be pardoned in so polite an assembly. I defended the good brother with all kind-

* See some account of Halifax in Vol. I., Letter xiii., p. 88.

ness and plainness. The major again made his appearance, and I could not well keep my eye off him, remembering his mortal distaste for long sermons; and felt for both him and the preacher, the latter not being aware of his prejudices. A few minutes, however, decided the matter. The major began to grope about for his hat; and I was glad to turn my eye in another direction, as he boldly marched doorward, and made his exit; thinking, doubtless, that when in the church at Quebec, at the head of his regiment, he could not with so "good grace" reprove the prolixity of the preacher. I had some liberty in the concluding prayer.

On the same night blue lights were projected from deck in hopes of "signalizing" the outward bound mail steamer; but the compliment not being returned by the vessel whose watch-lights had attracted our attention, we concluded we had mistaken the ship. The night was dark and dreary; but all were cheered by the hope of a safe arrival at the port of destination on the morrow; a hope which a kind Providence did not disappoint.

Morning came, and with it a very bad fog. Supposing land to be near, a sharp look out was maintained on all sides. Guns were fired at intervals for a harbour pilot, but in vain. We continued to near the

shore, which was, as yet, but an object of faith;—it might be within gunshot, or at a considerable distance. The “random gun,” the heavy plunge of the lead, and report of soundings, had a solemn effect. Suddenly we had a glimpse of rugged rocks,—like spectres starting out of the fog, and disappearing again. We stood in admiration of the *confidence, prudence, and judgment* of captain, officers, and men. Our coast pilot, embarrassed more and more by the encompassing fog, ascended the mainmast, in hopes of *overlooking* it. He succeeded, and from his giddy position gave his commands to the helmsman, who obeyed his injunctions, *in faith*, dashing the vessel headlong into an “obscurity that might be felt,”—regardless of rocks which frowned sudden terror, and which as suddenly disappeared. The fog dispersed; all was well; we found ourselves in the “narrows” leading to Boston harbour; and saw Boston itself reposing like a brilliant gem, enchased within a soft and pretty arrangement of scenery; the whole lighted up with that freshness and beauty so peculiar to an American summer morning.

It was noon before we got our baggage ashore. The day became extremely hot, which, to us who had been exposed to the sea breezes, and to weather singularly chilly and raw, was very oppressive. The

hotel to which we were conducted, being pleasantly situated, we concluded to remain a day or two to recruit. "I had hardly got rid of the rocking sensation of the ship," remarked one, similarly circumstanced to ourselves, "and this being but my second night ashore, I slept as a landsman does when he once more gains firm earth. On the former day when walking, my very toes grasped the ground, as if each was a *feeler*. I clung to it with my feet, and planted them on land like the sea-horse climbing an iceberg." My nights, for some time after landing, were of a restless character; on waking up, I hardly ever realized myself on shore. But my soul was continually happy and thankful. Gratitude to my good and gracious God ever animated my heart. He had vouchsafed to his unworthy servant, in answer to the fervent prayers of many thousands, a safe and pleasant voyage,—and *speedy*,—occupying only about twelve days and a half from Liverpool. We learned, indeed, from the public papers, that, a few degrees from our position on the Atlantic, a vessel had encountered a tremendous gale, on the night of the 30th July, which carried away her mainmast, together with fore and mizen topmast and sails, but it had no commission against us. Shortly after we landed, another terrific gale swept the American coast, which resulted in many disasters with loss

of life. But *he who holds the winds in his fist and the waters in the hollow of his hand*, held the elements in restraint, till we were out of the reach of their fury: "*Doth Job fear God for nought? hast thou not made a hedge about him, and about all that he hath on every side?*"—was Satan's complaint concerning Job. God can plant his hedge as a defence around his servants at sea, as firmly as on land, and can say thereby to the winds and waves, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." Ocean may fling his mountain waves against it, and *the prince of the power of the air*, may sometimes, for aught we know, gather the winds of heaven in one collected blast,—charged with the strength and wrath of hell,—involving sea and sky,—but in vain!—the hedge is there,—the blast of hell is paralyzed,—there is no *breakwater* so effectual as the hedge of God's right hand planting.

I left Boston for *New York*, where I was joyfully received by Mr. and Mrs. John Caughey (cousins) and family. From thence I proceeded up the Hudson river to Newburgh, and took my sister and family by surprise. We had a joyful meeting. From Newburgh I set out for Troy and Lansingburgh, the highest *navigable* point of the Hudson, and preached at both places; thence to Whitehall,—where I formerly received orders for Europe. I landed there about five o'clock in the morning,

and, without making myself known to any one, I hastened up the rocky steps to Providence Path.* It is impossible to describe my feelings when my feet paced that Path once more. My heart was filled with love and joy, my eyes with tears, and my mouth with praises. The rocks rang with shouts of joy. This was my "*Triumphal*." No human eye saw me, no human ear heard my *bursting joy*,—my *acclamations*! Angels, I cannot but think, were spectators, and shared in the "TRIUMPH" which *Father, Son, and Holy Ghost*, had granted to the weakest and meanest of the servants of Heaven. Oh! it was a time never to be forgotten. I had not expected such a great blessing; my soul was taken by surprise, and was caught up into the chariot of love. No Roman hero ever returned to Rome with such a glow of happiness in his bosom; none surely ever *enjoyed his triumphal* entry into the Roman capital, as I did *mine*, amidst the rocks of Providence Path. When words were exhausted, and I stood in adoring wonder, not knowing what more to say, that fine hymn rolled in upon memory, and fired my soul afresh. It was quite unpremeditated;—that is, it was not thought of in view of the occasion: rather, I would believe, it was prompted by the Spirit of God, and my willing soul

* See Vol. I., Letter II., p. 8.

seized it, and made it the vehicle to convey its loftiest emotions of gratitude and joy to the feet of Christ my Lord :—

“ This, this is the God I adore,
My faithful unchangeable friend ;
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
’Tis Jesus the first and the last,
Whose mercy shall guide me safe home,
I’ll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that’s to come !”

And I sang as if heaven and earth should hear. The Lord had performed his every promise, and fulfilled all his intimations of good things to come, which he had made me to understand, when he gave me my *European commission* !—and he had brought me back again in peace and safety, according to his word ;—and, had I held my peace, the rocks around Providence Path, might well have cried out.

I then walked down into a lonely glen,—another place sacred to memory ;—where some weeks after my *call* to Europe, and when the following words were resting upon my heart with a sweet influence, “ *I must preach the gospel under other skies* :” —when walking, engaged in deep communion with God, I observed, on looking up, how rapidly the clouds were

careering along the sky,—I fell upon my knees and sang :—

“ Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct my wandering feet
He shall point out my way.”

And now that I had returned, and the Lord had made all his goodness to pass before me, how could I pass that glen and not turn in thither, kneel upon the same green turf, and sing the same verse I had sung there eight years before? Then, indeed, it was the language of *confiding faith* and *unwavering trust*, now of *confidence and certainty of knowledge*;—but both dispositions were equally pleasing to God, although the latter was now the easier and happier feeling of the two. Here again, I was blessed, in substituting, “ he *has directed* my wandering feet,—he *has pointed* out the way.” Had some musical critics indeed been present, they would have been alarmed for *the fate of the tune*; but it was for the ears of God alone; and was accepted on account of the sweet melody made in the heart to the Lord. Ephes. v. 19. On the same day I went on board the steamer, Whitehall, and sailed for *Burlington, Vt.*,—a pretty town on the eastern banks of lake Champlain, where I received a hearty welcome to my American home, by my dear

friends, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Haynes. All glory and praise be unto God! Amen. Since my arrival in America, I have travelled nearly two thousand miles, preached in several places, and have seen a few sinners converted to God.

Last week I visited *Poughkeepsie*, the residence of Bishop *Hedding*. He was not at home, but was expected daily. Mrs. H. informed me that a letter from the English Wesleyan Conference awaited the Bishop concerning me; the purport of which, you may be sure I was very desirous to know; but the uncertainty as to the time of the Bishop's return, together with other pressing engagements, rendered it necessary I should hurry away. I concluded to await the arrival of the noon steamer, determining to remain, should the Bishop arrive by her; if not, to proceed by the same boat down the river. Providentially the Bishop was on board. He received me most cordially, and I returned with him to his mansion. Mrs. H. handed him the letter referred to; and, after reading it with deep attention, he passed it to me. It was directed to the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the United States of America, and signed by Mr. Jackson, President of Conference, and by Dr. Newton, Secretary, and dated at London, if I rightly remember. I did not ask a copy of it, but you may be sure

it made a deep impression upon my mind. In substance it ran thus : A *unanimous* resolution of the Wesleyan Conference ;—that the stay of Mr. Caughey in England had been too protracted, *subversive of ecclesiastical order*, and *calculated to jeopardize the peace and unity of the Wesleyan Connexion* ; and desiring the Bishops to refuse their sanction to the *repetition of such a visit*. The territories laid down in the document, from which the petitioners deprecate the catastrophe of such a visit, are Great Britain and Ireland, and all the *dependencies* of the British crown. Thus I am prohibited, by these brethren, in Conference assembled, from setting my foot on any part of Victoria's dominions, henceforth, for the purpose of preaching the gospel of the Son of God. What ! oh ! what have I done to call forth so severe and exclusive a mandate ? The Bishop smiled, and said : “ Brother Caughey, you must enter the travelling connexion in the Troy Conference, and become a *regular man*. It will be better for you to do so ; and you will thereby save yourself *much perplexity*. In doing this, you need not be the half of the time on your circuit ; exchanges can be made with other ministers, and you may extend your labours and preach in all the regions around.” My reply was, My life cannot be a long one ; I sincerely desire to

employ what may remain of it so as to do *the most possible good to my fellow men, and bring most glory to God*. The Bishop looked at me earnestly, and inquired whether I maintained as close a walk with God as in years gone by. Glory be to God! I could reply in the *affirmative*, but with the *deepest self-abasement*.

But to return to the letter from the English Conference. After requiring the *interposition* of episcopal authority, the letter expresses great *liberality*,—quite in accordance with the principles of the *Evangelical Alliance*,—that any of our American ministers journeying in Europe shall be received with cordiality, and will be made welcome to occupy any of the Wesleyan pulpits. But poor J. C. is *proscribed!*—“the *marked man*,”—a *disturber of the peace!* The letter is silent as death, as to any success attending my ministry while in England. Dr. Dixon is mentioned at the close, as your representative to our next general Conference;—and that he is empowered to explain more fully the views of the English Conference on this subject. The above is the substance of the letter, so far as my memory serves me, but, not unlikely, a copy of it may have found its way into some of your public prints;—if so, you may consult it for yourselves. I told the Bishop I had no fears as to Dr. Dixon;—

that I knew him to be my friend; and that his testimony, if required, would be no disadvantage to me.

I cannot refrain at this moment from expressing my sorrow, that a few good brethren in the Wesleyan Conference, cannot see it to be their duty to be *quiet*,—to rest contented,—and let the matter drop, now that I am quite out of their country. I find it hard to persuade myself that such a communication as this was called for, all things considered. Why, oh! why endeavour to prejudice the minds of our Bishops, and, through them, our ministry in this country? My movements are now closely *scanned*; and one good minister, in one of our cities, refused to allow me to enter his pulpit without explanations. This can do my English brethren no good, while it is likely to do me evil. Besides, if I choose to re-visit England to preach the gospel of Christ, there is no man, nor set of men, under heaven, that can prevent me. *Such proscriptions*, at this age of the church, possess a *very limited power*. It is hard, indeed, for one man to bear up under the combined weight of such a body as the British Conference, but *if God be for us, who can be against us?*

After some farther conversation with the Bishop, I desired to be alone with God, excused myself for an hour, and walked out. I had not gone far before God

met me, and filled my heart with love. My soul rejoiced with exceeding joy,—all within me shouted his praise. Ah ! I thought, this will do, God is mine, and I am his ;—he is on my side,—no evil can happen. All is well ! I felt nothing in my heart but pure love to God and man. Hallelujah ! That night I preached in the church contiguous to the Bishop's residence, and a number of persons came forward to be prayed for ; but, as I had to leave before the close of the service, I did not learn the results.

Yesterday we commenced "special services," in one of our churches in this city. The congregation was rather small,—when compared with those I had seen in England ; but there was some *feeling* ; and we are *praying, hoping, and believing*, for a *general out-pouring* of the *Holy Spirit* upon the population of this great city ; the results may form the material for another communication. My health, thank God, is very good.

As to my future movements in this country, I can say nothing *certain*. I purpose to walk closely with God ;—to watch intently the *providential cloud*, and follow it. My soul has been weak since my arrival, and I have not had my usual liberty in preaching, nor success :—have been much buffeted by the enemy, and weakened by various causes, not necessary now to

mention. But I would encourage myself in the Lord, —that these circumstances are a prelude to a succession of victories. I have felt a loss in my soul in returning into the hands of the Lord my European commission. While I held *that*, all the energies of soul and body were consecrated to it, and engaged in carrying out its purport. My American has not been so clearly defined, nor so satisfactorily renewed. I feel somewhat like an officer of the army on furlough, and longing once more to lead the hosts of God to battle, and to victory.—

“To act, to suffer, may be nobly great,—
But nature's *mightiest effort* is to WAIT.”

To the providence of God, and to your kind superintendence, dear brethren, allow me to commend this “*Orphan Volume.*” I would also say to the many thousands of my old friends, show it favour for his sake who is far away. That the God of all grace and consolation may bless you and them, and render this Volume a blessing to many, is the prayer of your most affectionate brother in Jesus Christ our Lord,

JAMES CAUGHEY.

P. S. I have presented my *papers*, and have been received by the proper authorities, as a minister in a

located relation,—so far then I am *regular*,—and in *accordance with discipline*; but I have already leaped over Conference boundaries, and have made an attack on Satan's kingdom in the city of New York. The church is all for *order*; but God wants sinners converted. But woe to the man who will dare to break over the *walls, gates, bars, and trenches* of church order!—he will need to be as an *iron pillar*, and a *wall of brass*. Sinners must be saved; and when the church's order crosses God's order, he will *assuredly* cross hers, and humble her in the dust;—so it *has been*, so it *should be*, and so it *will be*. I would rather preach the gospel in the *highways and hedges*, living on a *crust of bread and good cold water*, and have abundance of sinners converted, than be cushioned up in the largest and most splendid of our American churches, with a large salary, and small success in soul-saving. So long as a man has an *open sky, open streets and squares, open fields, shores and mountains*, and enough of *food and clothing* to keep soul and body together, he has no reason to complain about a closed door. Hallelujah!

J. C.

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CAUGHEY'S LETTERS.

LETTER I.

TO * * * *.

Sheffield, July 5, 1844.

DEAR SIR,

THE "*grand outlines of Bible theology*" are the great subjects of all effectual preaching. These must not, need not be *disturbed*, nor *weakened*, but they may be *beautified* and *illustrated* by all that is visible in surrounding nature, or convincing and interesting in scientific discoveries. All that is touching or terrifying in the providence of God, whether read in the rough pages of *real life*, or in the truthful pages of the sober historian, may also, with good effect, be pressed into the same service. But all this may be done without offering any violence to the permanent principles of the theology of the Old and New Testaments. We may say of the great truths of the Bible, what a writer, some years ago, remarked on landscape gardening. Speaking of the larger and more unmanageable features of country scenery, he says: "They are to be left as God has left them. Who attempts to alter the shape of a hill, or the course of a majestic river? or, indeed, to disturb any of those massive features of nature which the Almighty has placed beyond our management? The execution of such freaks as these is luckily impossible, but, if possible, would be absurd. Some people have no idea of *improving*, but *altering*; but a lover of landscape

knows the prospect of a hill or a river may be improved in various ways, without any alteration of the object itself. There may be a choice of points in which it may be seen, and a proper selection and treatment of the *manageable* objects in the foreground, which it is within our power to alter, remove, or supply, as taste or propriety may dictate." The application of the above sentiment to the subject in hand is easy; but I must leave you to make it. That was an important advice given by one of the Fathers of the church, I forget whom, to one younger in the ministry than himself: "Keep the *Depositum*. What is the *Depositum*? That wherewith thou art trusted, —not which thou hast found out; that which thou hast received, not that which thou hast invented. Keep the talent of the catholic faith; be thou a Bezaleel of the spiritual tabernacle. Cut the gems of the divine doctrine shining in his word; insert them curiously in thy discourse; set them off with a *good foil*; let men understand by exposition *clearly*, that which before they understood *obscurely*. Yet, be sure thou teach no more than thou hast learned of Christ; *though thou speak in a new manner, yet deliver no new matter.*"

I admit with you, "a sermon may be all surface with little depth." It may be all show and shine, and leave the hearer nothing the better. It may be *pretty* and *plausible*, but *unsubstantial* and *unsatisfying*. It may resemble a field of grain I once beheld, covered with *gay, flaring* flowers. They adorned the field, looked very pretty, but they injured the crop. Pleasing to the eye they certainly were, and drew the admiration of the careless passenger; but, to the interested farmer, they were far otherwise. And thus it may be with a sermon;—there may be more flowers,—more *tropes*, *figures*, and *similitudes*, than *gospel truth*. Those who come to admire such things, will, doubtless, be

pleased; but those who are hungry for the bread of life, or who are hoping for a harvest of souls for the church of God, will go away disappointed. The difference between such *superficial preachers*, and those who enter *deeply* into the *spirit* of gospel truth, —in such a manner as to compel the hearers to say, with tears, as did the old Dutchman in America, "*Dat was de very bottom of de gospel*,"—was well illustrated by an old divine, centuries ago, when he compared the former to the boys of apothecaries, who, in his days, gathered broad leaves and white flowers, which floated upon the top of the water; and the latter to cunning divers, who brought up precious pearls from the bottom of the deep. They are the best preachers, in my opinion, who have a proper proportion of both methods of preaching, in their pulpit ministrations. He who is *always diving*, is often too long out of sight, unless the people dive with him. Those who have been toiling hard all the week, (and they for, you are aware, a large portion of our congregations,) are, usually, not over fond of such intellectual efforts. I have seen such endeavour to follow "*the diver*," but, ere they got half way down, they were *fast asleep*; while he, as if ambitious still to sink, and reach a depth profounder still, pursued the *stray idea*,—

"Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound,
Plunged for his sense, but found no bottom there,
Yet spoke and flounder'd on in mere despair!"

I have witnessed even some of the higher and more intellectual classes, *nodding* an assent, when it was evident Morpheus would not allow them to comprehend a single sentence. But there were knowing ones, and "they looked wise,"—first at the preacher, then at each other,—as if interchanging "*the thought*" significantly, and at the preacher's expense:—

"Like trout pursued, the critic in despair,
Darts to the mud, and finds his safety there."

He, however, that never *dives*, but who is *always* upon the surface, gathering *pretty flowers*, and making "*fragrant nosegays*," will never be a successful preacher. After all, with whom is it most agreeable to spend an hour?—with him who actually succeeds in presenting you with a selection of choice flowers, or with the one that is constantly diving, and tires out your patience by bringing nothing up. It is Cowper, I think, who exclaims:—

* * * "Save me, common-sense, say I,
From dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing grey in drawing nothing up."

How far I have been guilty of the "*superficial style*" of which you complain, I dare not say I am competent to judge. Others, no doubt, have done this for me. "By their fruits ye shall know them," was the mark by which our Lord directed that the preachers who should visit the churches, should be distinguished. The same *test* may be fitly applied to the different styles of preaching now in vogue throughout Christendom: "*By their fruits ye shall know them.*" Nor do I feel unwilling to submit my humble efforts to such a test in *Sheffield*. Consider the *effects* attendant upon every sermon;—effects so notorious now, that they are talked of all over the town; and which are considered as something most extraordinary and wonderful, even by those who have never concerned themselves much about religion;—effects too, which every man who preaches the gospel, with a motive justified in heaven, would be glad to see occurring under his own ministry. Men, women, and children, hitherto careless about the interests of their souls, are seen pleading for mercy;—offering up, like

their Lord, in the days of his humiliation, "*prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears, unto him that was able to save them from death.*" Heb. v. 7. The rich and the poor; the educated and the uncultivated; the refined and intellectual, on the one part,—the vulgar, and those of the "*baser sort,*" on the other;—the sober man and the drunkard; the virtuous and the vicious; the chaste and the licentious; the honest man and the thief; the believer in a divine revelation and the infidel; the busy formalist, and the careless moralist; the Gallios of our age, and profane sinners of every grade and character, belonging to town and country, are joining together at every meeting, in the one universal cry: "*God be merciful to me a sinner!*" "*Save, Lord, or I perish!*" "*Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy upon me!*" "*Heal my soul, for I have sinned against thee!*"

Surely, Sir, if the preaching has been "*superficial,*" the effects are far from being so. It is not only a maxim in philosophy, that *every effect has a cause*, but, also, that *the nature of the cause may be known by the effects*. How, then, can you account for these things? The "*superficial*" is a shallow, surface-sort of an affair; but this has penetrated to the *very depth* of the sinner's heart. It has penetrated to the dividing asunder of joints and marrow, soul and spirit. It has reached the fountain of tears, and the deepest recesses of feeling, till many hundreds of hitherto giddy, trifling sinners, have been compelled to *roar aloud* through the disquietude of their souls. I am not telling you what I have seen in America, but that which is actually transpiring before your eyes, at this very time, in Sheffield. I ask again, How can you account for these things? It is quite *unphilosophical*, you must admit, to impute to the "*superficial,*"—*effects so deep,—so influential,—so powerful.* "*Flowers*" are harmless things. It is in Rome I

believe, that some cannot inhale the fragrance of "*flowers*" without going into hysterics; but the *malaria* is not a native of England. English flowers,—"*flowery preaching*" and the English constitution are not congenial.

If the preacher, then, has not "*dived deeply* into theological lore," that class of truth which he has grasped and wielded, has, it would appear, entered too deeply into the hearts of perishing sinners, to subject him to the charge you have preferred. Now, when a man preaches month after month, year after year, and the gospel produces no such effects,—*sinners remaining sinners still*, it is plain, he has either *dived too deep, or not deep enough*; and, therefore, he "*should alter his style.*" But, when such results as you have witnessed follow the preaching of the truth, would it not be hazardous, if not foolish, to attempt the change which you advocate?

If I remember right, it was *Swift* that said, "As I take it, the two principal branches of preaching are, to tell the people what is their duty, and then to convince them that it is so." Nor will an honest and conscientious preacher rest satisfied, till, by the decided movements of sinners, he learns that they are *fully convinced* of their sin and danger, and their need of all that Christ has done for them;—so fully, as to bring them down upon their knees with the publican's cry,—long,—loud, and prevailing, "*God be merciful to me a sinner!*"

LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

Sheffield, June 27, 1844.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

PREACHING is not "laborious and wasting work," unless a man choose to make it so. It is easy to preach when the mind is divested of all anxiety as to the immediate conversion of sinners. To "*labour*" for the *awakening* and conversion of all who hear, is quite a different thing. Impressions, lasting as an hour, are easily made; those which are to be as lasting as eternity, are more difficult. A few strokes of fancy may accomplish the one, but all the *physical* and *mental* energies of the man of God are usually requisite to the other. I have often, when a boy, amused myself by writing, or drawing figures, upon the *sand*; this required little effort; but shortly a wave came and washed the whole away. I have carved the letters of my name upon a *rock*, and tired myself in the effort; but the work, when completed, was likely to endure as long as myself. But the difference is infinitely greater, in "*wear and tear*," and *consequences*, between an indifferent and fanciful mode of preaching, and a *deeply anxious* and *effective style*. You know what I mean, and therefore I need carry the idea no farther. Every man is aware of the *motive* or *object* he has in view in preaching. If that object be not the salvation of sinners, he is perfectly consistent in "taking the matter" as easily as circumstances will admit. If his object be "*the turning of many to righteousness*," INDIFFERENCE in *style, manner, spirit, and effort*, is most *inconsistent*, if not wicked. He that attempts to *save his life* thus, in hopes of

living a longer time to preach the gospel, is taking, perhaps, the most likely method to *lose it*; for his offended Lord may shorten the "*easy man's*" stay in the vineyard. He may say, "Give place to a *labourer*." May he not *bury the sluggard*, and carry forward his work by a more efficient agency? The observation is, I am aware, liable to some objections. Many have been favoured with a long life, in the work of the ministry, who were never remarkable either for *zeal* or *usefulness*; while others have been cut down in their prime who were noted for both. It is possible, that some of the former may have had life prolonged, on the same principle of the *long-suffering* of God, which, as in the case of other sinners, looks forward to future *repentance* and *usefulness*. It is equally possible, *as it regards the latter*, that they may have crowded, within the compass of a few years, that amount of usefulness which otherwise would have required a long life to have accomplished.

" In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be."

If a man finish up his work in the forenoon of his ministry, and go to heaven in the afternoon, it may be quite as beneficial to the church, to the world, and to his own interests in eternity, as if he had wasted the forenoon of his existence in comparative idleness or indifference, in prospect of throwing his "*afternoon energies*" into the work of *soul-saving*. That minister occupies a most dangerous post who is looked upon by the Almighty as a "cumberer of the ground," as possessing a station in the church which, for the salvation of deathless sinners, it were better that *another* should occupy. Is it not a mournful fact, that the church, at the present time, is, in many places, "*hampered and cramped*" by such men? Their jeopardy, I

apprehend, is greater, if the Holy Ghost have men in readiness to take their places, were they but removed out of the way ; men well qualified, and endued with power from on high ; men burning with holy zeal to carry the triumphs of the *cross* into the ranks of wickedness ; holy men, who are ready to—

“ Rush into every open door,
And cry, Behold the Lamb !”

In such a case, it is not uncharitable to suppose, that angels and disembodied spirits would rejoice to see such “ *cumberers*” dismissed from the vineyard, and taken, if fit, into paradise. There is, therefore, much implied in that decision of Jesus Christ, recorded in Matthew ix. 37 : “ *The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few.*” “ The souls,” says one, “ who are ready to receive the truth, are very numerous, *but the labourers are few.* There are *multitudes* of scribes, pharisees, and priests, of *reverend* and *right reverend* men, but there are few that *work*. Jesus wishes for *labourers*, not *gentlemen*, who are either *idle* drones, or slaves to pleasure, and sin, and *fruges consumere nati*, “ Born to consume the produce of the soil.” Consider the counsel of our Lord : “ *Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth,*” *εμβαλλη*, “ *thrust out, labourers into his harvest.*” Some have supposed the term, *thrust out*, to imply a *general unwillingness* upon the part of those who are called of God to preach the gospel. This, to a certain extent, may be correct. He that contemplates the delivering of the whole counsel of God, should he enter upon the work, be the consequences what they may, must look upon it as a *dreadful undertaking*. “ No argument will be sufficient to persuade men to the weighty work of the ministry,” said the great and good Mr. Poole, “ with an intention

to fulfil it, but the power of God inclining their heart to it. You have need, therefore, to *pray* to God, that he would send, nay, that he would, *εβαλλη, thrust out* labourers into his harvest." This unwillingness does not arise, at all times, so much from a *disinclination* to deliver the whole counsel of God, as to encounter the difficulties which encumber "the *path ecclesiastical*," leading to the vineyard of the Lord. The church may have no room for them; the *temples* and *pulpits* are all *pre-occupied*. Christ calls forth *labourers*, his church needs them; not "*idle drones*," but *labourers*. Now such a term imports, that a man give his whole time and strength to this work. As a *day labourer* is not at liberty to *work for himself, or for any other man*, but for his *employer*, he certainly must expect *support* from that employment. It is in this light the labourers in the Lord's vineyard must be considered; hence, says the apostle, "*Even so hath the Lord ordained, that they which preach the gospel, should live of the gospel*;" 1 Cor. ix. 14; should obtain a livelihood, when their circumstances require it, from their labours in it, being called away from worldly employments to spend the whole of their time in preaching the gospel. It was, doubtless, upon this principle the apostle himself acted when he took *wages* of a certain church, while doing another needy church service. 2 Cor. xi. 8. Now, the church, "for the want of means," is frequently unable to employ the *labourers* whom God raises up, and sends to her doors. She may have more than she can support; but out of the *many*, the *labourers are few*. The flock is *well fleeced*, but not *well fed*, nor *increased*. There are *gentlemen divines* in great plenty; sufficient, it may be, *consumere fruges*, "to consume the produce of the soil," but a great scarcity of *sickle-men* who will *stoop, and toil, and labour*, in the *rough harvest-field of sinners*. What is to be done?

"Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he will THRUST OUT labourers into his harvest." When this prayer of a weeping, groaning church meets with the approbation of the Head of the church, his mighty arm will soon make room for the labourers. To thrust out labourers is a violent action. Aye, and that violence may consign to the sickle of death many a "cumberer," to make way for the sharp and zealous sickles of living, faithful, energetic men. I am of opinion, that, in proportion to the number of such *willing labourers*, raised up by God, in answer to the cries of his church, there will be *terrible illustrations* of such providential interpositions. "*There always were but few labourers in God's harvest,*" says a great divine, "*hence Chrysostom thought that but few ministers would be saved.*" That the former are so *numerous*, (and their number, I fear, is continually increasing,) arises, most probably, from the silence and indifference of the church. When she is fully awakened to the dreadful and progressing evil, and is aroused to make her appeal, an appeal *loud, sincere, and earnest enough* to be *heard and regarded* in heaven, it will be attended to, and, perhaps, in a way that may cover the church with mourning, but such a mourning as she shall soon lay aside for the garments of joy. This is a subject which few are willing to touch, because it looks like an exhibition of enmity towards ministers, or a desire to disturb the church by a croaking, fault-finding spirit. I think you know me too well to suspect me of either. You have desired my opinion, and I have given it you out of the simplicity and fulness of my heart.

Yours in the bonds of the gospel of Christ,

J. C.

LETTER III.

TO THE SAME.

Sheffield, July 4, 1844.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

NO.* God would RATHER *re-convert* us ministers, and baptize us anew with the Holy Ghost, than consign us to the grave, in order to make way for more efficient men. His *long-suffering* toward us is a proof of what I say. It is plain we have a *merciful God* to deal with, and not *man*, or, long ere this, the most of us would have been banished from the vineyard. If we were what we should be, there would be little difficulty in finding "*ways and means*" for the employment of those whom God has called and qualified to take part with us in this ministry. The church would be in a *holier* and *more vigorous state*, were we what we should be. "Like priest, like people," is a proverb of centuries. *When the priests are clothed with salvation, the saints shout aloud for joy.* This was a sentiment of the psalmist; and every age, since the commencement of the Christian era, has proved its truth. When the saints enjoy a religion so happy and soul-stirring as this, there will be no lack of money to build temples for God, nor of means of support for those whom God has raised up and prepared to occupy the pulpits. When ministers and people become flames of fire throughout the church universal, it will not be long ere the new con-

* This is abrupt; but necessity compels me to this. Time, with its claims, will not allow of circumlocution; besides, the reader will learn in the *two or three succeeding lines*, without a prolix explanation, the purport of my correspondent's sentiments, to which I here refer.

verts are numerous as the dewdrops of the morning. Nor will God leave them as sheep without shepherds. Pastors after God's own heart will appear, and their numbers will keep a proportionate pace with the increase of Christ's flock. I still maintain, that the cry of the church regarding these things will be heard in heaven; and that if she will but appeal to God, *he will avenge her speedily.*

I am often ashamed of myself, and humbled to the dust before the Lord of hosts. Although he is now blessing my humble endeavours to an extent he has never done before, yet a consciousness of my *present short-comings* and *past unfaithfulness* lays my soul in the dust continually. It is impossible for me to convey to you in words what I feel upon these points. In proportion as the Head of the church condescends to use me for his glory, in the same proportion do I suffer this indescribable humiliation of soul. I cannot say that, properly speaking, it renders me unhappy. It may seem a paradox, but *I rather cherish the feeling.* It is, indeed, a *pleasing smart, a bitter sweet*; so much so that the more I have, the more I want, without any alteration in the compound. Do you understand me? And yet all this is not inconsistent with that glorious experience of a certain old saint, now with God: "My bliss is pure, pervading soul and sense. I am full of joy and comfort, as the sun of light, or the sea of waters." Nor is it at variance with that fine couplet in one of our hymns:—

"The perfect power of godliness,
The omnipotence of love!"

Hallelujah! My soul is happy, and is indeed the *happiest* when in the lowest valley of humility. "*The Lord is my portion,*" said the prophet;—"my portion." Luther said, "*There is a great deal of divinity in pronouns.*" What a world of meaning is

in that little pronoun "MY,"—"my portion!" It implies *possession*;—*mine* and *thine* differ much in signification. I may direct your attention to a beautiful mansion, or conduct you through an elegant and delicious garden, or enjoy with yourself an excursion over an extensive and valuable estate; but those little pronouns, *mine, thine, his*, create a distinction of immense importance. "The Lord is MY portion;" he is YOURS too. May he be *ours* forever in Jesus Christ! So prays—

J. C.

LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

Sheffield, July 11, 1844.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

YOU ask my advice as to the course you should pursue in your present circumstances. I am exceedingly straitened for time. When meditating upon the subject, a few minutes since, it occurred to me that a short account of a revival, which I witnessed a few years ago, in a town in a certain part of North America, might throw some light upon your path. I do this the more willingly, as I gather that you have at your command "energies and talents" not at all inferior to those employed in the revival in question. *Protracted religious services* were determined upon, by a few choice spirits, who had for some time mourned over the desolations of Zion in that town. The time fixed for the *commencement of hostilities* arrived. The conflict began with a *determination* I have seldom seen surpassed. We preached the gospel during

a succession of evenings, with but one single object in view, to bring hardened sinners to repentance. There were many such in that town; ungodly men who had long set the God that made them at defiance; men who violated his law, neglected his worship, despised his servants, denied the truths of his Bible, and entertained opinions the most degrading and anti-scriptural. Drunkenness, sabbath-breaking, whoredom, profane swearing, and all manner of wickedness, were practised without feeling, fear, or remorse. But a few there were who "*sighed and cried*" for all the abominations of the place. "*Rivers of water,*" said some, "*run down mine eyes, because men keep not thy law.*" "It is time, Lord, for thee to work, for they have made void thy law," was the mournful and interceding language of others. The example of some ministers in the town was no rule for us. Our duty was plain;—not to glance over this moral desolation an eye of careless indifference; nor to be governed in our movements by that Cainite sentiment, the principle of which is so prevalent in the present day: "*Am I my brother's keeper?*" We did not feel ourselves called to deplore, merely, the general wickedness around, nor the horrors of that dreadful hell towards which that wickedness was carrying this population of sinners, but to make vigorous efforts for their *rescue*.

Believing the gospel to be Heaven's revealed instrumentality to bring about an event *so desirable*, we endeavoured to wield its divine truth with all the energy with which it had pleased God to endue us. Our efforts were not confined to the Sabbath, or to one or two evenings in the week, but "*night and day,*" throughout the week, not in the sanctuary alone, but from house to house; afternoon and night we laboured for God in the chapel; the forenoons and intervals between meetings, we exhorted the people at their homes to turn to God. Sinners, however, remained

hard and obstinate. They seemed, in fact, as if leagued together to defeat our object;—not indeed by open and avowed hostility, but by keeping themselves away from the house of God. The few who *ventured* into our assemblies were as unmoved as the seats. The “*why and wherefore*” of all this “*religious stir and din*” seemed to be the predominant inquiry upon the *features* of the visitors. This was just what we wanted to see; and we were determined to have this *expression become general.* “Truth,” said one, “fears nothing more than *inattention.* It is too important to be treated with indifference. *Opposition* calls forth and sharpens the powers of the human mind in its defence. The cause of the gospel has ever gained by investigation. Credulity is the bane of it.” Our congregations increased, but the hardness and impenitency of sinners continued. Of one thing I can assure you,—the whole counsel of God was delivered. Nothing was kept back which we considered profitable to our hearers, or essential to the faithful declaration of our message. With the sentiment of an elegant writer we heartily concurred: “The defensive armour of a shrinking and timid policy, does not suit Christianity. Hers is the *naked majesty of truth.* With all the grandeur of age, but with none of its infirmities, has she come down to us, and gathered new strength from the battles she has won in the many controversies of many generations. With such a religion as this, there is nothing to hide; all should be above-board; and the broadest light of day should be made fully and freely to circulate through all her services. But *secret things* she has none. To her belong the *frankness* and the *simplicity of conscious greatness.* And whether she grapple with the pride of philosophy, or stand in pointed opposition to the prejudices of the multitude, she does it upon her own strength, and spurns all the props, and all the auxiliaries away from her.” We

not seeking after *gain or popularity*. We asked not the money of our hearers, nor their goods, nor any portion of them. "It is not for you to be fishing for *gudgeons*, but for *towns, forts, and castles*," said Cleopatra to Mark Antony. Glory be to God! we were not fishing for gudgeons,—*filthy lucre*, or the *praise* of men, but we had laid close siege to the *town, its forts and its castles; every strong hold of Satan*. We wielded the same weapons as did the apostles. (2 Cor. x. 4. 5.) And as the forts, towers, and castles, all the strong holds of the kingdom of hell, came tumbling down, under the *mighty and supernatural* blows of their weapons, we did expect to see the *same effects* produced, ere the battle was ended in which we were now engaged. Human applause was as valueless as the dust of their streets. Their wrath we dreaded not. Neither men nor devils were we afraid of. We expected persecution, but we were yet too insignificant. Dogs do not bark at a solitary star or two; but old *Alciat* observes, in his "*Emblems*," that they bark most when the moon is at the full; perhaps not so much at the moon herself, as at the "*strange and dubious things*," which multiply upon their animal vision. We anticipated that when the little church began to shine forth, "*bright as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners*," in a glorious revival, that it would set all the dogs in town barking. Again and again, as our congregations increased, the *gospel* of our God and Saviour was proclaimed in all its fulness, while the *steel of eternal truth* was pointed directly at the heart of every sinner. The *sins of the people* were clearly and faithfully portrayed in all their horrible deformity. There was no daubing with *untempered mortar*; no *compromising of truth*; no beating the air with idle words; no *temporizing*; no *trimming* to suit the prejudices of the people; no *mincing* of

truth, a little now and a little again, as the people could bear it; no *equivocal*, or *ambiguous* sentences or expressions, phrases of "*doubtful signification*," in order to avoid offending delicate ears. Things were called by their proper names; *whoredom* was named whoredom; adultery, fornication, &c., were called such; *hell*, *sin*, *sinner*s, and the *devil*, were subjects set before the people in all the *terror* of the one, and the *native ugliness* of the other. The *law of God*, and the *hell of eternity*, were set forth with all the sanctions of the former, and with all the *torments*, weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth, of the latter.

While dealing with these sinners, we were perplexed with no misgivings respecting the *extent of the redeeming plan*. We knew, to borrow the language of another, that, "as the gospel had no *limitation* as it regarded time, it had nothing of the kind when applied to human character." "*Jesus Christ*," we insisted, "*by the grace of God, tasted death for every man*;" "*he is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world*;" and *by him all that believe are justified from all things, from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses*; that so long as a sinner had repentance and faith in his heart, we knew not a single crime, or collection of crimes, in the whole catalogue of human depravity, that the atoning blood of Christ could not wash away; or that there was any desperado of vice and folly, within the compass of our voice, however sunk in the depths of his dark and unnatural depravity, who was not welcome to come to Christ, if he would. Nor would such a sinner find, that the crimson inveteracy of his manifold offences was beyond the reach of the peace-speaking and purifying blood of the Son of God. We were persuaded that, as the *justice* of God suffered no encroachment by the offers of mercy to the believing *penitent*, and as *mercy*

itself is restrained by no limitation, there can be no arrest laid upon its offers, arising from the *shades*, and *degrees*, and *varieties*, of human sinfulness; that, allowing the existence of repentance and faith within the soul of the sinner, there is no point in the descending scale of human depravity beyond which it cannot go, even "to hell's trembling verge." They were told, that, as "for guilt, in its full impenitency, Jesus Christ dyed his garments, and waded through an arena of blood, so might the most abandoned of the children of iniquity begin a contrite movement toward him; that Jesus Christ would be the last person in heaven to spurn them away from purchased mercy, purchased by his own most precious blood; nor would he ever close the door of mercy, which had cost him so much to open; that he would never quench the spark of the sinner's desire for salvation, nor break the bruised reed, nor overturn the prop of hope in Christ, upon which he was invited to rest." But, strange as it may appear, a sullen front of resistance was still maintained upon the part of sinners. With us the matter was settled, "*Victory or death.*" Again the lightnings of truth and terror flashed over the congregations. The thunders of Sinai reverberated *long, loud, and dreadful*. The place trembled, and the heart and soul of man quaked before the presence of the Lord God of hosts.

We were not trammelled in our efforts by rich and time-serving professors; nor by any who were anxious we should obtain or retain the approbation of the wealthy. There was no sensation created on the appearance of influential persons in the congregation, lest they might take offence, and leave the church, possibly to return no more. We were troubled with no officials cautioning us against giving offence, with a "*peradventure*, such and such persons will withdraw from the church, and withhold hereafter their support."

The people of God were poor and feeble, and, from various causes, had dwindled down to a solitary disheartened few. They knew very well if God did not interfere, and vouchsafe a revival, their church, in that place, must become extinct. The dear people felt their feebleness, but they were loyal at heart, and stood by us. Some could do but little, as it regarded vocal prayer, but they could weep and pray secretly; not unlike a little girl, of whom I heard the Rev. Dr. Beaumont relate the following anecdote, in Liverpool: Four children, three brothers and a little sister, were enjoying a ramble along the banks of a river, when one of the boys accidentally fell into the water; just as he was sinking, another little brother plunged in for his rescue, and when they were both struggling in the stream, the other brother reached out his hand, and caught the second brother, who was about to sink also; and, by the good providence of God, both found bottom, and crawled ashore. When they arrived at home, the glad father, who had learned the jeopardy of his children, called them around him, and inquired of one, "Well, what did you do to save your drowning brother?" "I plunged into the water after him, Sir," was the reply. "And what did you do?" he inquired of the next. "I carried him home upon my back, Sir." Turning to his little daughter, he said, "Well, my dear, and what did you do to save your drowning brother?" She replied, "I fell a crying, papa, as hard as I was able, all the time." Aye, and perhaps her tears and cries prompted her little brothers to these desperate and successful efforts for the rescue of their sinking brother. Be this as it may, we felt ourselves stimulated to "*deeds of noble daring*," by the *tears and cries* of this precious little flock.

During eight or nine days, sinners were thus battered by the *artillery of the law*, and assailed on every side by the *offers of the gospel*. Every *appeal* made

to their *fears* was followed by another to their *hopes*. Hell and its horrors, sin and its penalties, glared around; while Calvary and its scenes were held forth as pledges of hope and salvation. If they wept not, we did, as Christ was set forth, evidently crucified before their eyes:—

“ Jesus drinks the bitter cup,
 The wine-press treads alone;
 Tears the graves and mountains up,
 By his expiring groan.
 * * *

Well may heaven be cloth'd in black,
 And solemn sackcloth wear;
 Jesu's agonies partake,
 The hour of darkness share:
 Mourn th' astonish'd hosts above;
 Silence saddens all the skies;
 Kindler of seraphic love,
 The God of angels dies.

O my God, he dies for me,
 I feel the mortal smart!
 See him hanging on the tree,—
 A sight that breaks my heart:
 O that all to thee might turn;
 Sinners, ye may love him too;
 Look on him ye pierced, and mourn
 For one who bled for you.
 * * *

“ Weep o'er your desire and hope,
 With tears of humblest love:”—
 * * *

“ ‘ Behold,’ ” we cried, as sin still occupied the ground, and sinners still remained hard and unsubdued, “ ‘ Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world!’—see an expiring Saviour! God is now in Christ reconciling you to himself, not imputing your trespasses unto you.

‘ O believe the record true,
 God to you his Son hath given!

Ye may now be happy too ;
 Find on earth the life of heaven :
 Live the life of heaven above,
 All the life of glorious love !

Plead the merits of his death, O sinners ! Behold your pardoning God ! He is ready to blot out your transgressions as a thick cloud ; your sins and your iniquities will he remember no more. Believe, only believe, and yours is the right and title to the kingdom of heaven." Think me not tedious, my dear brother, nor over particular in descending to such a minute detail as to the manner of our address to these sinners. It was, indeed, a *regular siege*, and an *important* one. We now were making full proof of our ministry, and pushing our tremendous principles to those results intended by the Author of them. Hell and heaven were perpetually before our eyes. The danger of that *eternal damnation* to which these sinners were every moment exposed, absorbed our every thought. We knew no other method by which to save them from the perdition that awaited them but this ; nor did we want any other. Our triumphant boast was, "*I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth ; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek ;*" and we were determined not to stir from the place till the power of that gospel was realized, and acknowledged by angels, devils, and men.

Never, I assure you, did a besieging army bombard a city with greater confidence of beholding a surrender, than we felt when beleaguering these sinners. Speculations were never more rife, outside the walls of a besieged city, as to what part of the walls would be likely to give way and cause a breach, than were the speculations among some, as to what sinner, or what class of sinners, would first break down under the truth, and cause a gap in the ranks of sin. As the crisis ap-

proached, our congregations increased; our all-absorbing feelings seemed to pervade the people, but none had sufficient courage to brave the gaze of the multitude, and separate himself as a *stricken sinner*.

Night had succeeded to night, and day to day, without any conversions. The sword of the Lord appeared to us as if blunted against the hardened mass; the arrows of truth rebounded from flinty hearts as if they had been shot against a stone wall.

The time of extremity was God's opportunity. Is there anything too hard for Jehovah? "Nothing but quite impossible, is hard." "*God is terrible out of his holy places,*" says the psalmist. He speaks, and it is done; he commands, and it stands fast. "*Pompey boasted,*" said one, "that with one stamp of his foot he could raise all Italy in arms; but God, with one word of his mouth, could raise, not all Italy only, but all heaven." He is wonderful in working. He humbles human pride, and secures his own glory, by rendering our plans and efforts useless for a time, and bringing about his purposes by the humblest and weakest instrumentality. One of our company, a minister, in the course of his visitations from house to house, thought proper to extend his visits of mercy to a *blacksmith's shop*, in which were several men at work, most of whom were very wicked; the voice of profane swearing often sounded out from it horribly. One of the young men was shoeing a horse when our friend entered, and did not observe his approach. He suddenly advanced, and whispered sharply in the ear of the busy sinner, "You must have *your* feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace." The man was taken by surprise, as much, perhaps, as if the horse had struck him. He hastily raised his head, discovered the author of this strange salute, dropped it again, muttered something, and fell a hammering a nail into the shoe, violently. The word was a nail

fastened in a sure place. The Spirit of God was there, and drove it into the sinner's heart. The minister left the shop without saying any more. That night, the man mingled with the crowd who entered the church, and, at the close of the sermon, presented himself as a distressed and condemned sinner, soliciting "*prayer and help.*" A number of others, quite as unhappy as himself, were soon by his side, when they all raised their cry together, "*Lord have mercy!*" This was the hour of our triumph. Now we witnessed a scene which repaid us for all our toil. The young *smith*, with many more, obtained salvation the same evening. From that night the work of God went on in majesty and power.

It was now, and from this time, that we saw those great truths, which other ministers were contented to preach from Sabbath to Sabbath, and from year to year, without beholding any visible effects, invested with a *potency* which was, indeed; *glorious, mighty, and almost irresistible.* The moment a sinner came within the range of its influence, he was affected. Many a stout and stubborn adversary was felled to the ground, and roared for mercy, as if he were going quick into hell. We had evidence before our eyes, the most convincing, that if the people of God set their hearts upon a revival, and use the proper means, they cannot fail to obtain their desire. Their *febleness*, in every worldly sense in which the term may be used, will be no obstacle. If they depend upon the aid of the Holy Ghost, fast and pray, and employ every other method authorized in the word of God, earth and hell combined cannot hinder a revival. The prayer must prevail,—

" Like mighty winds and torrents fierce,
Let it opposers all o'errun,
And every law of sin reverse."—

Let the ministers of any particular church trample

under foot that silly objection, that *extraordinary means* will throw discredit upon the ordinary. Rather let them decide, that the *former, if successful*, must, in the nature of the case, confer *honour* upon the ordinary services. *Uncommon efforts* justify, to the *fullest extent*, those endeavours which are put forth in the *common* services of the sanctuary; but that they do impart a significancy and a power to the *regular services* of the future, is now a fact well attested. Let them, then, break boldly through, and no more confine themselves to the limits of Sabbath preaching, but take a firm stand before the congregation in reference to a revival. The doors of the house of God must be thrown open for daily and nightly preaching. Let them be simple of heart, and *aim at one thing*, the conversion of sinners. *Ordinary sermons*, however, they must know, will not be suitable for such services, unless they desire to preach to empty pews. *Extraordinary plans* and movements will demand an extraordinary kind of preaching. We do not expect to see snow in harvest; nor the sea, smooth as glass, and calm as a fish-pond, when a storm is out upon its surface. I need not multiply words or figures. You know what I mean. I would recommend the same style of preaching, and means, which I have hinted at in this letter when describing our efforts for the great revival in question. If the people of God unite with their ministers, and encourage them by their presence and prayers, while they are preaching *fearlessly, vigorously, and pointedly*, those great truths likely to awaken and convert men, the arm of God will soon be made bare in a great revival. I would urge the continuation of the meeting for weeks, with or without success. Whether the congregations are large or small, I would continue the meetings. Though sinners were as wicked as devils, and as hard and senseless, or stupid, as the seats of the chapel, I would

continue the meetings, and preach on, every night, with an undying trust in the promises of God. *Magna est veritas et prevalebit,—Great is truth, and it shall prevail.* Let them thus go on, *repeating the blow*; "Victory or death," and they shall see a revival; such a turning to God, such an ingathering of souls to the fold of Christ, as will gladden the hearts of all who believe; while the scene will spread a tide of holy joy over all the inhabitants of heaven. Luke xv. 10.

Believe me ever your friend in Christ,

J. C.

LETTER V.

TO THE SAME.

Sheffield, July 20, 1844.

DEAR SIR,

HAD I considered you "*in the light of an enemy*" to myself and "*truth*," I should have addressed you in a somewhat different style than I did in my last. I have, indeed, encountered, since my arrival in this country, *unfortunate men of this stamp*, and have answered them according to their folly. These, together with "*various objections and oppositions*," put forth by good men, if they have not wearied my patience, have taxed any little *genius* I possess in *self-defence*. If they have not led me altogether to alter my "*style and manner*" in *preaching*, and soul-saving, they have certainly assisted me to examine, pretty closely, the propriety or impropriety of whatever they have considered "*objectionable and unbecoming*." I must confess, however, that I have been rather untractable in following the path they have traced for me;

and, in some degree, *tardy* and unyielding in parting with *my own methods* of doing good, which I have successfully tried, for those of others which have not been proved. "*And David said unto Saul, I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them. And David put them off him.*" 1 Sam. xvii. 39. But he had proved his *sling and his stone*. In the use of these he could trust in God, as "*aforetime,*" and give glory to his high Deliverer. By these, perhaps, the Lord delivered him "*out of the paws of the lion and the bear.*" The *helmet of brass*, the *coat of mail*, and the *gleaming sword*, *Saul's armour*, might have imparted to the youth a "*respectable*" and *warlike appearance*, aye, and filled his heart with *pride and self-confidence*. But in going forth to meet Goliath, the terror of Israel, with only his shepherd's staff, five smooth stones, just picked from among the common pebbles of the brook, and his humble sling, he had nothing wherein to trust but in the mighty arm of God. Hence, in approaching the giant, who was armed from head to foot with all necessary weapons, offensive and defensive, the stripling was heard to exclaim: "*Thou comest against me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. The Lord will deliver thee into mine hand; and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee,*" &c., &c. "*And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear; for the battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hands.*" You know the result. The trusting, confident youth obtained a mighty victory, while he secured to God all the glory.

That you have heard many "*seriously object*" to the "*matter and manner*" of my "*appeals,*" I do not question. But you should not forget, that there are

very many in Sheffield who would just as promptly reject "*your and their criticisms*;" so "*to think of pleasing all, is all a jest.*" I must, therefore, independently of all parties, "stick to" what I *conscientiously* think "*best,*" and leave the results with that God to whom I am accountable. It is a long time since I began to have "illustrations the most natural and striking" of a certain "*marine idea*" of a poet: "Doffing my bonnet," I have "gone my ways," saying, politely,—

" We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope with malicious censures ; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd !—

If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root even where we sit, or sit
State statues only."

As to my "offensive gestures," I do not know to which of them you refer, whether to *all* or a *part*. You know it is a maxim in law, that every indictment should have its "*particular specifications.*" I never studied gesture five minutes in my life. Those which you have observed, though they may have seemed to you "*affected,*" I can say, without hesitation, are *natural*; that is, I have not acquired them by *art* or *imitation*. I never even think about such gestures when they occur. They are in strict accordance with the motions of my own mind. The "criticism," then, whatever it may be, must be levelled first at the correction of the soul's *emotions*, before the *motions of the body* can be well subdued into harmony with the "*rules of oratorical gesticulations.*" I must, however, claim for my *gestures* what I did for the *matter and style* of my preaching in my last; namely, a can-

did consideration of *effects*, so far, at least, as we have evidence that God has condescended to sanctify the whole for the awakening and conversion of sinners. If the "*figures of speech and gestures* are strained and affected," I still inquire, How do you account for the effects? Hear an old divine: "A painted fire heateth not; nor do the gestures and motions of an artificial man, destitute of soul and life, any whit move our affections. Except the Lord touch the heart and tongue of the preacher *with a coal from his altar*, all the *lustre of rhetorical arguments*, and *blaze of words* will yield no more warmth to the conscience than a *glow worm*." One of the ancient Fathers, St. Bernard, said, the preachers he desired to hear were those under whose sermons the people hemmed not, but sighed; clapped not as at a play, but *knocked their hearts as at a funeral*. It was after this model St. Jerome thought to have formed young *Nepotian*: "When thou teachest in the church," he would say, "let there be heard no shouts of admiration, but sobs of contrition; *let the fluency of thy eloquence be seen on the cheeks of thy hearers*." Were either of these Fathers in Sheffield just now, they would be joyful witnesses of the *effects* for which they insisted.

Yours affectionately in Christ Jesus,

J. C.

LETTER VI.

TO THE SAME.

Sheffield, July 27, 1844.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR "*objections*" are by no means "*new*." They have come before me again and again in one

form or other. I refer now to my manner of *illustrating truth*, by relating those *striking facts* which have come under my own observation, or that of others. Your severity is such, that I can scarcely give you credit for having read, at least with any degree of attention, those *sketches* of our Lord's sermons recorded by the evangelists. How very seldom do you find him laying down a theological truth without holding over it the lustre of some fact which was either *new* or *familiar* to his audience. Turn to the thirteenth chapter of Matthew for a specimen of *his* style of preaching, "*who spake as never man spake.*" Now, it is my opinion, the nearer any minister approaches to this order of elucidating truth,—the more closely he imitates his Lord and Master, (which must be right,)—the more useful he will be in his pulpit ministrations.

"God," says one, "has given us four books; the book of grace, the book of nature, the book of the world, and the book of providence. Every occurrence is a leaf in one of these books. It does not become us to be negligent in the use of any of them." It is very evident, from our Lord's sermons and conversations, that he turned over, and read attentively, the leaves of these books. Nor can I overlook the fact, that your animadversions upon my style of preaching, go to prove that you give me credit for being a close student of *some* of the books, at least.

When sailing up the Rhine a few months ago, I noticed a *stray leaf* of a book tossing to and fro along the deck of a steamer; one of the sailors, with a broom in his hand, was *persecuting* it, and some other unwelcome objects, with a determination to have them overboard. The leaf, by aid of the wind, maintained its position on the deck, till I stepped forward to its rescue; thinking it might possibly contain a sentiment more important than the famous *Sibylline* leaves,

in days of yore, and which, in some future time, might be of more use to me than to the turbulent shores of Prussia. Hear what the humble leaf said; it was, in fact, as if designed for yourself. As I saved it from destruction, it seems, by way of reward, that it is ready to stand forward in my defence: "Philosophers," said the leaf, "have long deemed any theory to be true which accorded with all the facts of the science. It is upon this principle that the sublime systems of astronomy are accepted as truth. Newton's proof of the law of gravitation, and of its influence throughout the solar system, consists in the accordance of the facts of the planetary movements with the hypothesis laid down. If the test be sufficient in physics, why not in philology?" So much for the leaf. Now with the above sciences I have nothing to do, farther than to say, If the truth of a theory be established in physics or philology, when there is an accordance of facts with the claims of the science, why may not facts be called in as witnesses when they accord with the high claims of Christianity?

With all due deference to your judgment, I think the proper *management of such facts* in my discourses, is one great cause of my success. "In truth," said a minister once, "to be *effective*, we must draw more from nature, and less from the writings of men; we must study the book of providence, the book of nature, the heart of man, and the book of God; we must read the history of the world; we must deal with matter of fact before our eyes." I have studied these books pretty closely for several years past, both by sea and land, at home and abroad. I have seen much, suffered something, and learned a little. I did not come to England to tell people merely what they already know, *but to make them feel what they know*. Do you understand me? But it is because such as you either *know not*, or *will not know*, my aim, that

instead of appreciating my motives, you rather endeavour to injure my influence over my hearers by turning the whole into ridicule. My grand effort, generally, is to make my hearers feel what they know. The knowledge in the head must be brought to bear upon the heart and conscience. It frequently happens, that a *simple illustration, a fact of history, or of science, an anecdote, an appearance or feature in natural scenery*, is the only key that will unlock the treasury of the understanding. Sometimes half a dozen of such keys are tried without success, but the seventh opens the door. The knowledge of the head is then driven to the heart, and deposited there, and works, by the assistance of the Holy Spirit, that *repentance which is unto life*. Many a time have I laid siege to the *judgment* of the sinner. The *battering-ram* of truth has been directed against the door with a determination to effect an entrance. Convinced that within there lay deposited, as in an armoury, some of the choicest weapons of eternal truth, my purpose was not to raise the siege until I had possession of the whole of them. Sometimes the siege has lasted one week, two, three, six, or eight weeks; then the place has surrendered, or been taken by storm; but, in many cases, I have proved the truth of the following remark, which I have met with somewhere: "The minds of some men will stand, as it were, a *regular blockade*, and yet yield to a *side blow*; sit unchanged under a searching ministry, and yet fall beneath a *casual word*;" bid defiance to the most powerful, sublime, and terrifying appeals, and yet break down and surrender under the application of some *simple and touching narration*. I have seen, since my arrival in this country, almost an entire congregation dissolved into tears, among whom were some of the stoutest and proudest sinners; men who had often laughed to scorn the loftiest arguments of Christi-

anity ; and all this by the following fact, which I learned in Dublin, and which occurs to me just now as an instance : A grey-headed and pious father had a very wicked son. The old man had often prayed and wrestled with God on his behalf. But he became worse and worse. Never, I believe, did that father close his doors against the returning prodigal. Some of the neighbours, one day, addressed the father with considerable severity, saying, "Why harbour that reprobate son of yours ? Why don't you turn him out of doors, and banish him from your house ?" "Aye, aye," said the aged saint, his grey locks trembling with emotion, "You can all turn him out but his own father." Now, had I dropped the matter here, it might have had little more effect than some touching scene upon the boards of a theatre ; for people frequently weep at the theatre ; but the *pity*, the *benevolence of God*, the *long-suffering and tender mercy of our heavenly Father* were pressed home upon the weeping audience ; and many a sinner determined, from that hour, to fight against his God no more. If any seemed to linger, and hesitate to yield their hearts to him *now*, I reiterated, with many tears : "*Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.*" Nor have I given up the point till the countenance of the reluctant sinner told me he was saying in his heart,—

"Nay, but I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more ;
I sink by dying love compell'd,
And own thee conquerer."

With regard to my "*repeating so much poetry*" in my sermons, my object is the same, the awakening and conversion of my hearers. It often happens, however, that I repeat no poetry at all. But if, in my judgment, I think a verse or two, or three or four

stanzas of good poetry, will express the idea with greater *clearness and pathos* than the same number of words in prose, I gladly welcome "the efforts of the muse;" and then,—

"A verse may catch him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice!"

What I know not, may God teach me; aye, and the
weakest of his children. So prays, in Christ Jesus,

J. C.

LETTER VII.

TO THE SAME.

Sheffield, July 29, 1844.

DEAR SIR, .

I HAVE seen the remark somewhere, that *reasons* are the pillars of a good sermon, and *similitudes* or *illustrations*, the *windows* of it. Now an edifice without a window is a *dark* and *unseemly* object. So is a discourse all pillars, all principles, without any figure or illustration. But as too many windows would weaken a structure, so a profusion of metaphors enfeeble a discourse. A good minister, like a well-instructed and able architect, will *intersperse each in due proportions*. Sermons, like windows, may be painted into obscurity; so much so, indeed, as to *prevent the entrance of those rays of divine light and truth* which are necessary to burn and arouse the sinner out of his fatal and disgraceful lethargy.

I beg to say, I am no more an advocate for a "*florid style*" of preaching than yourself. A few "*glittering thoughts*" stuck here and there upon the ends of sen-

tences, a "*glaring chaos*," covering with trinket and ornament a body without a soul; "*the pomp of words*," as one has somewhere expressed it, "which one true expression might dissipate as a dream," never won my admiration. Luther used to say, "Those are the best preachers for the *common people*, (and they compose a large majority of our congregations,) *who speak in the meanest, lowest, humblest, and most simple style.*" *Sparkling sermons* often resemble a certain region of country which abounds in flowers, but is *barren in corn*. A farmer, when walking over his fields, may see many pretty flowers and "bloom of cockle" interspersed among the grain; these, however, draw not his admiration, but rather the *ripeness, soundness, and goodness of the grain*. And thus, with regard to a sermon, it may be with the supreme "Husbandman." It is not the *flowers of rhetoric, the tropes and the figures* which are pleasing to a carnal fancy, that God looks upon and values, so much as the harvest of divine truth, which the sermon presents for his inspection, and the *wholesome and nourishing* effects which it is calculated to produce in the hearts and lives of the hearers. And it is thus that all persons, who have their senses rightly exercised to discern truth, should estimate the discourses they are permitted to hear. "The gilt upon a pill," said an old minister, "may please the eye, but it profits not the patient." The paint upon the glass may feed the fancy, but the room is rather the darker than the lighter for it. Painted glass in churches is more glorious, but unpainted glass is most *perspicuous*. When men come to *church-work, to pulpit-work*, all plainness must be used. *Starched oratory* may tickle the fancy, but it is plain doctrine that informs the judgment, that convinces the conscience, that bows the will, and that warms the heart. That sermon has most learning in it that has most plainness in it. And therefore a great scholar was

wont to say, "*Lord give me learning enough, that I may preach plain enough.*" I never entertained any congeniality with that sort of art which *Madam De Staël* speaks of, "*the art of inflating an idea, or frothing a sentiment,*" any more than with the plea of the *lazy drone*, that a *dry, unadorned, prosy* sermon best secures the glory to God, which is nothing else but a *miserable apology for his own idleness.* Give me solid thought; give me sound argument. This is to a discourse what a foundation is to a building; aye, and let the walls, the body, the "*main principles*" of the sermon be of the same material; then give me the preacher who has the *ability, taste, and industry, —ambition, if you like,*—to range through universal nature; through all life, and through all time, past, present, future; through eternity, the resurrection, the judgment day, heaven, hell; gathering an *imagery* from thence which will compel the hearer to *feel* that which he has long believed; to rejoice,—perchance to tremble and repent. "Truly," said one of the *Fathers*, "I love to hear that preacher who does not move me to applaud his eloquence, *but to groan for my sins.* I would have the *fluency of his eloquence seen upon the cheeks of those around me.*" There is a "*polished mediocrity,*" (and it is very common in the present day) which is equally free from *blemish* as it is from *energy of thought, and grasp of intellect.* Only let the discourse have for a "*ground-work*"—

" Sterling sense,
That which, like gold, may through the world go forth,
And always pass for what 'tis truly worth."

And to such a mind I could, with confidence, trust that which some have significantly called, "*the ornamental part.*" A writer, I remember, says, it is possible to *acquire the habit* of resting content with a flow of words, without evidencing the least ambition of

aspiring after a *thought*; to double in a thousand windings without ever advancing a single step; to inflate a few set phrases, and froth a heap of "*sentimental bombast*," till the hearer is tempted to ask the question put by an astonished *negress* to the French-woman, in the days of *hoop petticoats*, "*Pray, Madam, is all that yourself?*" Give me the *clear method*, the *exact argument*, clothed in words which roll "*the manly tides of sense*" along; let me perceive, let me feel, that the *one desire* of the preacher is to *grapple with the consciences of sinners*, to arouse them to a sense of their danger, to shake them over hell's flame, that they may flee from it; to raise a "*law-storm*" around the sinner, to drive him out of the dangerous sea of sin into the harbour of the gospel; to shipwreck the poor sinner, that he may the sooner betake himself to the life-boat—salvation; to create a hell in the sinner's breast, that he may the sooner be a partaker of the heaven of the gospel, *the joys of pardoned sin*; to transform the "*natural man*," into a "*spiritual man*," the child of the devil into a child of God; in a word, to make us all better men, and better women, for having heard him, that he might present us all perfect in the day of Christ Jesus our Lord. Let me, I say, be thus persuaded of the *honest intent* of the preacher, and I will cheerfully, as a hearer, grant him the range of the entire "*flower-garden of eloquence*," and allow him, without prejudice, to pour upon *Christian principles* all the light which *classical, scientific, aye, and poetical lore* can afford him; if he has convinced my understanding, he may *storm my passions at will*, and lead me captive amidst thunder, and lightning, and tempest. Nor should I doubt of hearing a voice of mercy sounding forth amidst the clamours of Sinai, or the tender accents of my Saviour among the billows of passion, "*Be not afraid, it is I:*" "*Peace, be still!*"

As to the "*machinery of revivals*," you might have chosen a better term; but I suppose you mean the *mechanical* part; otherwise, the *means*. I do not attach so much importance to them as you suppose. That there are "*wheels within wheels, and wheels in the middle of wheels*," I allow; and if they have any *motion, significance, and power*, it arises from the glorious fact, that the Spirit of God is in the "*wheels*." But I question very much whether you understand my "*revival wheels*," or how the Holy Spirit moves them, any more than you comprehend that extraordinary piece of "*machinery*" described by the prophet Ezekiel, in the first chapter of his Prophecy. You may read it over at your leisure; perhaps it may throw some light upon this "*mysterious*" subject. You are inclined to be somewhat *witty*, I perceive, towards the close of your "*lucubrations*;" but one before you has expressed his views with more *flippant ingenuity* than yourself, and withal more classical: "*Interest and passion* will long hold out against the closest siege of *diagrams* and *sylogisms*, but they are absolutely impregnable to *imagery* and *sentiment*, and will forever bid defiance to the most powerful strains of Homer and Virgil; though they may, in time, give way to the batteries of Euclid and Archimedes." Ah! Sir, *interest* and *passion* will "bid defiance" to any and to all of these put together. If the minister of God had no other instrumentality to wield upon the rebellious souls of the unconverted, his success would be but very small. There are *recesses* of depravity, and "*deep rooted hostility*," in the heart of every sinner, which never can be reached or subdued by any other agency than that which is supernatural and divine. "My brother," said a minister to a young man, just entering upon the work of the ministry, "had you all the philosophy of *Socrates*, the knowledge of *Plato*, and the morals of *Epictetus*; were you furnished with all the

flowing oratory of Cicero, and with Demosthenes's thunder, and could employ all their talents in every sermon you preach, yet, you could have no reasonable hope of saving one soul by all, without the aids of the gospel ; and that gospel attended by the power of the Holy Ghost." Most heartily do I agree with the poet:—

“ Spend all the powers
Of rant and rhapsody in virtue's praise :
Be most sublimely good, verbosely grand,
And with poetic trappings grace thy prose,
Till it outmantle all the pride of verse.
Ah, tinkling cymbal, and high-sounding brass,
Smitten in vain! Such music cannot charm
Th' eclipse, that intercepts truth's heavenly beam,
And chills and darkens a wide-wandering soul ;
The *still small voice* is wanted. He must speak,
Whose word leaps forth at once to its effect ;
Who calls for things that are not, and they come.

* * * 'Tis a change
That turns to ridicule the turgid speech
And stately tone of moralists, who boast
As if, like him of fabulous renown,
They had, indeed, ability to smooth
The shag of savage nature, and were each
An Orpheus, and omnipotent in song :
But transformation of apostate man
From fool to wise, from earthly to divine,
Is work for Him that made him. He alone,
And he by means in philosophic eyes
Trivial and worthy of disdain, achieves
The wonder ; humanizing what is brute
In the lost kind, extracting from the lips
Of asps their venom, overpowering strength
By weakness, and hostility by love.”

Few, I trust, and I say it with modesty, but with great boldness, rely more firmly upon the promised assistance of the Holy Ghost, in their ministry, than your correspondent. I do most cordially agree with that sentiment of an eminent Wesleyan minister,* in

* The Rev. Dr. Dixon, if I rightly recollect

his address to a class of young men, candidates for ordination, a few years ago: "The success of the Christian ministry is owing to a divine influence. Unless the Holy Spirit apply the word that is spoken, the preacher labours in vain." From the hour I read the following striking remarks of Dr. Adam Clarke, a few months previous to my ordination, I have never varied a hair-breadth from the *great truth* they advocate. I can only quote from memory, as the page which first presented them to my eye is many thousands of miles from me, and I cannot turn to the place in his Works where they stand recorded; but they differ little from the following: "But all this scriptural and rational preaching will be of no avail unless another means of God's own choosing be superadded to give it an effect, the light and influence of the Holy Spirit. That Spirit of life and fire penetrates, in a moment, the sinner's heart, and drags out to the view of his conscience those innumerable crimes which lie concealed there under successive layers of deep and thick darkness, when, under that luminous burning agency, he is compelled to cry, '*God have mercy upon me a sinner!*' '*Save, Lord, or I perish!*' '*Heal my soul, for it hath sinned against thee.*'"

I shall have eternal cause of thankfulness that the above sentiments ever came under my notice. If my ministry has been rendered a blessing to many, that blessing has been vouchsafed through the merits of Christ, to a steady recognition of the necessity of the influence of the Holy Spirit. On the evening of that never-to-be-forgotten day in which I read the above, I took up my pen, in secret, before God, and gave vent to the emotions of my deeply-impressed heart, in language something like the following: I see, I feel now as I have never done before upon this particular subject. From the convictions of this hour, I hope, by the grace of God, never to vary. I see, I feel, I st.

The *absolute necessity* of the *immediate influence* of the Holy Ghost to impart *point, power, efficacy, and success* to a preached gospel. 2nd. The *absolute necessity* of praying more *frequently, more fervently, more perseveringly, and more believingly*, for the aid of the Holy Spirit in my ministry. 3rd. That my labours must be *powerless, and comfortless, and valueless, without this aid ; a cloud without water, a tree without fruit, dead and rootless ; a sound uncertain, ununctionless, and meaningless ;* such will be the character of my ministry. It is the Spirit of God alone which imparts significancy and power to the word preached, without which, as one has expressed it, "all the threatenings of the Bible will be no more than thunder to the deaf, or lightening to the blind." A seal requires weight, a hand upon it, in order to an impression. The soul of the penitent sinner is the wax ; gospel truth is the seal ; but, without the almighty hand of the Holy Ghost, that seal is powerless. A bullet demands its powder, without which it is as harmless as any other body. The careless sinner is the mark ; truth is the ball that must pierce him ; but it cannot *reach*, much less penetrate him, separate from this influence from heaven. In apostolic times, they *preached the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.* 1 Peter i. 12. In our day we need an energy from no lower source to overturn the wickedness of the vile and profane, and to counteract the formality and worldliness which are everywhere visible. 4th. I am now fully persuaded, that in proportion as the Spirit of God shall condescend to second my efforts in the gospel message, I shall be successful ; nor need I expect any success beyond. No man has ever been signally useful in winning souls to Christ without the help of the Spirit. With it the *humblest* talent may astonish earth and hell, by gathering into the path of life thousands for the skies, while without it, the finest,

the most splendid talents remain comparatively useless. 5th. The entire glory of all my success shall henceforth be given to the Holy Spirit. By this I shall conscientiously abide, as by any other principle of our holy religion. It is written, "*They that honour me, I will honour.*" To this may be added, that *righteous, inalienable*, and unchanging determination of Jehovah: "*My glory I will not give to another.*" You have read the poetry on another page of this letter. You have witnessed here, in Sheffield, some of the most glorious and convincing illustrations of some of the sentiments therein expressed, that, perhaps, you may in all your life-time be permitted to behold. But, Sir, to the glory of that eternal Spirit I acknowledge it, this is all his work. He, and he alone, has given success to his own truth. "The *means* are the Spirit's triumphal chariot," says one of the old divines, "in which it pleaseth him to ride, conquering and to conquer the souls of men." Thousands in Sheffield are now constrained to acknowledge, that the Spirit of God is riding forth gloriously in the *chariot of means*. Infinite condescension! You speak of an "*instrumentality.*" Amazing goodness, that it should be so owned of God! I know the reason! It is because there is a distinct understanding between my poor soul and Heaven, that no portion of the glory of such a work is to be *appropriated by me*, either to myself or others; that I am to feel as *deeply* humbled before God when thousands are converted under my ministry, as when only one sinner has been converted. He knows I would rather *die* than vary, for a moment, from *first principles*; I mean those views of the necessity of the Holy Spirit, which I *noted* down as the convictions of my heart, after reading that sentiment of Dr. Clarke. That eminent servant of God little thought, that this passage, of all the *multitudinous* writings which emanated from his pen, should be rendered such a blessing.

So true is that stirring saying of holy writ : "*In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand ; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.*" He little imagined, when penning those words, that they should be wafted across the Atlantic ocean, *and fall like heaven's own fire* upon the understanding and heart of a young and ardent spirit at the foot of the *Green Mountains*, in North America ; that, at *an important and perilous period* of a youthful ministry, *these words of light, life, and fire*, should arrive, should interweave themselves with the whole texture of his "*thinkings*," become one with his very being, and the secret spring of his motions ; motions which, though somewhat *eccentric* in the estimation of some, have resulted in the conversion of many thousands of sinners to God. And then, that this youth, having sprung into manhood, should cross the "*raging seas*," in the *noon* of his usefulness, and pay back, to Ireland first, and then to England, a sort of *interest* for the use of that invaluable capital transferred to the American shores ; and all to the glory of God the Father, through Jesus Christ, by the power of the Holy Ghost. Hallelujah ! "*Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty : just and true are thy ways, thou king of saints. Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name ? for thou only art holy : for all nations shall come and worship before thee ; for thy judgments are made manifest.*" Rev. xv. 3. 4.

A "*hint against a hint*" may suffice for that allusion in which you have "*wrapt an idea*" towards the close of your communication. If "*for weeks*" I have occupied the pulpit, "*to the exclusion of the regular ministers*," it has not been in vain. Like my Lord and Master I may hope that I have paid well, (yet not I,) for the use of the pulpit. Do you

comprehend *my* "allusion?" Our Lord, at a certain time, greatly needed a pulpit; for the multitude pressed upon him to hear the word of God, as he stood by the Lake of Gennesaret. Luke v. 1—9. There were "two ships" *lying idle close by, for the fishermen were out washing their nets.* He entered into one of them, and prayed *Simon*, the owner, to thrust out a little from the land; from the deck of the vessel he taught the people. But he did not "occupy the pulpit" at the *expense* of the lawful owners. At the close of his *sermon*, or "*course of sermons*," he turned to *Simon*, and said: "*Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught.*" Poor *Simon* answered, mournfully: "Master we have toiled all the night and have taken nothing; nevertheless, at thy word, I will let down the net." No sooner had the net disappeared beneath the water, than a great multitude of fish got entangled therein; the net began to break; triumphant *Simon* beckoned to his partners in the other ship to come to his help; they came, and filled both ships, so that they were in danger of sinking; "they brought their ships to land," and saved all the fish which Christ had given them. *Simon* and his partners, therefore, were well paid for allowing our blessed Lord to preach in their ship. Well, then, if I have taken possession of the pulpit in ——— chapel, it has not been without the consent of the *lawful owners*; and, to the glory of God I would say it, it has not been "*for nothing.*" No, Sir, if they value *immortal souls*, and I know they do; if they deprecate their eternal damnation, and are willing they should be saved by any instrumentality, and I know they are willing; if they desire a large accession of converted members to their church, and I know they do; for this they labour, and weep, and pray; then I am bold to declare, they have been already well paid for the time I have occupied that pulpit. "The net" has been "let down for a draught"

of sinners, and, thank God, it has been a glorious one. Some of the classes are already full to overflowing, and there has been a beckoning to other classes to come and supply themselves. "*Both the ships*," both Circuits are gaining accessions with a rapidity that astonishes the oldest veterans of the ships of Zion. Not a few of the old members are daily falling down before the Lord, and if not exclaiming, with poor confounded Simon, "*Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord*," are yet praying: "Heal our backslidings, O Lord; heal our souls, for we have sinned against thee;" while others, in wondering and adoring love, are saying, "The Lord is in this place, and we knew it not; this is God's house, this is the gate of heaven." Aye, and not only have they been recompensed for the use of the pulpit by a large number of *new converts*, but in the "*current coin*," also, of this world's commerce. Collection has succeeded to collection, until the treasury of the church "begins to fill to overflowing." Be it so; this is "*a species of pay*" which, no doubt, will please well the *financiers* of Zion. Nor will it end here. If they will but continue their *liberality*, with regard to the pulpits, a few weeks longer, I will guarantee there shall not remain an institution connected with the benevolence of Wesleyan Methodism, in Sheffield, that shall not be bettered in its finances by the revival.

Yours in Christ,

J. C.

LETTER VIII.

TO AN INFIDEL.

Sheffield, July 9, 1844.

DEAR SIR,

ART thou in health, my friend? Bad health, or an improper course of life, must have impelled you, surely, to espouse, I shall not say such principles, for they are not worthy of such a title; but the "*probabilities*" of a *blank*, so fearful, in your future history. But you may be ready to ask: "What has bad health to do with my opinions?" I know not that I can give you a better answer than in the language of a character somewhat similar to yourself, but just emerging into a happier belief. In a letter to a friend, he says: "I will just speak of another reflection. The ingenious Dr. C. reckons all *gloomy wrong-headedness*, and spurious free-thinking, as so many symptoms of bodily disease; and, I think, says, 'The human organs in some nervous distempers may, perhaps, be rendered fit for the actuation of *demons*,' and advises religion as an excellent remedy. Nor is this unlikely to be my own case; for a nervous disease, of some years' standing, rose to its height in ———, and I was attacked in proportion by *irreligious opinions*. The *medicinal* part of his advice, a vegetable diet, at last cured my dreadful bodily distemper. It is, then, natural to think the spiritual part of his advice equally good. And shall I neglect it because I am now in health? God forbid."

"Annihilation!" But what is that? Do you properly understand the term, think you? Have you a right conception of all its appalling import? Is it not to be reduced to nothing? forever nothing? as if you

had never been ? a deprivation, an *utter extinction* of being ? a loss of existence throughout eternity ? **ETERNITY !** *Unmeaning word !* you have, it seems, discarded it quite from your *vocabulary*. But do you find it quite so easy a thing to expel it from your understanding, or to blot it from your memory ? I will venture to assert, it lives there still, and bids defiance to all the *exorcisms* of infidelity to banish it thence ; it abides there still, with a sense of all that it implies.

I am not willing to allow, that "*Christian enthusiasts*" are the only persons who "are constantly poring over *eternity*." There are few, perhaps, who think more about this important term than a certain class of infidels. The difference between them and those you call enthusiasts is, the former are necessitated to dwell upon the *darkest* and most terrifying aspect of the question. I think we may rather say :—

"Atheists are dark enthusiasts indeed,
Whose fire enkindles like the smoking weed :
Lightless and dull the clouded fancy burns,
Wild hopes and fears still flashing out by turns.
Averse to heaven, amid the horrid gleam,
They trace annihilation's monstrous theme ;
On gloomy depths of nothingness to pore,
Till all be none, and being be no more."

It is, certainly, a dread alternative for the mind to be in a "*state of poise*" between an *eternity of misery*, or *annihilation*. You have, it seems, renounced the former, while you retain the latter as the most tolerable of the two. Your *predicament* quite resembles that of one of your fraternity, some two or three hundred years ago, well expressed thus :—

"When death's dread form appears, she feareth not
An utter quenching, or extinguishment ;
She would be glad to meet with such a lot,
That so she might all future ill prevent."

Annihilation! Death's last moment ushers in a blank which is to be everlasting!—"eternal!" for, although you profess to have excluded from your thoughts an eternity of existence, you do not seem shy of the term when applied to a state of *non-existence*. But it expresses your meaning, doubtless, better and more strongly than any other word in our language. I wonder, however, why you venture to use it so freely; as you hazard "*being tilted over*" by it unto *the other side of the question*. Depend upon it the word is *contagious*; therefore be advised, use it sparingly. Annihilation! Consider! The sun shall rise and set; the moon shall present her varied face to the earth; nature shall change her dress through the seasons of countless years; thunders shall roll through the heavens, and the lightnings flash; science shall continue its march, achieving its wonders, and triumphing gloriously over all the difficulties of materialism; history shall continue its annals, while generation succeeds to generation, as the leaves of the forest in the revolving year. Your own particular circle of friends and acquaintances shall have disappeared from among men; the house in which you live must be occupied by others; and the trade, if you have one, in which you are engaged, shall be "*carried on*" by strangers unknown and unborn. Cities, now in existence, shall have ceased to exist; their very site be no longer known; while others shall lift their shining pinnacles and lofty domes in the sunshine. The mightiest empires which now throw their ample shades over millions of subjects, shall have passed away,—their names may be lost, or dropped, as apocryphal, from the pages of history; and other empires, whose names are not yet recorded among the nations of the earth, shall be swaying their sceptres over unnumbered millions:—But where shall you be? I mean by YOU, *that thinking intelligent mind*, which, through organs,

perishable as the grass of the field, is perusing this letter, and judging of its contents. Where, what shall you be?—Be! according to your sentiments, you shall have *no being*,—extinguished as the “*vital spark* of heavenly flame,” swallowed up and lost in *eternal oblivion*. How can you dwell upon a prospect so *bleak and comfortless* without a *chilly horror* creeping over your frame? “Is annihilation,” inquires one, “so small a matter, that a reasonable man can look upon it with complacency?”

“That must be our cure,
To be no more: sad cure! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion.”

Which horn of the following dilemma are you inclined to take? “If your system be true, you have a *bleak and comfortless* lot; but, if false, *forever miserable will be your fate*, because you are making no preparation for it.” What reply could you make to the following inquiry and conclusion? “Who among us could be cheerful while he entertained the thought of not being at all after death, which must be the atheist's lot, if his system be true; or, of being forever miserable, which will be his case, if his system should be false? On a person of this cast, it should seem needless to inflict any other punishment than that of leaving him to the horrors of his *gloomy imagination, till he feel himself to want those joys and comforts of which he hath laboured to deprive others.*” The *Sheffield bard*, has, I think, well described the bleak and lonely feelings associated, at a certain period of human life, with the opinions alluded to by the above writer. I shall give you the passage

to which I refer; requesting you only to observe, how ingeniously he lets in at the close a flood of heavenly light upon the drooping and cheerless mind; would to God it may irradiate yours also!—

“So I pass.

The world grows darker, lonelier, and more silent,
 As I go down into the vale of years;
 For the grave's shadows lengthen in advance,
 And the grave's loneliness appals my spirit,
 And the grave's silence sinks into my heart,
 Till I forget existence in the thought
 Of non-existence, buried for a while
 In the still sepulchre of my own mind,
Itself imperishable: ah! that word,
 Like the archangel's trumpet, wakes me up
 To deathless resurrection. Heaven and earth
 Shall pass away, but that which *thinks within me*,
Must think forever; that which *feels*, must feel:
I am, and I can never cease to be.”

Time will not allow me to draw this letter out to a greater length. I have, in the simplicity of my heart, noted down a *few thoughts* upon this *dismal theme*, as they have occurred to my mind. They may, indeed, have no other effect upon your mind, than to inspire a *pity* for my weakness. I must be allowed, however, the indulgence which Addison so gently claims, in his concluding remarks on the *immortality* of the soul: “If it is a dream, let me enjoy it, since it makes me both the happier and the better man.” Surely if a Cicero declared, that so long as he lived, he would never allow the opinion of the soul's eternity, with which he was so much pleased, to be wrested away from him; I may say so, when that eternity of duration is not only placed beyond a doubt, but divested of all its terrors, through the *merits* and *mediation* of Jesus Christ, my Lord! Yours, &c.,

J. C.

LETTER IX.

TO THE SAME.

Sheffield, July 23, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT now find time to enter "*minutely*" into all your speculations; *speculations* they are, and ever must remain, so long as you have not a "*Thus saith the Lord,*" attached to them. But, I would ask, Is not God an immortal being? If you believe in the existence of angels, are they not immortal also? *They* are *thinking beings*, but they are not *material* beings. Man *thinks*, and reasons. These are *attributes of mind*, not of matter. Why then deny eternity of duration to the human intellect? Do you not perceive that the same mode of argument which you have employed against man, might be wielded with equal force against the immortality of God and angels? A writer of no mean talent, one who contended for the *materiality* of the soul, was so confounded by this very dilemma, that he was driven to the hard necessity of "*an endeavour*" to prove, that no such beings as angels exist. But he had the good sense to perceive that his argument would be incomplete unless he could prove, to a demonstration, that there is no God. This blasphemy he saw the propriety of avoiding. Was it that he feared the title of an *atheist*, or that of a *fool*? His argument was left unfinished, and, therefore, was good for nothing, unless to prove his folly.

"Lord, what a nothing is this little span,
Which we call man!
When not himself, he's mad; when most himself, he's worse."

So said an old poet, and so says, yours affectionately,
J. C.

P.S. You have not, by anything yet stated to the contrary, removed the impression mentioned in my last, that your mind has, at a certain time, poised between the dread alternative of being "*forever nothing, or forever miserable,*" ere you ventured upon the choice of the former, as the *more tolerable* of the two. "I am persuaded," says Dr. Bates, "the choice of annihilation arises from the certain prospect of eternal wretchedness. Enclosed between *two evils, an eternal state of not being, and an eternity of misery,* it is reasonable to venture on the *least*, to escape the greater. Let one ray of light enter the soul, that *it may and shall enjoy future happiness,* and a belief of annihilation will be abandoned." There have been cases, not a few, of men rescued from the dreadful deed of self-destruction, who, when the cause of their anguish and despair was removed, were glad to live, and would not die for the world. *That you may enjoy future happiness,* I declare to you, in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, there is not a sin, which burdens your conscience this moment, but may be forgiven, through faith in Christ's blood, if exercised by a repenting heart. Even a *desire for repentance* meets with the approbation of God; because this is of the operation of the Holy Ghost. Be your sins, then, as many, and dark, and aggravated, as the devil and your own wicked heart may have been able to make them, you may be freely forgiven through him who died for you.

"O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given!
Ye may now be happy too;
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above, All the life of glorious love."

J. C.

LETTER X.

TO THE SAME.

Sheffield, August 3, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,

MANY of the arguments, in favour of the *immortality* of the soul, are so *abstruse*, and metaphysical, that few have patience to peruse them with the attention necessary to comprehend them perfectly. I question whether you yourself would bestow that labour of mind, or *close thinking*, which the subject demands, were I to lay the entire method of argument before you.

An ingenious writer of the last century, I remember, has some clear and beautiful thoughts upon the nature of the human soul, as distinguished from matter. He shows that atoms, whether *original* or in the *aggregate*, that is, the *accumulation of atoms, under any given form of organization, cannot think*; that it is equally impossible for matter to derive thought from *attenuation*; that is, that minute particles *compounded, refined, and extended, even subtilized and etherealized*, when thus modified, continue matter still, and must remain matter; *it cannot think*. He shows, with equal clearness, that thought cannot be the result of any chemical properties inherent in matter; chemistry never having been able to discover, in any of its processes, that atoms can be made to think. In all experiments of this, or any other kind, these particles of matter, in collections, great or small, are still absolutely *incogitative*; nothing resembling thought having ever been discerned. He proves, also, that those two grand operations of the elements of

matter, *attraction* and *repulsion*, are equally inefficient in producing the phenomenon of thought. Motion may operate upon matter; one particle of matter may draw or repel another; but neither in the capacity of drawing or being drawn, repelling or being repelled, can we find anything that bears a single resemblance to thought. He argues, most forcibly, that thought cannot be the result of "motion, in the abstract;" that matter in motion is as destitute of thought as matter at rest; the same in the cannon ball, flying at the rate of four hundred and twenty miles an hour, as when safely lodged in the chamber of the cannon. Neither can matter be rendered *cognitive* by adding thought to it. Thought, or consciousness may be *joined to*, but cannot be *inherent in matter*. It may be *appended* to matter, but it is *not*, it *cannot be*, a property or attribute of matter. *Thought or consciousness*, when added to matter, cannot, by any method of reasoning, be shown to become a property of matter. They may be separated, and yet leave matter as perfect as before; not having deprived matter of one of its essential properties.

It is possible you may inquire, "What does the author, to whom you refer, mean by '*adding to, and separating thought from matter*'?" I answer, were he alive to reply for himself, I think it likely he would turn your attention to Genesis ii. 7: "*And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground.*" Here is, 1st, matter in its separate particles, "*dust of the ground,*" but without thought. 2nd. Matter in a state of *organization*: "*He FORMED man of the dust of the ground.*" 3rd. Thus *formed, or modelled* into the shape of man, it remained *thoughtless*, as it was motionless. 4th. Here you behold matter in a *perfect state of organization*; perfect as it could be in all its properties. 5th. Thought was still wanting. 6th. This required a second act of the almighty power

of the Creator. "*Thought and consciousness,*" though not essential to matter, as matter, were yet necessary to the perfection of the being he was about to call into existence. 7th. "He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life," or, as the original has it, "*the breath of lives,*" *natural life, spiritual life, eternal life,* and "*man became a living soul.*" 8th. At death, the soul, which was superadded to matter, is separated from it, without robbing it of any one single property that originally belonged to it; hence the origin and nature of an *immortal* and *immaterial* spirit are inferred. You inquire, "What is an immaterial spirit? Why call it *immaterial*?" To this I reply: Because it is not material, *not matter*, but something *widely distinct* from it. "I can form no idea of an immaterial substance." Be it so; but this is the principal reason, perhaps the only reason, why we employ a *negative* to express this peculiarity of an immortal soul. It is because we know of nothing in the whole visible world to which we can compare the soul, that we call it *immaterial*. It resembles not any known thing within the entire range of our acquaintance. We are, therefore, from the nature of the case, compelled to say, "*It is an immaterial substance.*" The phrase is, indeed, an imperfect one. It is an imperfection which seems decreed to our present state, and must remain till we know, even as also we are known, and mortality is swallowed up of life. I remain yours,
J. C.

LETTER XI.

TO THE SAME.

Sheffield, August 10, 1844.

DEAR SIR,

YOU remind me of a saying uttered by one a long time ago : " Who can force me to believe what I will not, or not to believe what I will ?" This is not a mere bravado. It is a challenge founded upon some of the first principles of human thought, and the uncontrollable freedom of the human will. So true is the sentiment contained in the old couplet :—

" A man convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still."

YOU make, however, a very bad use of this attribute of your nature, when you refuse to believe that which surpasses the grasp of your understanding. To say, " I am determined never to believe in that which I cannot comprehend," is *unphilosophical*. It betrays, in fact, an ignorance of the *difficulties* which attach themselves to most of the popular and generally approved sciences of the present age ; which, from the style of your writing, I could not have expected ; unless, indeed, I could classify you with those who come under the censure of the old Latin poet, *Intellegendo faciunt ut nihil intelligant*,—they understand themselves out of their wits. They do this who attempt to cast the great mysteries of God into the mould of their own narrow intellect. When a man " takes upon himself" to explain everything, or to deny what he cannot explain, he certainly comes within the range of the above *critique*.

I have read of a primitive Christian who was much puzzled upon that scripture which says, "*The earth is founded upon the waters.*" He could not comprehend how it could be, that the weightier element should be supported by the lighter; or how it was that the one should not be overwhelmed and swallowed up by the other. The course of his thoughts at length received a gentle, but convincing and permanent, turn by this reflection: "*I forgot myself when I said to God, How can this be?*" Even the learned heathen, Simonides, who was employed by the tyrant, Hiero, to explain "*what God is,*" did not, on finding the mode of the Almighty's existence, and the attributes of his nature, beyond the grasp of his intellect, renounce his belief in the existence of God, and turn atheist. A single day was all he asked in which to frame an answer; but, at its end, he found himself involved in greater perplexities than when it began. He begged a second day, then a fourth, and so went on doubling, and still found himself no nearer a solution than at first. At length he became quite discouraged, confessed his inability, and gave up the investigation, saying, "*the more he studied, the less he was able to define a Being who was incomprehensible.*" It was Tertullian, I think, that said, referring to God, and our limited apprehension of him: "That which may be seen, is less than the eyes that survey it; that which may be comprehended, is less than the hands that grasp it; that which may be valued, is less than the senses which rate it." If you understand his meaning you can make the application.

I feel unwilling to enter upon the discussion of any other subject than the one upon which we set out: "*Is man immortal, or is he not?*" If we allow ourselves to glide into other themes, the correspondence would extend itself to a length quite inconsistent with my present circumstances. Every moment is

fully occupied; demands upon my time and strength are constantly on the increase, by the remarkable revival now in progress in this town. But for this, I should have enlarged upon many of those points to which I have referred,—and perhaps to some advantage. I happened, this day, to meet with a similar objection to your own; but as it is better expressed, and more fully covers the ground over which you have been expatiating, I shall give it you in preference: “Can any man, of an enlightened and liberal mind, embrace the *mysterious* doctrines of *Christianity*? What must such an one think of the *Trinity*, the *Atonement*, the *Incarnation*, and those other unaccountable *peculiarities* of that institution, which have been a stumbling-block to many persons in every age of the church?” To which, an able writer replies: “Are there not also many strange and unaccountable things in the book of nature, and in the administrations of divine Providence, the designs of which we cannot see? Nay, are there not even some things which to us seem wrong and ill-contrived? Yet we own the world was created by GOD, and that he is the GOVERNOR thereof. And why then shall we not allow that the *scriptures* may be from GOD, notwithstanding these difficulties and seeming incongruities? Indeed, a revelation, which we could *fully* comprehend, would not appear the production of an infinite mind; it would bear no resemblance to its heavenly author; and therefore we should have reason to suspect it spurious. It is extremely probable, that the *three grand volumes* of *nature*, *providence*, and *grace*, should all, in some respect or other, bear the stamp of their being derived from one source. Many things in the *volumes* of *Nature* and *Providence* far exceed our highest powers to comprehend; it is not improbable, therefore, that the *volume* of *Divine Grace* should be under a similar predicament. What doth

the wisest man upon earth know of the nature of God but what the *scripture* hath told him? Extremely little. It may be questioned whether we should have known anything of him, had it not been for some original revelation." But I do not feel at liberty to allow that there are so many mysteries in the Bible as you set forth. Many of those *doctrines* and *miracles* which appear to you so mysterious, are not inconsistent with *reason*, but are "*defensible on the purest principles of reason.*" But, even admitting the force of your every objection, with regard to those incomprehensible points to which you refer, may I be allowed to inquire, in the language of another, whether "it would not be a greater miracle than any we are instructed to believe, if there were no difficulties in the sacred writings?—if a being with but five scanty inlets of knowledge, separated but yesterday from his mother earth, and to-day sinking again into her bosom, could fathom the depths of the wisdom and knowledge of the Lord God Almighty?" In addition to this, I would refer you to a remarkable confession of lord Bolingbroke, as recorded in Simpson's Plea for Religion: "No religion ever appeared in the world," said that celebrated deist, "whose natural tendency was so much directed to promote the peace and happiness of mankind as Christianity. No system can be *more simple and plain* than that of natural religion, as it stands in the gospel. The system of religion which Christ published, and his evangelists recorded, is a complete system to all the purposes of religion, natural and revealed. Christianity, as it stands in the gospel, contains not only a complete, but a *very plain* system of religion. The gospel is, in all cases, one continued lesson of the strictest morality, of justice, of benevolence, and of universal charity." What sentiments for a deist to advance! What more could the most ardent Christian say?

Perhaps the following incident, though not at all flattering to your vanity, nor to the capacity of your intellectual powers, may serve to relieve your mind somewhat, with regard to those difficulties which appear to you so insurmountable in Christianity. The next time you visit London, I would have you treat yourself to a turn or two through St. Paul's. In doing so, should you happen to see a fly upon one of the columns, it may recall to your recollection the following fact: A certain individual, one day, when walking through the spacious aisles of this noble pile, endeavouring, doubtless, to realize some of those sublime impressions, which such a wonderful structure is calculated to excite, saw a *fly*,—but I must permit him to tell his own story: "In the midst of my contemplations, I beheld a fly upon one of the pillars; and it straightway came into my head, that the same fly was a *free-thinker*; for it required some comprehension, in the eye of a spectator, to take in at one view the various parts of the building, in order to observe their symmetry and design. But to the fly, whose prospect was confined to a little part of one of the stones of a single pillar, the joint beauty of the whole, or the distinct use of its parts, were inconspicuous; and nothing could appear but small inequalities on the surface of the hewn stone, which, in the view of that insect, seemed so many deformed rocks and precipices." Take care, my dear Sir, that you do not merit the castigation which a poet thought proper to lay upon the backs of a certain class of your fellow-subjects. Were they but present, and knew your principles, I doubt not they would hail you a stanch brother of their order.

"Sceptic owls,
That will not credit their own souls,
Or any science understand,
Beyond the reach of eye or hand,

But measuring all things by their own
Knowledge, hold nothing's to be known."

Christianity tells you what you must do to be saved. Infidelity derides the instruction, offers nothing better, and points to difficulties. The former presents *mysteries*, it is true, but offers, at the same time, *those eternal and rational truths* which satisfy the soul, and which afford to the mind the most satisfactory consciousness of safety. Infidelity is a *jumble of negatives*, which amounts to a *system of nothings*; and what is there in such a system to satisfy any sensible and virtuous heart? Now, to cast away all that Christianity so graciously offers, because it presents mysteries incomprehensible to the human understanding, determining to run the *risks of eternity*, rather than believe, is to act a more foolish part than Aristotle; who, though he was considered by his contemporaries the *prince of philosophers*, and was entitled the *Secretary of Nature*; yet because he found himself unable to comprehend the reason of the *ebb and flow* of the tide, cast himself into it, and was drowned. Yours,
J. C.

LETTER XII.

TO THE SAME.

Sheffield, August 15, 1844.

DEAR SIR,

No, I meant no disrespect to your understanding, or education, in my last; but I certainly did consider them both *warped and perverted*. You "hang one

jingling padlock on the mind," doubting everything you cannot understand. Admitting theology to be a *science*, which, (out of respect to the learned and capacious minds which have been, and still are, engaged in its investigation, and devoted to its interests,—to say nothing of *modesty* on your part,—) you should have been free to allow, it grieved me to perceive that you refused to grant it the same place in your understanding that you allow to other sciences. I claim for theology what is universally granted to the sciences of the present age,—that it shall not be "*discarded from human belief and confidence*," because it has attached to it some things which are *incomprehensible*. This you have again and again refused. What, then, could I think of your *understanding, education, or honesty*? The same rule of belief which you have laid down respecting the *Christian religion*, if carried out, would set the learned world quite adrift from almost every established science. A writer, some years ago, perceiving this difficulty, took up his pen, and started forward with the following inquiry and argument: "What, if there should be some incomprehensible doctrines in the *Christian religion*; some circumstances which, in their causes, or their consequences, pass the reach of human reason, are they to be rejected upon that account? Weigh the matter fairly; and consider whether *revealed religion* be not, in this respect, just upon the same footing with every other object of your contemplation. Even in *mathematics*, the science of demonstration itself, though you get over its first principles, and learn to digest the idea of a point without parts, a line without breadth, and a surface without thickness, yet you will find yourselves at a loss to comprehend the perpetual approximation of lines which can never meet; the doctrine of incommensurables, and of an infinity of infinities, each infinitely greater, or infinitely less, not

only than any finite quantity, but than each other. In *physics*, you cannot comprehend the primary cause of anything ; not of the light, by which you see ; nor of the elasticity of the air, by which you hear ; nor of the fire, by which you are warmed. In *physiology*, you cannot tell what first gave motion to the heart ; nor what continues it ; nor why its motion is less voluntary than that of the lungs ; nor why you are able to move your arm, to the right or left, by a simple volition : you cannot explain the cause of animal heat ; nor comprehend the principle by which your body was at first formed, nor by which it is sustained, nor by which it will be reduced to earth. In *natural religion*, you cannot comprehend the eternity or omnipresence of the DEITY ; nor easily understand how his prescience can be consistent with your freedom, or his immutability, with his government of moral agents ; nor why he did not make all his creatures equally perfect ; nor why he did not create them sooner ; in short, you cannot look into any branch of knowledge, but you will meet with subjects above your comprehension. The fall and the redemption of human kind, are not more incomprehensible than the creation and the conservation of the universe ; the *infinite* AUTHOR of the works of providence, and of nature, is equally inscrutable, equally past our finding out in them both. And it is somewhat remarkable, that the deepest enquirers into nature have ever thought with most reverence, and spoken with most diffidence, concerning those things which, in *revealed religion*, may seem hard to be understood ; they have ever avoided that self-sufficiency of knowledge, which springs from ignorance, produces indifference, and ends in *infidelity*.

“PLATO mentions a set of men who were very ignorant, and thought themselves extremely wise ; and who rejected the argument for the being of a GOD, derived from the harmony and order of the universe,

as old and trite. There have been men, it seems, in all ages, who, in affecting singularity, have overlooked truth ; an argument, however, is not the worse for being old ; and surely it would have been a more just mode of reasoning, if you had examined the external evidence for the truth of *Christianity*, weighed the old arguments from miracles, and from prophecies, before you had rejected the whole account, from the difficulties you met with in it. You would laugh at an *Indian*, who, in peeping into an history of *England*, and meeting with the mention of the *Thames* being frozen, or of a shower of hail, or of snow, should throw the book aside, as unworthy of his further notice, from his want of ability to comprehend these phenomena."

The Psalmist exclaimed, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made!" The anatomy of your own body, Sir, contains "*mysteries* within mysteries," quite as difficult of comprehension, as most of those you complain of in Christianity. "There are miracles," said an old writer, "between head and foot to fill a volume." Why, Sir, I could present you with such an array of "*incomprehensibles*," in such departments of your nature, as the motions of your heart, the motions of your blood, and the motions of your respiratory organs,—all "*perpetual motions*,"—as, according to your own principles, might make you discard the idea altogether of there being any such movements in your animal frame,—aye, doubt the existence of either *heart, blood, or lungs!* I remember, in the course of my reading, meeting with several curious and ingenious calculations, showing the *astonishing miracles* which are constantly occurring in the "*body's economy*." "An anatomist, who understood the structure of the heart, might say beforehand that it would play ; but he could not, I think, avoid fearing, from the complexity of its mechanism, and the delicacy of many of its parts, that it should always be liable to derange-

ment, or that it would soon work itself out. Yet shall this wonderful machine go, night and day, for eighty years together, at the rate of a hundred thousand strokes every twenty-four hours, having at every stroke a great resistance to overcome ; and shall continue this action for this length of time, without disorder and without weariness.

“ Each ventricle will at least contain one ounce of blood. The heart contracts four thousand times in one hour ; from which it follows, that there passes through the heart every hour four thousand ounces, or three hundred and fifty pounds of blood. Now the whole mass of blood is said to be about twenty-five pounds, so that a quantity of blood, equal to the whole mass of blood, passes through the heart fourteen times in one hour ; which is about once every four minutes.

“ When we reflect also upon the number of muscles, not fewer than four hundred and forty-six, in the human body, known and named ; how contiguous they lie to each other, in layers, as it were, over one another ; crossing one another ; sometimes embedded in one another ; sometimes perforating one another, an arrangement which leaves to each its liberty, and its full play ; this must necessarily require meditation and counsel. Dr. Nieuentyt, in the *Leipsic Transactions*, reckons up a hundred muscles that are employed every time we breathe ; yet we take in, or let out, our breath without reflecting what a work is thereby performed ; what an apparatus is laid in of instruments for the service, and how many such contribute their assistance to the effect. Breathing with ease is a blessing of every moment, yet of all others it is that which we possess with the least consciousness. A man in an asthma is the only man who knows how to esteem it.”

Were you to express your doubts as freely respecting the above statements, as you have about Christianity and its miracles, simply because of their

incomprehensibility, you would hazard, from men of science, that severe rebuke applied to another querist :—

“ One that still needs his leading-strings and bib.”

Affectionately yours,

J. C.

LETTER XIII.

TO THE SAME.

Sheffield, August 21, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,

THAT which was said of another “ *reasoner*,” is truly applicable to yourself : “ You double in a thousand windings, without advancing one step.” One would think you had chosen that witty couplet of a poet for your favourite motto :—

“ Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And nought is everything, and everything is nought.”

I have read of a great lawyer, who boasted that he had the art of practising three different modes of writing : one which any body could read, another which only himself could read, and another which neither he nor any body else could read. Simplicity of style, and perspicuity, are two valuable properties of good writing. It enables a man to lay open his thoughts without disguise or ambiguity. It was *Phavorinus*, I think, who drew that famous distinction between the writings of those celebrated orators, *Plato* and *Lysias* : “ *If one word be taken from a sentence of Plato, you spoil the elegance ; if from Lysias, the sense.*”

I can bear with a studied and artificial style, even when "the thread" of the writer's "verbosity is finer than the staple of his argument," if he state "his argument" with any tolerable degree of clearness. But when his *reasons* are like those of the poet's Gratiano, mixed up with "an infinite deal of nonsense,—like two grains of wheat in two bushels of chaff, you shall search all day ere you find them, and when found, they are not worth the search"—in that case, if they do not send "patience to the winds," they are, certainly, a very great tax upon one's time. A long letter is a "book in miniature." How often has "such an one" made *havoc* of a valuable forenoon, or precious evening! And then, after wading through one or two dozen of pages, to have to groan, as did Mr. Montgomery, over a dull and senseless book,—

————— "With nothing fraught,—
 Ten thousand words, and ne'er a thought;
 Where periods without period crawl,
 Like caterpillars on a wall,
 That fall to climb, and climb to fall;
 Where still their efforts only tend
 To keep them from their journey's end.
 The reader yawns with pure vexation,
 And nods—but not with approbation.
 In such a fog of dulness lost,
 Poor patience must give up the ghost;
 Not Argus' eyes awake could keep,
 Even death might read himself asleep."

I would not point my pen with such severity, were it not that I know you are capable of better things. I know also, "when thought is warm, and fancy flows," it is easy writing; and that there is very little in *cold leaden infidelity* to warm the thought, or animate the fancy; still, this need not hinder you from stating your sentiments in a clear and distinct manner.

This is a long apology for not meddling with a large

portion of your letter; because I really cannot comprehend your meaning:—

“ I cannot bolt its matter to the bran,
But you yourself may do it if you can.”

Nor would I have “sermonized” so long upon it, but for the hope of prompting you to something more worthy of your talents, to say nothing of your *miserable cause*. I would advise you, for more reasons than one, to endeavour after a clear perception of your subject; then you will scarcely fail to express yourself with distinctness. Confusion of thought invariably leads to the same defect in language, whether written or spoken. It is to be hoped, also, that by *distinctly comprehending* the *pernicious principles* you have espoused, you may the sooner perceive their *fallaciousness*, and abandon them forever.

That some of the most important principles in science have been “contradicted,” you must, as a man of general information, be aware. What was it that banished *Galileo* from his university, and exiled him finally as a solitary hermit outside the walls of Florence? You will answer, possibly, “This was the work of popish superstition.” Be it so; but it was the work of *ignorance* and error. There is not, perhaps, a Romanist in Italy that is not ashamed of the persecutions inflicted upon that eminent philosopher. It is to the same origin,—*ignorance* and error,—we can trace the *oppositions* and contradictions from infidels, with which Christianity has to contend in the present day. We need not, however, go to Italy for examples contradictory of science. Why, Sir, some have asserted “there is no such thing in the world as *motion!*”—that “*contradictions may be true.*” Snow has been denied to be *white*. “The very first notions of common sense,” says a writer, “have been debauched.” Is it any wonder, then, that the sublime doctrines of the religion

of the Bible are cavilled at ? or that blind infidels have treated them as ridiculous. Have you never read the answer of the blind man, with regard to colours ? On being asked what idea he had of scarlet, he replied, that it was like the sound of a trumpet. But even this opinion, absurd as it may appear, obtained an advocate shortly after, who asserted and endeavoured to prove that the different sounds of a musical instrument might be characterized and indicated by corresponding flowers. You would find it difficult, were you intimately acquainted with the history of every science, which now obtains the homage of all civilized countries, to point out one that was not stoutly opposed at the outset. There have been martyrs for science, as well as for Christianity.

As it regards my "*style of preaching*," it would, knowing your principles, have been a matter of greater surprise than anything you have yet stated, had you been pleased with it. How the inhabitants of Jericho must have "laughed" to see those "*doughty champions*" of Israel stalking around, outside the city walls, accompanied by a few priests, and others, sounding "*rams' horns!*" Once every day, for six days, did God make them "*laughing-stocks*," as they paced the city once round, blowing their humble trumpets. On the seventh day there was a "tremendous noise:"—seven times did the Israelites march around Jericho that day, blowing rams' horns;—a sort of military parade this, new to the "wise men" and warriors of Jericho, as it was in the history of sieges. They did not, could not, understand it. There was a voice heard, and it was borne along upon the harsh sounds of the trumpets: "*SHOUT, for the Lord hath given you the city!*" What! shout? Are the massive walls and frowning ramparts to be overthrown with a *shout*? Yes! with a shout; for the power of the Lord Jehovah shall mingle with that shout. But this must have been

another theme "to excite the risibles" of the warriors of Jericho. "SHOUT, for the Lord hath given you the city!" And such a shout! and such a shaking! Like that in ——— chapel, think you? "The people shouted with a great shout,"—how "foolish and ridiculous!" Aye! but the end was answered, and that was worth ten thousand shouts,—"*the wall fell down flat,*" as did many sinners on the night that excited your contempt; would to God you had been one amongst them! "*So the people went up into the city, every man straight before him;*" as we did on the night in question; "*and they took the city;*" and so did we;—a large number of wounded sinners. Hallelujah! "*I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth.*"

I am not an advocate for noise, merely for the sake of noise. There may, however, be a *general shout* that is inspired by God, and accompanied by his power. And thus it may have been, for anything you know to the contrary, at the time in question. Perhaps had we suppressed it, in order to please you and others, we might have been sorry for it afterwards. Had the Israelites been ashamed of the sound of the rams' horns, and of the shout; had they hushed "those wild and fanatical noises," when God commanded them to *blow and to shout*, they might have avoided the *laugh and the sneer*, but the walls of Jericho would have been left standing, and the city untaken.

Why should you wonder, then, that the "very next night," you found me "drawing lines, and raising circumvallations, as usual,—preparatory, no doubt, for another uproar." If the last movements of the kind succeeded so well, I do not see how you could expect anything else, than that I should *try again*.

It is, however, plain, dear Sir, that you have but a very confused notion of the *nature and design* of my

“motions.” Nor can I pause in the prosecution of my all-important mission to Sheffield, until you choose to entertain a sincere disposition to inform yourself upon the subject. I remember once being exceedingly amused with the reply of an old divine, to a character differing little from yourself. “Suppose,” he said, “a *geometrician* should be drawing of lines and figures, and there should come in a silly, ignorant fellow, who, seeing him thus employed, should laugh at him; would the artist, think you, leave off his employment, because of his derision? Surely not; for he knows this his laughter is but the fruit of his ignorance; as not knowing his art, and the ground upon which it goes. And therefore he holds on drawing, though the fellow should hold on laughing.” Well, Sir, thus it is, at the present time, in Sheffield. There are many who enter the chapel, as ignorant of my theological views,—“*lines and figures,—and the ground upon which they go,*” as that fellow of those which are necessary to the *geometrician*; but, by the help of God, I keep on drawing, while some “*sneer,*” and many “*who come to scoff, remain to pray.*” The laugh of a few *empty-brained* infidels, and *carnal protestants*, has no influence to stop me in my happy and successful efforts, or to lead me to doubt my principles; any more than the artist referred to would cease his employment, or doubt the leading facts of geometry, because ignorance had chosen to turn the whole into ridicule. Yours,

J. C.

LETTER XIV.

TO A FRIEND IN AMERICA.

Sheffield, July 13, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,

IF your letter is to be answered, it must be done immediately, as the steamer departs from Liverpool in a few days. The "inquiries" of your friend are important; but *time*, even if the short space of a letter were sufficient, will hardly allow me to reply with sufficient clearness. "Is the blessing of entire sanctification *gradual*, or is it *instantaneous*?" I answer, in *three* respects it is gradual, and in one only is it instantaneous. 1st. It is gradual, from the fact that it begins in the moment of justification; and so long as the new convert is faithful, the work steadily advances in his soul, till he is sanctified entirely, throughout soul, body, and spirit; and, 2nd. So long as he continues faithful, there is no pause in his advancement to higher degrees of love and holiness, until he is released from this tabernacle of clay. This is what the apostle meant, I imagine, by "*perfecting holiness*." 3rd. Nor does the work pause in heaven; it is gradually progressive throughout eternity. In one respect only is entire sanctification instantaneous; *the entire separation of sin from the soul*. This must necessarily be in a moment, if the believer is purified before he enters eternity.

The argument may, therefore, be brought within a narrow compass; nor need brevity induce obscurity. If your friend admit the following *simple propositions*, a *multiplicity of words* will be avoided, as they frequently only darken counsel. 1st. That *justification* and "*entire sanctification*" are two distinct

blessings. 2nd. *That each is to be distinctly apprehended and received by faith.* This she will not be inclined to doubt, if she has consulted Romans v. 1; Acts xxvi. 18; and Acts xv. 9. 3rd. That justification implies the *forgiveness* of sins, and, consequently, deliverance in full from condemnation. Romans viii. 1. 4th. That *regeneration* is inseparable from justification; and that this, in the nature of things, must include sanctification,—*begun.* 5th. That “*entire sanctification,*”—such as that for which the apostle prays in 1 Thessalonians v. 23, is, 1. *A full and unreserved consecration of the whole man to God.* 2. *The entire conformation of every power of body, soul, and spirit, to the will and likeness of God.* 6th. That this stands inseparably connected with a state of purity, such as is recognised in that exalted command: “*Be ye holy, for I the Lord your God am holy;*” and again: “*Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect;*” such as that which is so beautifully expressed by St. John: “*For every man that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself, even as he is pure;*” and upon which Christ himself pronounces that blessing: “*Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.*” 7th. That, although incipient sanctification is coincident with justification, the entire cleansing of the soul from sin is usually an after-work. 8th. That each of these purchased blessings is received by faith.

Taking it then for granted, that, in each of the above points, your friend and myself are agreed; I would inquire whether the sins of a believing penitent are pardoned *gradually*; that is, *one by one*, one now, and another then; or, *en masse, altogether, and at once*; that is, *instantaneously*. If she affirm the latter, then no farther argument is needed to prove that the blessing of “*entire sanctification*” is received *instantaneously* also, seeing that the instrumentality

(*faith*) is the same, differing only in the *object* for which it is exercised; the penitent believing for *pardon*, the justified believer for *purity*. I know not that I can set the matter in any clearer light. If she discards one or more of the above *primary propositions*, the *dependent inferences* must, of course, fall to the ground. I would then proceed with the discussion upon other principles. I should certainly be led to insist, that the doctrine of a *gradual pardon*, in behalf of a mourning penitent, is not found in the Bible, nor a gradual regeneration. But both, on conditions of repentance and faith, are promised there; and, therefore, if received at all, *they must be instantaneous*; therefore purification from indwelling sin, must be instantaneous also. But it will be a saving of my *time and labour*, to suspend any farther reasoning upon the subject, till I know the position your intelligent friend chooses to occupy.

In reply to your own observations, I may remark: It would not require much argument to prove, that those *Methodists* who do not enjoy holiness, nor are *pressing after its attainment*, either *have never been converted, or have fallen from a justified state*; and farther, that they are in peril of that threatening, "*So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth.*" You may consult at your leisure 1 John iii. 1—3, especially the third verse.

Surely you must *profess* what God has wrought in your soul. But let it be on proper occasions, as the Spirit may direct; in what Mr. Fletcher calls a *self-abasing, and Christ-exalting spirit*. But if, by exalting Christ, you may seem, *in the estimation of others*, to be exalting self, heed it not; trouble not yourself. Leave that to God. Receive the reproach with *patient, cheerful, adoring love*. Is it not written, "*They that honour me, I will honour?*" In honour-

ing the grace of your sanctifying Lord, he may put peculiar honour upon you, *by enduing you with power* so to confess his salvation, as to bring honour to his name, and to the doctrine of perfect love. But should it rather turn to your reproach, comfort your heart with these sweet words: "*For unto you it is given,*" as a token of peculiar favour, "*not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake.*" Phil. i. 29. Perfect love, you must remember, always says, in all sorts of persecutions,—

" Lord, I adore thy gracious will,
Through every instrument of ill,
My Father's goodness see;
Accept the complicated wrong,
Of Shimei's hand, or Shimei's tongue,
As kind rebukes from thee."

If they despised *perfection incarnate*, shall you escape? If they spat upon the face of your Master, shall they be disinclined to offer contempt to his humble and faithful servant? If the *head* was crowned with *thorns*, the members need not expect a sprinkling of *rose-buds*. "As certainly as night follows day, so certainly will that black angel, *persecution*, follow holiness," was the true remark of one now with God. But who ever blushed that he excelled in his profession? See to it, my dear brother, that you *really excel*; and remember that your obligations to be faithful multiply in the same proportion as you draw *such "attentions"* toward yourself. Mr. Fletcher tells us that the purified believer has the simplicity of the gentle dove, the patience of the laborious ox, the courage of the magnanimous lion, and the wisdom of the wary serpent, without any of its poison; all the above catalogue of virtues you will need, if you would profess and retain this blessing. Earth and hell are arrayed against holiness; therefore expect the sharpest

trials. But do not forget that holiness must have appended to it some *distinguished privileges*, as a "set-off" to its sacrifices. Some of these glorious privileges you already realize; *you must die to know the rest.*

Your views of conscience are very good, and awfully correct. I was struck the other day with the sentiments of a writer on this subject: "Conscience acquits or condemns, shines or burns, refreshes or torments, according to the innocence or guilt of men's actions, with respect to the judgment-seat. This is a witness none can reproach; a judge none can decline; an executioner none can resist."—

"The mildest balsam, or the sharpest steel,
That wounds can wish, or the unwounded feel;
The softest pillow, or the sharpest rod,
The balm of blessing, or the scourge of God."

I wish you would read the following to Mr. * * * .
"There is a secret acknowledgment in every man's breast, of a superior Power, to whom he must give an account; and though conscience be much impaired in its integrity, yet it often recoils upon the sinner, in consequence of the foulness of his actions; and its testimony of terror makes sin unpleasant. He cannot enjoy his charming lusts without guilt, nor embrace them without the reluctancy of a contradictory principle within. With the sense of a reigning principle within his own constitution, there stands associated the sense of a reigning Power over the universe. With the consciousness of a judge in his own breast, there is the fear of a Judge who sits in high authority over him; and he passes, without the use of any Bible, by one step, and with rapid inference, from one to the other."

"Conscience," says an old Scotch divine, "being sinned against, spits fire in men's faces, and fills them with shame and horror. When the sinner sees a

hand-writing on the wall of conscience, his countenance is changed."—

“The sly informer minutes every fault,
 And her dread diary with horror fills.
 Not the gross act alone employs her pen;
 She reconnoitres fancy's airy band,—
 Unnoted, notes each moment misapplied;
 In leaves more durable than leaves of brass,
 Writes our whole history; which death shall read
 In every pale delinquent's private ear;
 And judgment publish:”

It is quite as difficult, one would think, to enjoy sinful pleasure, when the mind suspects the stings of eternal death are lurking within, as to drink the sweetest cup without a shudder, when suspicion has been excited that it is mingled with deadly poison.

There is nothing more common, than for men to *seem* happy in the practice of sin, when, at the same time, they are perfectly miserable. You have probably read of the man, in ancient story, who stole a fox, but, being in danger of discovery, concealed it beneath his cloak; the animal fastened upon his side, and began to gnaw his flesh. But such was his determination “to keep up appearances,” that he never quivered, nor showed any signs of discomfort, till it penetrated his vitals. Few, however, can bear up under the attacks of conscience when once aroused. Many have, indeed, sustained its constant gnawings with cheerful looks; but others have been driven by it to blaspheme God, and to lay violent hands upon themselves. Cain felt its power when he roared out, “My punishment is greater than I can bear.” Joseph's brethren were compelled, by that inward preacher, to acknowledge, “We are verily guilty concerning our brother.” I did intend to have written more upon this subject, but circumstances oblige me to conclude.

Very affectionately yours,

J. C.

LETTER XV.

TO * * * *.

Sheffield, July 17, 1844.

DEAR BROTHER,

YOUR "*feelings*" are not unlike those entertained by one of the "ancient Fathers of the church," when he cried, "O that there were given unto me from the altar above, not one coal, but rather a fiery globe,—*a heap of coals*, to scorch the abuses of the times, and burn out the abominations of vicious habits." Such, however, are the *infirmities* of our poor nature, that we should be careful lest, when scattering these *burning coals* about, we do not burn ourselves. I have more than once done more injury to an article, when "*setting it to rights*," by violently twitching it about, than any real benefit which could have been derived from the alteration. The position of the thing became teasing; I lost my patience, and so perpetrated the injury before I was aware. We should see to it that our fire is of the right sort. The disciples, you remember, desired permission of our Lord to avenge the slight which they considered had been offered him by the Samaritans: "*Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume them?*" Let us take care that we do not merit the same rebuke which they received: "*Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.*" Ministers should be flames of fire themselves; not the "*vengeance-flame*," that would destroy men's lives, or send them quick into hell, that others might turn and live; but, *flames of love to God and man*. Such was the celebrated *Basil*. One desired, after hearing much

concerning him, to know what kind of a man he was. In a dream he beheld a *pillar* of fire, upon which was inscribed this motto: *Talis est Basilius*, "Such is Basil." We may say of such a minister, what one said of another: "He is like a man made up all of fire, walking in the midst of *stubble* and *straw*;—he *overcomes and consumes all difficulties and oppositions*.

When a man enters into a revival, because compelled to it "by the force of circumstances," and not from any *liking* he entertains for revivals, he seldom succeeds. Where there is neither *will* nor *conscience* in the matter, but simply a respect for "public opinion," no great blessing from God can scarcely be expected. "Nothing so much depends upon the will," says one, "as religion;—which is not religion, but hypocrisy, if the mind be averse to it." The success of "revival efforts," depends greatly upon the *heartly goodwill* of those engaged in it. Without this, it is hypocrisy. Such persons, in my opinion, had better remain at home, than "*act a part*," which is only put on for the occasion, and not because they have any heart to it. God will not honour such duplicity; and,—

"Our cold half-love of truth and right"—are
"Too weak to cheer us in the fight."

When the papists were displeas'd at Erasmus, on account of his *neutrality*, they painted him as *hanging between heaven and earth*; indicating thereby that he belonged to neither;—rather, that he was unfit to go to heaven, as to live upon earth. Such are the most of those who stand neuter, in the estimation of God, and all good men. A minister places himself in a sad and humiliating plight, when he allows himself to be placed between two parties,—*revivalists*, and *anti-revivalists*, (would to God, there was no occasion for the latter epithet, within the pale of Methodism,) endeavouring all the while to keep on

good terms with both, but honest to neither. To enter into a revival one night with every appearance of honesty and zeal, and the next night, or shortly after, when out of sight and hearing of certain parties, to speak and act directly contrary to previous conduct, is a sort of duplicity quite inconsistent with Christian character, to say nothing of *ministerial*. The man that acts thus will soon be respected by neither party. I always think of such characters in connexion with the old story of the three doctors: About two centuries ago, in a certain English university, there flourished three doctors, two of whom stood at the head of a party. The third considered himself the wiser man, and stood between the two, frequently shaking hands with both, without committing himself to either. The first was called an *innovator*, the second a *Puritan*, and the third a *neuter*. A wag, one of the scholars, took a pencil and colours, and presented them to the world thus: The first seated in a coach, driving forward to *Rome*; the second enjoyed also the luxury of a coach with *Geneva* for his destination; but the third was "*footing it*," after a sort of "*running mood*," begging sometimes of one and then the other to receive him, while both refused him. I shall leave you to make the application, so far as you may judge the illustration just and appropriate.

I do not wonder that some men "lose their balance" during a season of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. There is an interest or *charm* thrown around a revival sufficient, sometimes, to attract even a *neuter*, and to draw him, if not quite into "the vortex," yet nearer to it than his cooler judgment will afterwards approve. To oppose the conversion of sinners, is to fly in the face of his own principles. You may call a man a *knave*, or a *hypocrite*, or any other name that is bad, who would urge home upon the sinners of a congregation the tremendous truths of religion, care-

less whether such truths should produce any salutary effect ; or who could look upon the awakened sinner with apathy, and quietly prefer his *supper, pipe,* and glass, at home, or in the house of a friend, to the necessary and important work of assisting the distressed sinner to look to the Lamb of God, to trust in that blood which makes the wounded whole. Any preacher possessing a spark of common honesty must surely desire to see the sinners of his congregation converted to God. It is contrary to the great principles of our nature, regenerated nature, not to be somewhat emulous of doing good ; or, for a minister to feel no corresponding glow of enjoyment, no springing up of holy exultation within his heart, when his faithful efforts to save sinners are crowned with success. There are motives drawn even from *carnal policy*, to speak of nothing higher, which would render this desirable. It is humbling to be unsuccessful in one's objects ; and, without an object in the pulpit, a man is likely to talk as a simpleton. It is the highest glory of the pulpit, to be instrumental in winning souls to Christ. There is a *grandeur* even in an attempt at this. But when a minister makes the effort, and hundreds of sinners are awakened and saved, it is difficult for the thousands present to withhold honour from the intellect so capable, under God, of determining toward goodness, such a mass of immortal mind congregated around him.

It may be that an indolent or timid man, one quite void of ambition, might quietly sit down and suffer himself to be outrun in the race of usefulness by those who have hitherto been behind ; but they know little of human nature who expect a man of ordinary *energy* and *ambition* to permit, with patience, the active and the bold to surpass him in this sort of popularity. I speak now, of course, of Methodist ministers. Saul was a man possessed of both energy

and ambition ; but the chorus of the women of Israel, "*Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands,*" was too much for the king. His ordinary *prudence* and *manliness* forsook him. Nor could *pride* or *self-love* restrain him from a course of conduct unbecoming the great man and patriot. Indolence and ambition are, I consider, incompatible with happiness and good temper. "Perhaps," says a writer, "there are few less happy than those who are ambitious, without industry ; who pant for the prize, but will not run the race ;" who ardently desire a revival of the work of God, but who will not use the requisite means for its attainment ; who covet the success that crowns the labours of other men, but who are quite indisposed to imitate them in their self-denial, in their patient labours, constant toil, *out of the pulpit* as well as in it, till the efforts in the pulpit bear no comparison with the succeeding labours in the prayer meeting. You know what I mean. I need, therefore, carry the remark no farther. To all such uneasy drones I would reiterate the sentiment of Sharp : "*Those who have not energy to work must learn to be humble, and should not vainly hope to unite the incompatible enjoyments of indolence and enterprize, ambition and self-indulgence.*" You remember the man mentioned in Seneca who was so abominably indolent, that *his sides ached* to see another work.

After all, how little it is that the most laborious and self-denying of us suffer for God in the work of soul-saving ! The conduct of soldiers, when fighting the battles of their king and country in an enemy's land, should put every man of us to the blush, and shame us out of our whining effeminacy. "Look," says one, "at the warrior. At the call of honour, a young man of family and fortune, accustomed to the gratifications of the table, and a life of ease and voluptuousness, quits every valuable and tender connexion at home,

and submits at once to all the painful duties and hard fare of a camp in an enemy's country. He travels through dreary swamps, and inhospitable forests, guided only by the track of savages. He traverses mountains, he passes and repasses rivers, and marches several hundred miles, with scarcely bread to eat, or change of raiment to put on. When night comes, he sleeps on the ground, or, perhaps, sleeps not at all; and at the dawn of day resumes his labour. At length he is so fortunate as to find his enemy. He braves death amid all the horrors of the field. He sees his companions fall around him; he is wounded and carried into a tent, or laid in a waggon, where he is left to suffer pain and anguish, with the noise of destruction sounding in his ears. After some weeks he recovers, and enters fresh upon duty." But we, surrounded by all the comforts of civilization, encouraged by friends, in the possession of good health, regaled by every blessing which luxury can bestow; if we make a few sacrifices, and some extraordinary efforts, after a sermon, to bring sinners to God, we fondly imagine that we have performed some extraordinary feat, which should win the admiration of heaven and earth. What then shall we say of the poor *effeminate souls*, who, yielding to a trifling exhaustion after sermon, and to the *powerful attractions of the drawing room, and "luxuriant sofa,"* &c., &c., retreat from the "field of conflict" ere the battle has been half fought? Alas! for the whole of us. We need not the example of the warrior to shame us. There are hundreds and thousands of *business men*, who are a thousand times more laborious in their callings than we are in ours. What I wonder at frequently is, that they have patience with our childish nonsense respecting "*weariness, exhaustion, toil, sacrifice,*" &c. Bear with us they would not, were it not for the "*allowed importance*" attached by them to our work,

and the respect due to the sacredness of our character and employment. I have room for only a few remarks relative to your closing observations. The want of *suitable materials* for "revival preaching" is a great hinderance to some ministers. They have, it is true, a variety of excellent sermons, upon *various themes*. They are *well stocked* with "addresses" on *missions, education, &c., &c.*, but not with sermons proper for this "*principal department*" of ministerial usefulness. Such men, it is reasonable to suppose, will shun movements of this kind, as a soldier who, finding himself *minus* of powder and ball, and other suitable weapons of warfare, will take good care to avoid the battle-field. It is only the war-horse, who has lost his rider, that will rush unarmed, undefended, and unguided, into the hottest of the fray; but he is no example for "rational men." It is possible for a minister to be engaged for a long time in benevolent enterprises, just from the conviction that he is better fitted for such engagements; when, had he taken the same pains to qualify himself for that style of preaching which is calculated to begin and carry forward a revival, he might have succeeded fully as well in this more important sphere of usefulness. I fear many such *busy men* will have to adopt, at last, the mournful language of the dying Severus: *Omnia fui, et nihil profui*, "I have been all things, and yet have done no good at all." It is possible to be very busy, and yet to be very useless. That homely couplet of Raleigh may be applicable to a minister as well as to the church:—

"Go tell the church it shows
What's good, and doth no good."

I have often admired that just sentiment of a man now with God. Speaking of the possibility of a minister allowing his talents to be misdirected and squandered,

he said: "Every man should aim to do one thing well. If he dissipates his attention on several objects, he may have excellent talents entrusted to him, but they will be entrusted to no end. Concentrated on his proper object, they might have a vast energy; but dissipated on several, they will have none. Let other objects be pursued, indeed, but only so far as they may subserve the main purpose. By neglecting this rule, I have seen *frivolity* and *futility* written on minds of great power; and, by regarding it, I have seen very limited minds acting in the first rank of their profession. I have seen a large capital and a great stock dissipated, and the man reduced to beggary; and I have seen a small capital and stock improved to great riches." I hope you will not misunderstand me. I am far from supposing that a minister should not qualify himself to advocate the claims of those *benevolent institutions* which Christianity has originated, and which Christian principle should foster. This should be done; and the other, a due preparation and concentration of talent to the immediate work of *soul-saving*, not left *undone*. I honour the minister who *consistently* unites both these duties in his high and holy career. Yours,

J. C.

 LETTER XVI.

TO THE SAME.

Sheffield, July 27, 1844.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

GRAVITATION, or the *tendencies* of all the particles of matter towards each other, has been long considered

the grand principle by which the harmony and order of the system of the universe are preserved. *Philosophers*, you are aware, impute this power in nature to some *immaterial cause*, not essentially resident in the particles themselves. Should a Christian philosopher assign to this wonderful phenomenon as a *cause*, the *immediate power of God operating upon matter*, it might afford quite as much satisfaction to the majority of reasonable men as anything that has yet been adduced. Though he were laughed at by some of his fellows in philosophy, it might, perhaps, be considered by others, a solution more rational than the theory of a *subtile ether*, which has bewildered more than one of the votaries of science. Matter moved upon and disposed by such a spiritual agency might possibly, in the estimation of some, be as agreeable to reason, and as easy of comprehension, as some of those more *abstruse causes*, the effects of which are as difficult to reconcile with known *mechanical principles*, as they are with those of science and reason. The idea may appear to you "*far-fetched*," when applied to the subject of your complaint,—“want of unity among the preachers, with regard to revival means ;” but it happened to be the thought which was occupying my mind when taking up my pen to begin this letter. That Spirit which moved originally upon the face of the waters, and called into order chaos and all its elements, is the same Spirit which now moves upon the hearts of the people of God, and of his ministers, reducing to unity those jarring elements which are so injurious to the progress of religion in the world. As the Spirit that created our world may possibly be, after all, the agent which preserves, to the present hour, its unity, order, harmony, and beauty,—things which are ascribed to gravitation by our philosophers ; so may the Holy Ghost which began, continue those tendencies of converted minds toward God, and toward each other.

Hence the apostle exhorts the believers at Ephesus to *endeavour to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace*. Matter uncontrolled by the principles of *gravity* would fill our world with "dust and confusion;" particles disjoined and centreless would be flying about everywhere. The world, in fact, would soon be at an end, and old chaos might resume his reign. There is much "*dust and confusion*" flying about between ministers and people in the absence of the *uniting Spirit*. It is by having the particles of matter combined and consolidated that science produces most of its triumphs, and all *inventions* and *employments* their beneficial results.

That was a true and excellent remark of a good man: "When preachers are united nothing can hurt them; when they are not, nothing can help them." I have read, that the Roman army, when about to fight a battle, under peculiar circumstances, against the *Albans*, in order to avoid bloodshed, agreed to put the battle to an issue by allowing six men, three from each army, to decide, by the sword, the fate of the day. The six men, three against three, entered the field in presence of their respective armies. The conflict was maintained with great obstinacy till two of the three on one side were slain. The third, finding himself single-handed and alone, against three, perceived he had no chance, unless he could succeed in dividing them. So he "took to his heels," pursued by his antagonists, who became separated in pursuing the fugitive. At a fit opportunity he wheeled round upon the nearest and killed him; another came, and he slew him; the third, when left alone with a powerful enemy, fell also beneath his power. It is thus the devil, our crafty and malicious foe, disunites and destroys.

When our Lord would set apart his disciples for the work of the ministry, he called them up into a high mountain apart. Here he commissioned and sent

them forth. The mountain, some suppose, typified the violence and storms they were destined to encounter in calling sinners to repentance ; which is true, in fact, of all ministers who are called out to combat with earth and hell in the work of soul-saving.

The old maxim, "unity is strength," is true, with respect to ministers ; especially so when both they and their people are concerned. It was only the other day I noticed a lofty hill crowned with a sturdy and thick wood. How often, I reflected, have the proud tops of those trees shook off the "*uninjuring* tempest." In many a storm they have battled nobly and conquered. Had these trees been scattered over the surrounding hills, each "separate and alone," their noble branches would, long ere this, have been broken and peeled by the pelting of many a storm. The rushing whirlwind would have long ago twisted and split their exposed trunks, or have carried them down into the valley beneath. At present they shelter and sustain each other, bidding defiance to the tempest. I noted down the thought, as illustrative of the benefits of church fellowship ; but it occurred to me, since I began this letter, that it applies equally to *ministerial union*. I remember once meeting, in the course of my reading, with the following story : A certain traveller, when crossing a bleak and precipitous mountain, reached a place where a great stone had rolled down from the heights above, and lodged in the path, completely filling it, so that it was impossible to pass. Night came on, and he sat down in sorrow, complaining bitterly of his desolate and helpless circumstances. At length another traveller arrived, tried to remove the stone, and also sat down in despair. In the course of time a few more joined them, and sat down discouraged. One of them said, let us pray to God ; after which, he arose, saying, let us all take hold of it together. They did so, and, by their united strength, capsized it over

the precipice, and pursued their journey. This is another argument for unity among Christians, if they desire to succeed in their undertakings. But it equally illustrates the necessity of *unity of effort* among Methodist preachers, if they wish to remove those obstacles thrown by the devil in the way of a revival.

Yours,

J. C.

LETTER XVII.

TO THE SAME.

Sheffield, August 19, 1844.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

THERE is just one way left for you. Enter the field "single-handed and alone," *resolving to have a revival or die*. This will draw the attention of the church, and of the world, upon you. Your colleagues may not, indeed, like it, but what is that to you? follow your Lord and Master through difficulties, conflict, pain, unto victory. Depend upon it, your object, once known, will draw a host of faithful men around you. Do not be afraid of the name, a "*Revivalist*." Has the offence of the cross ceased? Nay, verily. But this is a glorious title; take it, glory in it, my brother. Let your deeds of *noble daring* show you bear not the title in vain. Quit you like a man, be strong.—

"Sagacious, prudent, enterprising, bold,
Determined, firm, assiduous, sincere,
Unawed by menace, and unbribed by gold."

The people of God will rally around you. Fear not the old cry, "You are injuring the usefulness of your

brethren in the ministry by making yourself so prominent." Heed it not; push your principles to the utmost. Make full proof of your ministry. Meet every *clerical objector* with that cutting sentiment once uttered by a good man: "*If truth be the cause of our discord, I may die, but I cannot be silent.*" "If preaching the truths of the gospel with all my might, and in such a penetrating manner as to compel many sinners to cry aloud for mercy, and to set the whole town in a stir, be the cause of our discord, I may die, but I cannot, I dare not, at the peril of my soul, be idle, or silent." Remember the saying of the old Latin writer: *Noli, virtute relictâ, invidiam pacare*: "Leave not off doing what is fit to appease the envy of such as would have no such thing done." No, play the man. Let those who are of one heart with you in the work obey the apostolic injunction: "*Watch ye, stand fast in the faith. Quit you like men, be strong*" in faith, in love, in activity, in power, in zeal for God; nor heed the insinuations of those—

"Whose narrow ends being in the present placed,
And so in narrow selfness only wise."

In things indifferent I would have you yielding as the *willow*; but in matters of conscience, firm and sturdy as the oak on the heights.

I once admired, and do so still, that noble reply of a great statesman, to those who were about to elect him their representative. The "*pledge question*" was then agitating the nation. A candidate belonging to the opposition party had already made some idle admissions for the sake of popularity; I mean as to the power of constituents to bind a candidate to certain measures. The gentleman in question admitted, that if government were a matter of *will* upon any side, this would alter the case; but as government and legislature are matters of *reason* and *judgment*, not of inclination, it quite

altered the case. "What sort of reason is that," he inquired, "which precedes discussion, in which one set of men deliberate, and another decide, and where those who form the conclusion are, perhaps, three hundred miles from those who hear the argument?" After a few masterly strokes, in which he stated the sacrifices a representative owes to his constituents, he limited those duties and sacrifices thus: "*But his unbiassed opinion, his mature judgment, his enlightened conscience, he ought not to sacrifice to any man, or to any set of men. They are a trust from Providence, for the abuse of which he is deeply answerable.*" If it be thus with a legislator, it is so in a far higher and more awful sense with God's ambassador. But I must conclude. If you make an effort according to my plan, with which I believe you are well acquainted, carry the battle to the gates. Give no quarters to sin, the devil, and sinners. Let them have the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Fear not that you shall frighten them away. You cannot make a stir of this sort, as if you meant to storm *heaven, and earth, and hell*, without sinners rushing upon the heels of sinners, as on the day of pentecost, to see what is going on; and the devil, who has never yet been able to govern or control his own family, will come among them. Let them have it,—truth as hot and as sharp as love and the Holy Ghost can make it. Lead forward the church in the prayer meeting, after sermon, to "*grapple for sinners*" in mighty prayer. "*Charge*" the ranks of sin "*with heaven's artillery, bold, divine.*" Victory or death! Hallelujah! my brother, you shall shout *victory!*

It was said of a famous divine of the sixteenth century, that he laid the axe of God's truth to the root of sin, like John the Baptist, and set it on with such power, that the devil and all his agents were not able to resist. By the help of the living God, my brother,

the writer of this letter is aiming at all this just now in Sheffield. The slain of the Lord are many. Hallelujah to our conquering God! Hallelujah! Go, then, my brother, to the battle-field, carrying victory in your *heart and face*. The best of God's people will sympathize with you, and stand by you. Even those who may have no congeniality with your movements, and may scan the whole with an eye of "*suspicious prejudice*," will be compelled, in their *secret conscience*, to venerate your zeal and activity. "*I love the man*," said one, "*that is modestly valiant, that stirs not till he must needs, and then to purpose*." Stir to purpose, then,—

"Let all thy strength, let every nerve be plied
To save the souls for whom the Saviour died."

Ever in Christ Jesus, your brother,

J. C.

LETTER XVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Sheffield, August 31, 1844.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

YES, our aim may possibly be to *exalt self*, instead of Christ, in desiring, defending, or in promoting a revival. We should take care that we do not imitate the *would-be* orator of "olden times," who is said to have extolled eloquence to the skies through no other motive than that he might, in the estimation of his fellow-citizens, be lifted up there with her; that he might be thought eloquent in extolling eloquence. He is not a "*revivalist*" that speaks well of a revival,

and who will not oppose those who are engaged in one. He is a *revivalist* that buckles on the armour, enters into the work, if health permit, throwing his whole soul, and whatever abilities God has given him, into it.

I can add, I fear, but little to what I said in my last. In all you do maintain a single eye; *purity of motive*. *Motes* are seen to the best advantage in *sunshine*; they can best display themselves through such a medium. I once heard a good man, in a social meeting, pray for a revival, after the following manner: "Lord, grant us the privilege of beholding a great revival of thy work, many, very many sinners turning to God! We ask this with a singleness of desire, that thou mayest be glorified, hell disappointed, and sinners saved. We ask it that the end of Christ's incarnation may be accomplished. We deprecate most earnestly and sincerely any worldly, selfish motive. We plead not for Zion's prosperity, that we, as little motes, might be seen floating in the sunshine. It is *hell and its horrors* we look at; *heaven and its glories*; *the soul, its destinies, its jeopardies*; the price paid for it,—the *agonies*, and the blood of the Son of God. We remember thy law is violated, thy holy name dishonoured, the devil exalted, and thy cause reproached. Hear us, O Lord God! Arise, and let thine enemies be scattered. Bow the heavens and come down. From the dust of the earth we cry unto thee, O Lord, revive thy work! The devil has no right to the precious souls for whom Christ groaned, and bled, and died. He is a usurper. Let *Him* reign whose right it is. We offer the blood of the Lamb of God, which is now sprinkled upon the hands and arms of our faith. We have no plea but the cross; no offering, but the propitiation made by thy Son; nothing have we to recommend us but the blood of sprinkling, which speaketh better things than that of Abel. O Lord, revive thy work! Let an influence

from heaven attend the preached word. Without this they labour in vain who preach it. From the high place which Christ occupies in heaven, send down the Holy Ghost. By his almighty aid let many minds be reclaimed from the dominions of Satan. The consequences, should this prayer be answered, thou alone knowest. We realize only in our measure. Angels enjoy a more extensive view. There is sufficient in the prospect, so thy word informs us, to fill heaven with joy and gladness, when sinners repent and believe. Thou hast assured us, by the mouth of thy Son, whom we worship, whom we adore, that if any two upon earth, agree to ask anything touching thy kingdom, it should be granted them of his Father, who is in heaven. We are agreed, we have asked, we continue to ask, for a revival, and surely this relates to thy kingdom. The veracity of Jesus is at stake. He says, also, if we desire anything when we pray, if we believe that we receive it, we shall have it. We offer the blood. We trust in the blood. We have desired, we have prayed. We do believe that we receive, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen!"

How expressive, how full of evangelical truth, is the above prayer! How far removed from *selfishness* and *worldly motives*! I need scarcely tell you it was answered. In less than forty-eight hours it was answered. The revival began, and proceeded till many hundreds, if not thousands, were converted to God.

I have frequently proved the truth of your remarks, with regard to *forbearance* in the exercise of discipline. Such delinquents have cost me much trouble and sorrow. How often, before now, have I been urged to put the discipline of our church in force against them! In view of *special services*, shortly to be held, I have postponed *severe measures* in hopes of their recovery from a backslidden state. I speak now of persons who had, for some time, neglected the

Lord's supper, family prayer, class meetings, &c. ; cases of *glaring immorality* are exceptions, of course. Great has been my joy in beholding such persons "*revive with the revival,*" and become, aye, and continue the most active and zealous members of my church.

I can easily sympathize with you in those painful anticipations of the *possibility of a failure*, with which you are annoyed. "*Failure and defeat*" are words that should never be allowed a place in the *revival vocabulary*. Admitting, however, that such *special* and vigorous efforts for a revival of the work of God should pass off without the conversion of sinners ; which is, indeed, scarcely possible ; you cannot fail of realizing special good to yourself, and also lasting benefits to the people of your charge, by such a painful and exhausting conflict.

First, *special good* to yourself, in your own soul ; and, secondly, in its effects upon your ministry. You will thereby be much humbled before God ; and this will do you good. Searchings of heart, and many reformations, inward and outward, may possibly follow. These things may result in a fuller baptism of the Holy Ghost than you have ever yet received. Your *ministry* may undergo *a change for the better*. Some *serious defects* in your style of preaching, and also in your method of dealing with sinners, may, it is likely, be *detected*, the alteration of which is essential to your future usefulness. You will be driven to collect, with greater vigour, more suitable materials for the pulpit ; I mean not only gospel truth, but those facts and modes of illustration which will impart to that truth *additional significancy and power*. Want of success in a conflict like this, will teach you a lesson which you could not otherwise learn, how indisposed man is at heart to receive the offers of salvation ; nay, how *deep-rooted and vicious* is that hostility in the carnal mind against the claims of the gospel. Less confi-

dence in vain and carnal men, and more dependence upon the aid of the Holy Spirit may be the result. This may impart a point to your words and sentences, and an edge to your sermons generally, that they had not before ; by which they may do mighty execution among sinners, *piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow* of many sinners.

Your *aims* in preaching will become more *discriminating, direct, and perfect*, after such a *special effort*, than they otherwise could have been.

It may be, in reference to such unsuccessful conflicts for a revival, as it was in the practice of archery in ancient times. Although the archer *missed the mark* fifty times, yet, if he did but hit it the fifty-first shot it was a matter of congratulation. He felt the *exercise* to be *laborious* and *discouraging*, but he was also aware, that *practice makes perfect*. That which wearied his arm, strengthened it ; and what tried his patience, trained his judgment. The more numerous the arrows were that departed from his string, no matter how wide off the mark they flew, *the more were the pledges of his future success multiplied*. A loss of a few hours every day, under such circumstances, he considered gain, so far as the future was concerned. He became a *better marksman*, as he excited the laugh or the pity of the idle and the gay. And thus he proceeded, till his arrows brought him fame, like the arrows of the "*mighty expert man*," mentioned by Jeremiah, *none of which returned in vain*.

It is thus the talents of a minister may improve by such extraordinary services, even when unblessed with success, till the *arrows of truth* shall go forth from his mouth like the lightning, as the prophet Zechariah expresses it, and thousands are *pierced* by them in every place where he draws the bow of the gospel.

Secondly. *The church of which you are a pastor will be benefited by such an attempt for a revival, though unsuccessful.*

The line of separation between the church and the world will thereby be made to appear in brighter colours. Your people will have less congeniality with the spirit of the unconverted. Those who entertained any *sympathy* with your late efforts to save *sinners*,—who witnessed your tremendous struggles for their conversion, will scarcely be so familiar with the ungodly as formerly; they cannot, surely, laugh and trifle with them, nor mingle in their “social parties,” with so good a grace, or with so agreeable feelings. They will become bolder in reproving sin. Their views of its *heinous nature*, and of the danger of sinners, will be more *vivid* and powerful. Your *appeals*, during the *special services* cannot be forgotten; they will ring in their ears; and while such recollections impel them to aggressive movements, in various ways, against the devil’s kingdom, they will powerfully restrain them *from measuring back their steps to earth again*. Deadness to the world must increase with this general quickening; and, consequently, a larger attendance upon all the ordinances of religion. Nor should the augmentation of the funds of the church be overlooked; all your *financial* concerns will receive an impulse for good. Whereas, when no such special efforts have been put forth for a long time, or never tried, just the contrary effects are observed.

Well, then, my dear brother, should such *protracted services* pass away without any conversions,—your own soul shall be refreshed, your ministry quickened, and your church *enriched, softened, and qualified* for doing more good in time to come.

I remember reading an ancient story, which I found in a very old volume. It was to this effect: Upon the bed of his last sickness lay a husbandman,

surrounded by his sons, who, by the way, were not the most industrious in time gone by. The dying parent gave them much suitable advice. Among his last words fell a sentence which was seized by the sons with no small interest: "*I have much gold, my sons, buried under ground, in the vineyard.*" After their father's death, they began to "*delve and dig*" about the vines. Long and arduous were their toils; but, to their great disappointment, they found no gold. They formed, however, *habits of industry*; and, at the same time, so loosened the earth about the roots of the vines,—so softened and mellowed the soil, affording thereby free access to *rain* and *sunshine*, that the following year the vines yielded a most abundant vintage.

You need, under present circumstances, *patience*, and steady trust in God. *Opposition* from the wicked is nothing; one knows how to meet that; it is expected; we are prepared for it; and it does not amaze us. But when it comes from *such a quarter as you mention*, how difficult to endure! It requires the prudence of an angel; and even then you could not avoid giving offence. May God give you grace and wisdom according to the trials of your time! St. Paul preferred falling into the hands of the heathen, at Rome, rather than place himself in the power of his Jewish brethren in Jerusalem: "*I stand at Cæsar's judgment-seat, where I ought to be judged. To the Jews have I done no wrong. For if I be an offender, or have committed anything worthy of death, I refuse not to die; but no man may deliver me unto them. I APPEAL UNTO CÆSAR.*" Aye, and had he not had a Cæsar to appeal to, his life would have fallen a sacrifice to their *prejudice*, their *envy*, or their *jealousy*.

If "*popularity*" attends your "*singularity*" receive it as a blessing, or as a cross, just as you may, by grace, feel your mind disposed. But *do not run after it*; rather let popularity run after you; else, farewell to

it. If it follow you, do not boast of it, or seem to prize it too highly. Humility is BECOMING; a *vain and proud bearing is disgusting and ruinous*. Show no anxiety to preserve it; use no unworthy means to increase it; gladly share it with your aspiring brother. Never, *O never*, entertain an uneasy feeling at the *possibility* of an *eclipse* from a neighbouring luminary, or discover, by *detraction*, a spirit mean and paltry. May God bless and prosper thee, my brother, a thousand fold! Amen and amen!

So far as I can learn, the preachers in both Circuits in Sheffield have but one sentiment respecting the revival; that it is of God. Some of them seem better qualified than others to enter into an extraordinary work of this kind; but we have no opposition, no *backbiting*, nor evil surmising; no "acting of one character before the public, and another in the select circle." Thank God, I believe we have nothing of the kind. Rather, there seems to be an emulation among them,—at least *so far as myself and the revival are concerned*,—and this is all I have to do with,—to illustrate that pretty idea of an old divine: "The ministers of the gospel, who are styled angels in the holy scripture, ought to resemble the *cherubims* of the ark, which cast a gracious aspect one upon the other."

Yours, &c.,

J. C.

LETTER XIX.

TO * * * * *

Sheffield, June 26, 1844.

DEAR FRIEND,

A GOOD man once said to an antagonist of his: "It is easier to *raise a dust* than to answer an argument."

Of the former, there is no deficiency in your letter. I shall use the "*besom*" of another to sweep away part of it; and after that, may possibly lay the rest with a sprinkling of "the waters of the sanctuary." Travellers inform us, that vegetation is so quick and powerful in some climates, that the seeds of some vegetables yield a salad in less than twenty-four hours. Should a northern philosopher say, impossible, and should an English gardener exclaim against such *mushroom salad*, they would only expose their prejudices, as do those who deny instantaneous justification, or mock at the possibility of the instantaneous destruction of indwelling sin.

You inquire: "Is not a total death to sin the argument of the apostle, in the sixth chapter to the Romans?" Certainly. "Is not dying a gradual process?" Not always. Some die in a moment. When I was in the city of Cork, some time since, a man fell from the third story of a building;—a quiver was all; he was in eternity in a moment. A short time ago, in a town where I was holding special services, a man in good health, while standing at the door of an hotel, dropped down dead in a moment. *John the Baptist, St. James, and St. Paul* were all beheaded; and this was the work but of a moment. What, then, becomes of the gradual process in such cases; and they are very numerous? But is the term *gradual*, in the sense you mean, in any case, strictly correct? The sick man may, indeed, be gradually approaching death, but he is not dead until his soul is separated from the body; and this takes place in a single instant of time. There is a last moment, we all allow, when the soul still holds its possession of the body, and a first moment when the body is "*tenantless*" of the immortal guest. It is clear, then, that death is *instantaneous*, although the approach to it is gradual. You must, therefore, perceive that your argument is good for

nothing ; it is, in fact, "worse than nothing" in reference to your "position," as it proves, to a demonstration, all that I said in the sermon in question. The apostle, in the sixth of Romans, speaks of some, and of himself among the rest, who had experienced a total death to sin ; and inquires, "*How shall we that are dead to sin, live any longer therein ?*" A last moment there was, in the history of these believers, when they were not dead to sin. There was a first moment when they were as dead to sin as the body is dead when the soul is separated from it. "If sin cease before death," says Mr. Wesley, "it must, in the nature of the case, be instantaneous. There must be a last moment when sin exists in the soul, and a first moment when it does not exist." But all this, you will perceive, does not preclude the gradual work. From the instant that the penitent sinner is justified does the gradual work of mortification to sin make progress in his soul. But, as in the case of the dying person already alluded to, he gradually approaches nearer and nearer the hour of deliverance ; an instant arrives when "*cruel sin subsists no more.*" So true is that fine sentiment of some writer : "*The work of purification is gradual in preparation, but instantaneous in reception ; and the more earnestly we long for this unspeakable blessing, the more swiftly the preparation increases.*"

You say, "If there is not some unavoidable necessity for the gradual destruction of sin in our nature, why is it that God does not at once accomplish that for us which none but himself can ?" There is an *error* couched in the above question, which evidently embarrasses your judgment. The postponement of the destruction of sin does not arise from any indisposition on the part of God ; nor, I may add, from any unalterable and insurmountable law of our nature, which necessitates a *gradual* death to sin ; but simply from the want of faith on the part of the Christian himself.

Faith is the condition: "*Purifying their hearts by faith.*" Acts xv. 9. The blessing is given in the moment that he believes; but it is always withheld in the absence of faith. Why this is so is not now the question. I only state a scriptural fact; and one that never fails in Christian experience. We know that the *tides of the ocean* follow the progress of the waxing and waning moon; but, by what secret springs of nature the phenomenon is produced, or why God has suspended these fluctuations upon a law like that of gravitation, the wisest are unable to determine.

Our Lord expressly declares: "*What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.*" Mark xi. 24. This is directly to the point. Faith has never been better defined than in this glorious promise. It is here presented stripped of all obscurity. He that can trust in Christ's veracity, as he does in his divinity, can have no difficulty here in believing for a clean heart. Here we have, 1st. *Desire*, as a qualification. When this is sincere, as desire generally is, it brings *every qualification necessary*. 2nd. *Prayer*, as a means. 3rd. *A believing reception* of the things prayed for: "*Believe that ye receive.*" 4th. The confidence of faith honoured: "*And ye shall have them.*" The promise is *conditional*; when the conditions are fulfilled, it is *absolute*. The hardness of the heart, or want of feeling, can be no obstacle, so long as the person *consciously desires, fervently prays, and believingly persists in the confidence*: "I DO RECEIVE." In that instant the remarkable promise in the thirty-sixth chapter of the Prophecy of Ezekiel is fulfilled in the soul: "*Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will*

give you an heart of flesh. And I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them." The sentiment of Dr. Clarke is worthy of your attention : " We are to come to God for an instantaneous and complete purification from all sin, as for instantaneous pardon. In no part of the scriptures are we directed to seek remission of sins *serialim*, one now, and another then, and so on. Neither in any part are we directed to seek holiness by gradation. Neither a gradation pardon, nor a gradation purification, exist in the Bible." The penitent sinner, who is sincerely seeking salvation, approaches nearer and nearer to pardon ; but when that pardon takes place, it is *instantaneous*. There must, if he receive forgiveness at all, be a last moment when he is unforgiven, and a first when he is forgiven. A believer, also, so long as he is faithful to the grace of God, gradually dies to sin ; but if a total death to sin occur in this life, and, from your free reference to the sixth of Romans, it is evident you believe this, it must necessarily be *instantaneous*. If there was a last and a first moment, with regard to his justification, there must be a last moment and a first with regard to his purification. I could extend these remarks to a considerable length, but I doubt whether I could place the matter in any clearer light.

When turning over some of my papers to-day, I happened to find a few valuable remarks, which I copied some years ago, from the writings of the Rev. John Fletcher. I shall do myself the pleasure of copying them for your consideration, as I do not remember the particular page of his Works to which I could direct you to find them. I pray they may be rendered a blessing to you. Amen ! " For where is the absurdity of this doctrine ? If the light of a candle, brought into a dark room, can instantly expel the darkness ; and if, upon opening the shutters at noon, your

gloomy apartment can be instantly filled with meridian light, why might not the *instantaneous rending* of the veil of unbelief, or the sudden and full opening of the eye of faith, instantly fill your soul with the light of truth and the fire of love, supposing the Sun of Righteousness arise upon you with healing in his wings? May not the Sanctifier descend upon your waiting soul as quickly as the Spirit descended upon your Lord at his baptism? Did it not descend *as a dove*; that is, with the soft motion of a dove, which swiftly shoots down, and instantly alights? A good man said once, 'A mote is little when compared to the sun, but I am far less before God.' Alluding to this comparison, I ask if the sun could instantly kindle a mote, nay, if a burning glass can in a moment calcine a bone, and turn a stone to lime; and if the dim flame of a candle can, in the twinkling of an eye, destroy the flying insect which comes within its sphere, how unscriptural and irrational is it to suppose, that when God fully baptizes a soul with his sanctifying Spirit, and with the celestial fire of his love, he cannot, in an instant, destroy the man of sin, burn up the chaff of corruption, melt the heart of stone into a heart of flesh, and kindle the believing soul into pure seraphic love." The testimony of Mr. Wesley will not, I am sure, be unacceptable: "The separation of sin from the soul is constantly preceded and followed by a gradual work; but is that separation in itself instantaneous, or is it not? In examining this, let us go on step by step. An instantaneous change has been wrought in some believers; none can deny this. Since that change they enjoy *perfect love*. They feel this, and this alone. They "*rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks.*" Now this is all that I mean by perfection. Therefore, these are witnesses of the perfection which I preach. 'But in some, this change was not instantaneous.' They did not perceive the

instant when it was wrought. It is often difficult to perceive the instant when a man dies ; yet there is an instant when life ceases. And, if ever sin ceases, there must be a last moment of its existence, and a first moment of our deliverance from it. ‘ But if they have this love, they will lose it.’ They may, but they need not. And whether they do or not, they have it *now* ; they now experience what we teach. They *now* are *all love* ; they now *rejoice*, and *pray*, and *praise without ceasing*. ‘ However, sin is only *suspended* in them, it is not destroyed.’ *Call* it what you please, they are all love to-day, and they take no thought for the morrow.”

Arguments drawn from *analogy* are good and conclusive. We are not, however, wholly confined to that source for our proofs that it is instantaneous.

Not to dwell upon the important fact, that we are said, in the New Testament, to be purified by faith, as we are justified by faith ;—a penitent sinner is pardoned in a moment, by faith ; but a believer is “ *sanctified by faith* ;” therefore he is purified in a moment. If the instrumentality be the same in both cases, so must the effects. It is to the *commands* of God, and to his *promises*, that we look for our warrant in saying, The work of purification must be *instantaneous*. A few of these will be as good as many. “ *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thymight.*” Deut. vi. 5. “ *Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.*” Lev. xix. 18. Both passages are prominently set forth by our Lord in Matthew xxii. 37—40. “ *Ye shall be holy : for I the Lord your God am holy.*” Lev. xix. 2. And in the succeeding chapter : “ *Be ye holy : for I am the Lord your God.*” And again, in the following chapter : “ *For I the Lord which sanctify you am holy.*” To this end is that command of our Lord, in his sermon on the mount : “ *Be ye therefore perfect,*

even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Matt. v. 48. The apostle St. John, perhaps, glanced at the holiness of God as necessitating ours, when he speaks of *the blood of Jesus Christ* his Son cleansing from all sin, the soul that walks in the light as God is in the light. 1 John i. 7.

But can we, of our own will and power, love the Lord our God with all our heart, and with all our soul, and with all our might, and our neighbour as ourselves? or make ourselves perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect? or purify and transform ourselves into the holiness of God? Surely not. Sooner may the leopard change his spots, the Ethiopian his skin. Sooner may we cleanse hell of devils. But the commandment has gone forth; ability to perform must come from some quarter. Who shall qualify us thus to love? Who shall make us thus holy, if we ourselves cannot? God himself will do it. The apostle refers the whole to him: "*The very God of peace sanctify you wholly: and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it.*" 1 Thess. v. 23, 24. But does God desire us to be as holy and loving as he has commanded us to be? Yes, surely, for it is expressly declared: "*This is the will of God, even your sanctification.*" But is it possible we can be thus holy, and love God and our neighbour to such a degree? Certainly it is; else he had never commanded it. Does he expect, does he desire, instant obedience? Most surely; for, for God to command without the possibility of obedience, or without any desire we should obey, is quite unworthy of the character of the supreme Governor of the universe. That one sentence, in the passage already quoted is worth a volume: "*Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it.*" Well, then, so surely as God

has commanded our *perfect love, and perfect holiness* ; so surely as we cannot create within us such a gracious state ; so certainly as God commands, and desires us to be holy, while none but himself can make us so ; so certainly it is his pleasure that we should obey, and enter *now* into this state of perfect love and perfect purity ; so surely is the work of *sin's destruction, and heart purification, instantaneous.*

But you will ask : " Why, then, is not sin immediately expelled from our nature ? Why are we not instantly purified ? How is it that we do not at once love the Lord our God with all our heart ? " The reply is at hand : he has planned the *method of our purification.* We are free agents, and he has ordained that we shall be saved from all *inward sin,* as well as from all outward, by our own free will, consent, and co-operation. Hence we are commanded to *believe that we receive,* with a promise that we *shall have,* appended to it. *Sanctified by faith, purifying their hearts by faith,* are declarations which involve *acts of our own* ; faith is our own act, not God's. He does that for us which we cannot do for ourselves ; but *what we can do,* he will have us do, or leave us to bear the consequences of our disobedience. Do you understand me ? I might quote numerous illustrations from common and every-day life ; but I shall leave you to supply yourself with facts which are passing constantly before your observation. What God requires of us in order to our *entire sanctification,* is, it is true, very little : to *desire purity, to pray for purity, and to believe that we receive it while we are praying for it.* This is all. But then, *the little we can do,* must be done, or what he alone can do is left undone. It is, perhaps, just because it is *so little* that he requires of us, and not some *mighty thing,* that he holds with us, upon this point, so firmly.

Other duties call me away. Yours in Jesus, holiness, and truth,
J. C.

LETTER XX.

TO AN INFIDEL.

Sheffield, August 12, 1844.

DEAR SIR,

HAVE you never read the story of one *Aristoxenus*, the musician? So great was his admiration of his profession, that he defined the human soul to be *nothing more than a harmony*. You, from a *baser motive, love of sin*, define your soul to be "*a part and parcel*" of materialism.

"The ardent hope, the fond desire,
This longing after immortality,"—

I consider to be the universal feeling of our race, with the exception of *an unfortunate few*; those to whom, by a *wicked course of life*, immortality has been rendered *undesirable*. Look at the inferior animals; there is not one desire in their nature for which a benevolent Creator has not made a provision. A desire for immortality is one of the "*leading passions*" of man. Has the Author of our being left this wholly unprovided for?

Do not think, my friend, that I misunderstand your character. If I chose, on the night in question, to meet you on your *own ground*, and to attack you in your *chosen points of defence*, I did not lose sight of *the real difficulties* by which your mind is embarrassed. I thought it unwise to *blink* your "*objections*," for that might have led you and others to infer *inability to grapple with them*. I never can lose sight of the fact, that there is nothing in infidelity for which any intelligent man would seriously contend

a single moment, unless *necessitated* to do so by *irregular morals*.

If it be the fact, that you desire "to live on terms of amity with vice," then, in order to sin without disturbance, "till nothing moves your consistency in ill," the readiest way is, to "harden your heart in the forge of bad principles," and school it on "the anvil of despair," till it bids defiance to the *strokes of conscience*.

I am sorry to conclude this letter so abruptly, but must close for the present. Yours, &c.,

J. C.

LETTER XXI.

TO THE SAME.

Sheffield, August 27, 1844.

DEAR SIR,

I FEEL inclined to apply to your lengthy lucubrations the sentiment of a witty individual: "The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of heaven, but the stars are still there, and will presently re-appear." Your bundle of infidel straw, kindled by a spark from your own forge, has indeed raised considerable smoke; and it aspires and spreads along the heavens, and threatens to cast into eternal obscurity every sacred star of truth. Lest you would increase your sin by cavilling at the declarations of your Maker in the Bible, I shall employ "*the dying breathings*" of one of your *repenting brethren* to blow away some of the smoke. May God make his sad and mournful end an eternal blessing to you! The thought has just struck me that you would not be offended, if I *preface*

it with the following lines, with which I doubt not you are familiar :—

“ Sure! 'tis a serious thing to die, my soul!
 What a strange moment must it be, when near
 Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!
 That awful gulf, no mortal e'er repass'd
 To tell what's doing on the other side.
 Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,
 And every life-string bleeds at thought of parting;
 For part they must; body and soul must part:
 Proud couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.
 This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
 The witness of its actions,—now its Judge;
 That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
 Like a disabled pitcher, of no use.”

Upon the bed of his last sickness lay a dying sinner. His character may be best learned by attending to his bitter complainings when approaching that “*awful gulf*,” from whence he never returned: “My physician tells me I must die, and I feel that he tells me the truth. In my best hours, and in my worst, death has been perpetually upon my mind; it has covered me like a dread presence; weighed me down like an ocean; blinded me like a horrid vision; imprisoned my faculties as with bars and gates of iron. Often and often, when in saloons, alive with mirth and splendour, I have seemed the gayest of the inmates, this thought and *fear* of death have shot through my mind, and I have turned away sick and shuddering. What is it then to approach the reality? to feel it very near,—nay, close at hand? stealing on, and on, and on, like the tide upon the shore, not to be driven back till it has engulfed its prey? What is it to apprehend the approach of the time when you must be a naked, guilty, trembling spirit, all memory, and all consciousness, never again for a single moment to sleep, or know oblivion from the crushing burden of the ‘deeds

done in the body?' The dying may indeed be in a place of torment,—in hell, before the time; and the remembrance of past life, stripped of all its deceptions, shrivelled into insignificance, may appear, in connexion with eternity, but as a tiny shell tossed on the broad black surface of an ocean: then, again, the intense importance of that very insignificant fragment of time, and the intense remembrance of all that occupied it;—its schemes, and dreams, and sins, and vanities, sweeping across the mind, in solemn order, like a procession of grim shadows, with death waiting to embosom all. Oh! well may I smite upon my breast, and cry with all but despair: '*Woe is me for the past! woe, woe, for the past!*' Every dream is dissolved,—every refuge of lies is plucked from me,—every human consolation totters beneath me, like a bowing wall; and all the kingdoms of the world, and all the glory of them, *could not bribe from my soul the remembrance of a single sin.* Ambition, pleasure, fame, friendship, lie around like wrecks, and my soul is helpless in the midst of them, like the mariner on his wave-worn rock."

The above is all that I feel inclined to oppose to your *theories*. To me it is awfully conclusive. You may smile at my weakness, but I never felt a stronger determination in all my life to live,—*if it were for no other regard than my death-bed scene,—a holy and a blameless life.* What has been one man's case may be *mine,—yours.* That which caused a capacious mind,—a man of such splendid talents and acquirements,—to tremble and be dismayed, may affect both you and myself, though of far inferior talents, if unprepared. Oh! Sir, think of these things in time. Prepare to meet thy God. "Sure, it is a solemn thing to die, my soul." The dying man spoke of the *thought and fear of death* having darted across his mind in the gayest assemblies; that they followed him

everywhere, and attended him *as a presence*, in his *best and worst hours*. Has not every sinner living something of this apprehension, more or less? Are you never annoyed with anything of the kind? If not just now, have there been no such visitations in past life; no such secret, unaccountable intrusions, which have thrown their shadows across your soul, and awakened feelings, which you could not allay,—created an uneasiness which has not easily subsided? “*Man, know thyself*;”—an accomplishment this, quite as necessary for you as for the heathen who had it inscribed over the door of his temple.

Yours affectionately,

J. C.

LETTER XXII.

TO * * * * *

Sheffield, June 17, 1844.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU are really ingenious in ferreting out difficulties in the way of giving your heart to God. Lord Jesus, give unto my friend true simplicity of heart! Amen. The poor heart is “*divided and subdivided*” upon many things, and subjected, too, to so many “*anatomical dissections*,” and agitated by such a variety of “*contraries*,” that the owner of it is at her wits end, not knowing what to do. Now it is *hard*, again it is *deceitful*; it is *willing* now, then again *unwilling*; at one time upon the point of *yielding*, and, at another, there is a *reserve* that is insurmountable; it must be *subdued* first, and *pride* cast out, and a thousand good properties infused, before it is fit to be offered wholly to the Lord. And so discouragements crowd upon the

soul, and difficulties tread upon the heels of difficulties, and what will become of my friend, for she is quite incapacitated to make the surrender? God asks the whole heart, and requires her to bring it to him in true simplicity. But poor Martha is *careful and cumbered* about many things; *but one thing is needful*,—to offer her *hard, tossed, troubled* heart to Him who asks it, *just now*, even to God her Saviour. Lord help her! O woman, why tarriest thou? See, thy Lord is just now ready to help thee, and to receive thy offering, and pronounce a blessing upon thee, although the heart which is offered be only worth *two mites, which make a farthing*. Only say, as you offer it,—

“Small as it is, 'tis all my store;
More should'st thou have, if I had more.”

“*The Master is come, and calleth for thee.*” Arise! Thy Lord is just now ready to help thee. His hands are full of blessings; his heart is full of love. In him all fulness dwells; enough, surely, for thee, to fill thy heart with all good things. He sends the rich empty away. My friend is *poor*, having nothing to pay; but is she not *proud* also? She is unwilling to come as a poor nothing, pressed down with poverty, deep poverty of spirit, and *buy wine and milk*, all the rich blessings of the gospel, *without* money and without price; only that she just offers her *heart*, which she has pronounced to be “*worthless*,” and which, on that account, she is *ashamed to offer*.

Still, she cannot but offer it; “*deep necessity*” impels; but then she desires to offer it in the *best manner*, and *in as good a state as possible*, so that it may be somewhat worthy of her Lord's acceptance. And so she is *cumbered with much serving*; and so the heart is not offered at all, or in an *improper spirit*. She forgets that Jesus is to do all. *Her work is simply to present the gift, the heart; his work is to accept,*

to *qualify*, and to *bless*. The man who brought his son to Christ, did not first endeavour of himself to cast out the devil, but he brought him, as he was. Satan raged, threw the lad down, and tare him; nevertheless Jesus rebuked the unclean spirit, healed the child, and delivered him to his father. Luke ix. 42. My friend wants to do the Lord's work, and her own also. Her Lord is, therefore, *displeased*; perhaps *chides*, and, it may be, *chastises* her. At any rate he suffers her to be corrected by her own "*evil reasonings*;" he does not bless her, and so she is unhappy. May my God bless Martha! Make her a little child. When turning over my papers the other day, I lighted upon a few verses which I extracted, several years ago, from the pages of an old poet. They are now lying on my table. Surely, I thought, when taking my pen to indite this letter, That ingenious production may assist my friend to obey the injunction of her Lord: "*Give me thine heart.*" Prov. xxiii. 26. I shall send it her. There are a simplicity and sincerity in the sentiments, which I really wish she would endeavour to imitate.—

" My son, give me thine heart."

" Give thee mine heart? Lord, so I would,
And there's great reason that I should,
If it were worth the having;
Yet sure thou wilt esteem that good,
Which thou hast purchased with thy blood,
And thought it worth the craving.

Give thee mine heart? Lord, so I will,
If thou wilt first impart the skill
Of bringing it to thee:
But should I trust myself to give
Mine heart, as sure as I do live,
I should deceived be.

Should I withhold my heart from thee,
The fountain of felicity,

Before whose presence is
 Fulness of joy, at whose right hand
 All pleasures in perfection stand,
 And everlasting bliss ?

Lord, had I hearts a million,
 And myriads in every one,
 Of choicest loves and fears,
 They were too little to bestow
 On thee, to whom I all things owe ;
 I should be in arrears.

Yet, since my heart's the most I have,
 And that which thou doest chiefly crave,
 Thou shalt not of it miss :
 Although I cannot give it so
 As I should do, I'll offer it though :
Lord, take it,—here it is !"

In answer to your "*queries*," I would just say : There are three offices which belong to the Holy Spirit, and which are exercised most frequently among men ; to *convince*, to *reprove*, and to *comfort*. The first two are performed chiefly in *impenitent sinners*, and *tardy impenitents* ;—*He reproves the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment*. John xvi. 8—11. But, even in a certain class of *believers*, these offices are exerted with considerable energy. He convinces of indwelling sin, reproves for its *continuance*, as well as for *tardiness* in approaching that *fountain which was opened for sin and for uncleanness*. There is a third office to be accounted for,—*to comfort*. To many he comes with some of his consolations, but only "as a *wayfaring man who tarrieth but for a night* ;" he is soon sinned against, and grieved away. *Besides, in my opinion, it is not the desire of the Spirit to render that heart too comfortable and happy, in which sin is allowed to exist*. It is in the *holy heart only* where the *Holy Ghost is the abiding Comforter*. John xiv. 16, 17—26. The Holy Spirit enters the

temple of an unholy heart, I have frequently thought, as Jesus Christ did into the temple at Jerusalem ; he enters with "*a scourge of small cords,*" overturns the tables of the money-changers, and begins to drive out the buyers and sellers.

Other duties call me away. May God bless you ! Think of me sometimes, and pray for continued success in my ministry. Farewell in Jesus,

J. C.

LETTER XXIII.

TO A FRIEND IN AMERICA.

Sheffield, August 27, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,

IN consequence of heavy demands made upon my time, by a large number of correspondents, and the many engagements necessarily connected with a *great revival*, I have been hindered, till now, from giving you the desired information respecting this interesting town. As the result of the same *hinderances*, my sketch must, even now, be brief; indeed the very *meagre materials* which the history of the town offers rather incline me to this.

Sheffield is the great metropolis of English cutlery and other hardware manufactories. It has been distinguished, I believe, from the earliest periods of its history for this department of human ingenuity and industry. Iron *arrow-heads*, and a particular sort of *weapon-knife*, were articles which employed the artisans of Sheffield in very early times, long before the use of fire-arms became general. An abundance of minerals, *coal*, and *iron-stone*, in the neighbourhood,

indicated the destiny of Sheffield, as if by a decree of Providence itself; the *locality being so peculiarly adapted to the processes of metallic manufactories*. To which may be added, several important streams of water, advantageous for *grinding* purposes.

Mrs. Sigourney has ingeniously woven into verse the "*fierce ore-meltings, transmutations,*" and many curious things which are wrought out by "*hard hammerings,*" on this "*the world's anvil,*" with as much ease as if they had been but "*threads of silky filaments.*" Speaking of her visit to Sheffield, she says:—

" Many a curious thing
Was shown us, too, at Sheffield; ornaments,
And thousand-bladed knives, and fairy tools
For ladies' fingers, when the thread they lead
Through finest lawn; and silver richly chased,
To make the festal board so beautiful,
That unawares the tempted matron's hand
Invades her husband's purse.

But as for me,
Though the whole art was patiently explained,
From the first piling of the earthly ore,
In its dark ovens, to its pouring forth
With brilliant scintillations, in the form
Of liquid steel; or its last lustrous face,
And finest net-work; yet I'm fain to say,
The manufacturing interest would find
In me a poor interpreter. I doubt
My own capacity to comprehend
Such transmutations, and confess with shame
Their processes do strike my simple mind
Like necromancy. And I felt no joy
Among the crucibles and cutlery,
Compared to that, which on the breezy heights
Met me at every change, or mid the walks
Of the *botanic garden*, freshly sprang
From every flower."

We visited, a few days since, the botanical and horticultural gardens, to which the closing lines of the

above allude, and were highly delighted with the place. These gardens comprise about eighteen acres, extending over a gentle declivity, embellished tastefully with flowery parterres, agreeable walks, with plantations and shrubberies on either hand. Here and there we noticed some choice plants from foreign climes. The conservatories are more than one hundred yards long, ornamented with Corinthian pillars, and filled with a choice assortment of all kinds of valuable plants. The principal entrance to the gardens is an elegant Ionic structure, differing little from a similar construction at the temple of *Ilyssus*, at Athens. The second and lower entrance is in the style of a Swiss cottage.

Sheffield is pleasantly situated near the conflux of the rivers Don and Sheaf, and spreads itself along the uneven slopes of gently swelling hills, which rise above the town till they are gradually overtopped by other hills of considerable magnitude.

I was particularly struck when walking through the town, with a succession of beautiful views of the neighbouring landscape. I do not remember any other town so peculiarly privileged. There is scarcely a street, indeed, of any importance, that does not afford a pleasing glimpse of verdant hills, enriched by trees and tracts of woodland, in which are nestled the pretty mansions of *wealthy citizens*; many of whom have "*made their fortunes* in the Sheffield trade," but who love their native town too well, and are too well aware of its pleasant and healthy situation, to leave it and spend their fortunes elsewhere.

Such *views* as I have been speaking of must, however, always be taken *to windward*; especially when there is wind sufficient to waft the clouds of smoke. Or, to be more poetical, (for I am now in a town "*immortalized by the presence of poets*,"—to be more poetical, then,) the view must be taken when the wind "*lifts a fold of the inky cloak*," Sheffield's most

fashionable and most popular garment, and throws it over, not the nakedness of the land, but over some of the noblest forms of adorned nature; otherwise the stranger is left to the dictations of his own imaginings. But the scenery is not sufficiently stupendous to impart those impressions of "*romantic grandeur*," to which a vague and dusky medium, such as this, is so peculiarly favourable. *Rural beauty*, set off by a particularly happy amphitheatrical arrangement of hills, (I am somehow stumbling upon big words and long sentences, though I am not fond of either,) which make a near approach to the *picturesque*, is, perhaps, the leading characteristic of Sheffield scenery.

Beauties, you know, are allowed *veils*, as well as those who are unblessed by such an accomplishment. *Nature* is really beautiful around Sheffield, but she is too frequently veiled; and I have been offended with Sheffield sometimes on that account. It seems as if the *old town* indulged in fits of jealousy, and was determined to conceal her lovely features, beaming out, as they often do, from the embrace of guardian hills. To one who has been long accustomed to the transparent atmosphere which is drawn over American scenery, such an intervention is far from being pleasing; particularly, too, when he is aware, that England, when she has "*fair play*," presents as lovely a face to the eye of a beholder, as any country in this round world. It is right to say, however, that there are seasons, in the absence of the *smoky mood*, when Nature, in the vicinity of Sheffield, stands forth to the view of her admirers in unveiled loveliness.

In every direction around the town the visiter is treated with a variety of beautiful views:—

“ The woodland, waving o’er the landscape’s pride;
 The mansions, scatter’d o’er its sloping side;
 The corn fields, yellow with autumnal wealth;
 The meadows, verdant with the hues of health;

The lifeless walls that intersect the fields;
 The quick-thorn hedge, which now its fragrance yields;
Yon neighbouring town, capp'd with its cloud of smoke;
 The ceaseless sound with which the calm is broke."

The rivers, streams, and reservoirs, which supply grinding-wheels and forges, are pretty objects. Those busy wheels and tiny cataracts, situated as they are in retired dells and shady groves, rather increase than lessen the power of that pleasing calm which belongs to deep solitude. In the ravine of the Rivelin the eye is cheered with a succession of small transparent lakes, rather, artificial reservoirs of pure water, for the benefit of the town; resembling so many crystal mirrors, where dame Nature may look down and *see herself, as others see her*. The country, indeed, for many miles around, is rich in all those objects which beautify a landscape. It is remarkably well wooded; hills and valleys are in a high state of cultivation.

Sheffield, geographically considered, holds a position somewhat central between *Hull, Huddersfield, Leeds, York, Manchester, Liverpool, Nottingham, and Birmingham*.

The parish church is a rectangular Gothic fabric, surmounted by a lofty spire. The site is at once central and commanding. It contains several *ancient* monuments. None of them, I believe, possess greater interest than some *modern* productions. I mean those which have emanated from the chisel of the celebrated Chantrey; one, especially, "*the eldest born of his chisel*," a bust of a clergyman, is considered, by citizen and stranger, as the glory of the edifice.

St. Paul's church has a Grecian aspect. A bust of one of its former ministers, by Chantrey, adorns the interior, and is the principal object of attraction to the admirers of the arts. You will not, I presume, deem it desirable I should enumerate and describe all the churches of the Establishment in this town, or those of

other denominations. Those belonging to the Wesleyan Methodists will be the most interesting to you, as they are connected with the present scene of my labours.

Norfolk Street chapel is the oldest place of worship among the Wesleyans, having been built in 1780. Carver Street chapel is a plain commodious edifice, erected in 1804. It contains an elegant mural monument, to the memory of the late Mr. Henry Longden, with whose Memoirs, you will remember, we were so much pleased and profited. His name in Sheffield, and, indeed, in almost all parts of England, is as *ointment poured forth*. I have formed a most agreeable acquaintance with his son and biographer. His health is, at present, extremely delicate; *but he inherits his father's talents and piety, with his name*, and enters, so far as health will allow, "*heart and soul*," into the revival. With himself and Mrs. Longden, and their excellent family, I have formed an acquaintance that will, I trust, be perpetuated above.

Ebenezer chapel, a pseudo-Gothic structure, surmounted by a tower, (a strange appendix, by the way, for an English Wesleyan chapel,) was erected in 1823. It is a neat building. Here I commenced my labours in Sheffield. *Bridgehouses chapel*, is a substantial building. The *Park chapel* I have not yet seen.

Brunswick chapel is my favourite. It is really a handsome edifice, with a noble Doric portico. In no other chapel, throughout my travels in this country, have I preached with so much ease and satisfaction, and, perhaps, I may add, success. It accommodates about two thousand hearers.

Of the various "*literary edifices*" of Sheffield, I can say little more than what relates to their architecture. My time is so completely engrossed, that I cannot command even an hour to obtain additional information.

*The Wesleyan Proprietary Grammar School** presents an extensive and lofty front. Its porticos are of the Corinthian order. It is, when viewed from a distance, altogether a noble and beautiful structure. As there is some probability of your paying Sheffield a visit, it is best, perhaps, not to be too lavish of my praise. The columns of the portico, in front of the college, never satisfy my eye upon a nearer approach. I know you will demand my reason; and my knowledge of your architectural taste and acquirements renders me somewhat shy of assigning it. But I suppose we should not find fault unless we can tell "*the why and the wherefore*;" and that is not always easy or safe; especially for one who makes no pretensions to *connoisseurship* in architecture.

Well, then, I shall venture to say, the columns of the portico are too slender; their diameters do not appear proportionate to their altitude. The intercolumniations seem too large, and appear to fall into the manner of the *Ἀραιόστυλος* (*Aræostylos*) arrangement; a style that strikes me as being unfavourable to columnar effect, unless the shafts of the columns are proportionate in thickness to the distances by which they are separated. There is that in the *space* or *air* which is interposed between the columns, which apparently lessens their real thickness, and should, therefore, be provided for by adjusting the proportions of the columns to the quantity of air interposed between them. I only write from mere impression, and not from any precise acquaintance with the rules which belong to the several styles of intercolumniation in architecture. However highly we are pleased with *utility*, there is that in our nature which relishes *beauty*, in architecture. The eye is ever seeking for it, is disappointed at not finding it, or in beholding anything to mar it. The accomplished architect, I may

* Now *Wesley College*.

also add, is ever awake to those proportions which satisfy and please.

With these slight exceptions, this edifice takes its place with the handsomest scholastic institutions I have seen in England. The interior arrangements are admirable. The literary departments are conducted with singular ability. *The Rev. John Manners*, the first master, is a clergyman of the Church of England. He is a most agreeable gentleman, possessing qualities of the first order, as a teacher; and is a devoted Christian. With him I have also formed an agreeable acquaintance which, I trust, will last forever. The institution, I understand, occupies a high place in public estimation. Methodist parents send their *boys* to be educated here, from various parts of England, with a *confidence*, which must be a great relief to a parent's heart, that their moral and religious welfare will be as conscientiously guarded as when under the parental roof.

The edifice was erected at an expense to the proprietors of more than £10,000. The pleasure grounds, comprising about six acres, cost between four and five thousand pounds sterling, in addition.

A short distance below the Wesleyan College stands the Collegiate School. The edifice is upon a much smaller scale, with little more than half the pleasure grounds. But the situation is agreeable, and the style of architecture, *Tudor Gothic*, is peculiarly pleasing. Near to these institutions, on the gentle slopes of the opposite hill, with the vale of *Sharrow* interposed, is the *General Cemetery*. It is a favourite walking-place of mine, in some of my particular moods of mind, as it is but a short distance from Shirley House. The entrance lodge is of the Grecian Doric order. There are two ranges of catacombs; the lowest is surmounted by a terrace in front; over the unprotected verge of which one may step as easily as into eternity. The

uppermost range has a parapet and ballustrades. The chapel is a handsome structure, with a stately portico of fluted Doric columns. The minister's house is on a still higher elevation. It is a substantial mansion; its Egyptian character has given it a sort of *gloomy elegance*. There are several good monuments; and the grounds, about six acres, are tastefully disposed.

A few days since, in company with two of my fellow-labourers in the revival, *Mr. Unwin*, and *Mr. Jepson*, I visited the *Cholera Mount*, another cemetery; but *its gates are closed to all but the LIVING*. A law was enacted during the prevalence of the *cholera*, in 1832, which required *the separate interment of its victims*.

Mr. Montgomery has immortalized the place in a short poem:—

* * * *

“ Shuddering humanity asks, ‘ Who are these ?
 And what their crime !’ *They fell by one disease !*
 By the blue pest, whose gripe no art can shun,
 No force unwrench, out-singled one by one ;
 When, like a monstrous birth, the womb of fate
 Bore a new death of unrecorded date,
 And doubtful name. Far east the fiend begun
 Its course ; thence round the world pursued the sun,
 The ghosts of millions following at its back,
 Whose desecrated graves betray’d its track.
 On Albion’s shores, unseen, the invader stept ;
 Secret and swift through field and city swept ;
 At noon, at midnight, seized the weak, the strong,
 Asleep, awake, alone, amid the throng ;
 Kill’d like a murderer ; fix’d its icy hold,
 And wrung out life with agony of cold ;
 Nor stay’d its vengeance where it crush’d the prey,
 But set a mark like Cain’s upon their clay ;
 And this tremendous seal impress’d on all,
 ‘ Bury me out of sight and out of call.’

* * * *

Wherefore no filial foot this turf may tread,
 No kneeling mother kiss the baby’s bed ;

No maiden, unespoused, with widow'd sighs
 Seek her soul's treasure where her true love lies :
 All stand aloof, and eye this mount from far,
 As panic stricken crowds some baneful star,
 Strange to the heavens, that, with bewilder'd light,
 Like a lost spirit wanders through the night.

Yet many a mourner weeps her fallen state,
 In many a home by these left desolate.
 Humanity again asks, ' Who are these ?
 And what their crime ? ' *They fell by one disease ;*
 Not by the Proteus maladies that strike
 Man into nothingness, not twice alike ;
 But when they knock'd for entrance at the tomb,
 Their father's bones refused to make them room ;
 Recoiling NATURE from their presence fled,
 As though a thunderbolt had smote them dead ;
 Their cries pursued her with a thrilling plea,
 ' Give us a little earth for charity ;'
 She linger'd, listen'd, all her bosom yearn'd,
 Through every vein the mother's pulse return'd ;
 Then, as she halted on this hill, she threw
 Her mantle wide, and loose her tresses flew :
 ' Live,' to the slain, she cried, ' my children live !
 This for an heritage to you I give ;
 Had death consumed you by a common lot,
 You, with the multitudes had been forgot,
 Now through an age of ages shall ye not.' "

I know you will be pleased with the above extract. It was new to me, and peculiarly interesting, having walked over the spot. The poem, I understand, was written during this dreadful visitation in Sheffield. The place where the cholera victims repose, is no longer an object of terror, but rather of *mournful reminiscence*, to the inhabitants of Sheffield. None, indeed, would presume to open a grave, or bury there; but there is no risk in visiting the place. Upwards of *four hundred* persons repose here; and their resting-places are not likely to be disturbed for many generations to come, unless Sheffield is made to take the cup of trembling once more, in a similar visitation.

All that *Mr. Montgomery* has claimed for the

unfortunate dead, in the poem to which I have referred, has been accorded by the generous people of Sheffield. It is tastefully planted with flourishing trees. "*Perennial daisies*," and other flowers, begem its emerald verdure. The little birds sing sweetly over their graves, and "*the shrill sky-lark builds her annual nest upon their lowly bed.*" The dew-drops of the morning bespangle the green grass; the moonbeams throw their sweetest influences upon them; the planets seem to look down upon them and bless them; and sometimes "the rainbow throws its sudden arch across their tomb." Trees, likely to become the growth of centuries, wave their branches in the healthy breeze;—"a forest landmark on the mountain head;—a sepulchral eminence,"—all that the poet desired, it is likely to be till the end of time;—and then how shall the dead arise? How many were ready to die, *fully fitted for heaven?* How many *unprepared?* Alas! even these solitary *four hundred*, should they not be disturbed till the judgment day, will doubtless then present the usual contrasts of character,—saint and sinner,—which we see in every-day life. *But in what proportion?* *Such as we see in the streets of Sheffield daily?* Alas! then,—but the day will declare it.

In the centre of the grounds stands a monument,—a sort of a tapering triangular structure, surmounted by a cross:—

"That all who here sin's bitter wages see,
May on this mount remember Calvary."

I may just remark that I had the pleasure of dining with Mr. Montgomery at the mansion of Mr. Jones, at Broomgrove, a few days since. Enjoyed a very pleasing interview. You desire "a short description of his personal appearance." I cannot improve upon the following: "The poet continues to reside at Sheffield,—esteemed, admired, and beloved; a man of

purser mind, or more unsuspected integrity, does not exist. He is an honour to the profession of letters ; and, by the upright and unimpeachable tenor of his life, even more than by his writings, a persuasive and convincing advocate of religion. In his personal appearance, Montgomery is rather below than above the middle stature ; his countenance is peculiarly bland and tranquil, and, but for the occasional sparkling of a clear grey eye, it could scarcely be described as expressive. Those who can distinguish ‘ the *fine gold* from the sounding brass’ of poetry, must place the name of James Montgomery high in the list of British poets ; and those who consider that the chiefest duty of such, is to promote the cause of religion, virtue, and humanity, must acknowledge in him one of their most zealous and efficient advocates.” Perhaps I may never have another opportunity of spending an hour with this eminent person. How transporting the prospect of an eternity with “ *the excellent of the earth,*”—in heaven !

I have noticed numerous public buildings, *hospitals, dispensaries, banks, &c.*, a particular description of which would afford you but little interest. The hall of the *Cutler’s Company* would please you ; it is an elegant Grecian structure, with a Corinthian portico, supporting a triangular pediment, in the tympanum of which, are the Cutler’s arms, in bold relief. I did not visit the interior.

I am glad the account of my visits to *Chatsworth, Haddon Hall, and Castleton Caverns*, afforded you, and your “select circle,” so much pleasure. Since then, I have enjoyed another excursion in a different direction, in company with my host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Greaves, and a few select friends, to *Wharncliff*, one of the wildest glens I have seen for many a year :—

“ Craggs, knolls, and mounds confusedly hurl’d,
The fragments of an earlier world !”

The savage aspect of the place, the singular positions and shapes of the huge fragments of rocks, and the wild manner in which they have been hurled one upon another, tells of some tremendous concussions as having occurred in this glen,—perhaps beyond the periods of English history. I write as a *stranger*,—not having seen any work which affords satisfactory information upon the subject :—

“’Twould seem those iron times had reach'd this glen,
When giants play'd at hewing mountain blocks,
So bold and strange the profile of the rocks,
Whose huge fantastic figures frown above.”

The *Sheffield trade* is, generally, prosperous at present, but it has had great *fluctuations*, and is still subject to them, from a variety of causes. I was particularly struck the other day, with the following bold sentiments of a native of this town : “No place has suffered more from the *vicissitudes of trade* than Sheffield. The American war produced a state of considerable depression ; and the town had only just recovered from the effects of that abortive effort to establish the principle of taxation without representation, when the wars of the French revolution came to plunge its inhabitants in still deeper distress. The frame of society, throughout the world, was disordered by this long and exhausting contest ; and peace itself, when it returned, did not bring prosperity in its train. In order to force a market, the spirit of competition among the manufacturers was carried to such an extent, that they relinquished the fair profits of their trade ; the consequence was, an undue depression in the wages of the artisans, and the introduction of the pernicious practice of paying wages in goods instead of money. Many of the workmen, in consequence, became themselves pauper manufacturers, and wholesale dealers in hardware, which they sold, not for what

the articles were worth, but for what they would fetch, not unfrequently at thirty, forty, and even fifty per cent. below the regular prices. The glut of cutlery thus became excessive. The parish was burdened with a host of half-famished claimants, and the poor's rates were so heavy that many of the contributors to those rates reduced their establishments to the lowest possible standard, and took up their residence in the neighbouring townships, where the parochial imposts were less oppressive. These evils, like most others in trade, carried in them their own remedy: in time the quantity of goods manufactured became better adjusted to the extent of the demand; the rate of wages was advanced; money was paid to the workmen instead of goods; and Sheffield began to return slowly, but certainly, to a state of prosperity, which it continued to enjoy, till the *great commercial panic* of 1837, which was brought about chiefly by the over-speculations of the three preceding years, and from the baneful effects of which, Sheffield, like other manufacturing towns of this kingdom, has not yet recovered; though it has suffered, perhaps, less than Manchester, and many other places. This long depression of our trade and commerce has created much *popular discontent*, from which sprung *Chartism*; a political faction which threatened the overthrow of the national institutions as now established; but, happily, the *Chartist conspiracy* to take and sack this town was frustrated by the vigilance of the magistrates and police, on the night of January 11th, 1840, when Samuel Holbery, the chief leader of the insurrection, was apprehended in his house, in Eyre lane, where a quantity of hand grenades and other combustibles were found. Some of the insurgents, however, mustered with pikes, &c., in various parts of the suburbs, and entering the town at midnight, wounded several watchmen, but were soon dispersed by the military and the

police, who took a number of prisoners, several of whom were sentenced to various periods of imprisonment at the ensuing York assizes." There seems to be a want of confidence between *masters* and *workmen*, which is a source of *much uneasiness*. This has given rise to *secret combinations* among the workmen, the nature of which I do not understand; but the effect of which is, to *awe* and *coerce*; and *some villanous and successful attempts have been made to blow up premises*. This is to be regretted. The *Sheffield wares* are indeed popular in all parts of the civilized world; yet this circumstance does not insure the *perpetuity* of its trade. Men of capital may be tempted to turn their attention elsewhere, and establish themselves in other towns. The *cutlery* trade is the birthright of Sheffield, and to divert it anywhere else would be *ruinous* to the town. It is to be hoped that *the parties concerned*, will come to a better understanding; and no longer persist in bringing about a catastrophe which posterity must deplore, and which would be so fatal withal to their own interests. Perhaps the *revival*, which is still progressing with such amazing power, *may contribute to a better state of things*. It surely will, so far as it shall spread among the masses of the population. A revival of religion is a public benefit. It is a presage of the future prosperity of the town which it honours. On the evening after date of my last letter to you,* we held a *meeting for the benefit of the new converts*, in Brunswick chapel,—similar to those I have described in former letters. About *three hundred* and seventy-five new converts were present; it was a most gracious season,—a *confirming and strengthening* time to those who had but just commenced the heavenly race.

* See Letter xxxvii., Vol. iv., page 299; but page 307 will afford the reader an idea of the extraordinary character of the work in Brunswick chapel.

The following lines are from the pen of a lady who, herself, was one of those who that night took her place among *the trophies of redeeming love*,—and who bowed with them at the altar of God, and dedicated her soul, body, and spirit, to the service of her Redeemer:—

“ LINES WRITTEN ON THE SOLEMN DEDICATION TO GOD OF
THE YOUNG CONVERTS IN BRUNSWICK CHAPEL, AUGUST
1ST, 1844:—

“ Humbly we approach Thee now,
Prostrate at thine altar bow ;
From the willing sacrifice
View the fragrant incense rise ;
God in heaven ! hear our prayer
In honour of our Spokesman there.

Lo ! we lift our hands on high,
Towards the place of majesty.
See our hearts,—for Thou canst see,
Fill'd with love, and love to Thee.
God in heaven ! hear our prayer
In honour of our Spokesman there.

Thou wilt *save* us, for thy Son
Died to bring us wanderers home.
Thou wilt *bless* us, for thy grace
Bids us turn and seek thy face.
God in heaven ! hear our prayer
In honour of our Spokesman there.

Now we bid the world farewell ;
Broken is its potent spell ;
Body, spirit, soul resign ;
All we have and are is thine.
God in heaven ! hear our prayer
In honour of our Spokesman there.

HARRIET MAINWARING.
SHEFFIELD, Aug. 2, 1844.”

Shortly after the above meeting, I received the following note from the secretary. It will show you the

wonderful character of the revival in Brunswick chapel :—

“ *Sheffield Moor, August 3, 1844.*

“ VERY DEAR SIR,

“ I HAVE taken the liberty of forwarding to you a copy from our book, (as on other side,) of the *numbers* up to the present time. Truly we may say, ‘ *What hath God wrought!*’

“ That you may be strengthened in body, and blessed in soul, and rendered instrumental of still greater good, is the sincere and earnest prayer of,

“ Yours very respectfully,

“ ABRAHAM SHARMAN.

“ Special services, held in Brunswick chapel, Sheffield,—*results*,—from July 7th to August 2nd, 1844.

Week ending.	From the World.	In Society.	Sanctified	Per Week.	Total.
July 12 ..	200	39	51	290	..
" 19 ..	180	32	152	364	..
" 26 ..	222	44	96	362	..
August 2 ..	140	28	76	244	1260."

It is proper to remark, that many of the above, *who were from the world*, resided in country Circuits, and within the range of other churches. On their return, they joined their respective churches in their own localities. Still the Wesleyans claim by far the largest proportion. I shall endeavour to find out what the *real increase* is likely to be, as realised by the Wesleyan church in Sheffield; and what proportion of the above numbers were members in the two Circuits in town, and shall state the same, if possible, in my next communication.

On the 4th instant, (August,) we commenced a series of *special services* in Norfolk Street chapel, which continued through eighteen days. I had little of that comfort and satisfaction in this chapel that I had at Ebenezer, Carver Street, and Brunswick chapels. There was something there, in my apprehension, that grieved the Holy Spirit; still the results were very great. From the world, more than *four hundred souls*; about *two hundred* of whom, I understand, joined the Circuit to which Norfolk Street chapel belongs, and *above one hundred* united with the other Circuit. I was surprised to find, that of so many hundreds saved, so few belonged to the Norfolk Street congregation. Why, I cannot tell. The Lord knoweth; *for all things* are naked and open to Him with whom we have to do. Perhaps they may yield themselves to God suddenly, even before I leave the town; for, in this revival, *nothing but what is quite impossible seems difficult.*

“ Like mighty winds or torrents fierce,
It doth opposers all o’return.”

I forgot to add, that nearly three hundred believers professed to obtain *purity of heart* during the services in Norfolk Street. All glory be to God! He doeth the works. His arm is mighty. What can withstand his power? Sin, the devil, hell and its powers, sinners, and their errors in *doctrines* and *practice*, must *fly* or *fall* before the *influences of the Spirit*, as chaff before the wind. Hallelujah! The Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Amen and amen!

I am sure the following letter, written to me by a superintendent of one of the Sabbath schools of this town, will be interesting to you. You may depend upon the statements it contains. If you think proper, you may read it to the children of your Sabbath school. It will show them how English children are affected

by the truths of the gospel. Perhaps the teachers may also profit by it. By this document they may learn how deeply some of the teachers and superintendents of Sunday schools in England are concerned for the *conversion* of the children committed to their care. The great design of their labours is not merely to teach the pupils to *read*, (this and other branches of learning may be acquired in the week-day schools,) but to bring them to an *early and to an experimental acquaintance with God*. This should be the *end, the distinct aim* of all who labour in the Sabbath school. The object of such institutions is scarcely half accomplished, if the instruction does not result in the conversion of the scholar before his *final* dismissal from the school.—

“ *Sheffield, Church Street, July 9, 1844.*

“ REV. AND DEAR SIR,

“ I HAVE thought several times you might not deem it impertinent in me if I were to inform you what God has been doing for us at Red Hill school.

“ Sunday, (July 7th,) was the most glorious day ever witnessed in connexion with the services of that institution. Many special seasons have occurred in its history, (one, in particular, I remember, during which seventy children professed to obtain the forgiveness of their sins,) but the oldest labourer in the institution declares, that this gracious visitation from on high surpasses them all. A few friends met accidentally last week, and, in the course of conversation, it was suggested that, now the special services were removed from the neighbourhood of the school, something should be done to ensure the stability of the work of God, so far as it had extended among the children. It was agreed, therefore, that all the teachers should be

specially invited to attend on Sunday morning, that such plans might be adopted as would best conduce to that object. When they met, it was agreed that those children and teachers who had received blessings during the revival, should be called out of the school room into the vestry, while a verse was being sung; that, while two of the friends made minute inquiries into the spiritual state of each child, and whether she had met in the class to which she had been appointed at the chapel, one of the superintendents should deliver a short address in the school, and commence a prayer meeting, inviting all who felt a desire to save their souls to come forward to be prayed for. The vestry was shortly *filled* with children who had been saved at the chapels, and it was a glorious sight; and soon after brother James Wilkinson had spoken a few solemn words, the power of the Holy Ghost descended and melted us all into tears. It was with some difficulty that we could get to our work of inquiry; but, when entered upon, it was most satisfactory. Out of more than eighty present, only nine had not been to class; and some of the nine had only been saved on the Thursday evening previously, and had not had the opportunity. Before, however, we had got through this part of our blessed labour, the room was again half filled with girls, who, with streaming eyes, and joyful countenances, came to tell us what God had done for their souls in the prayer meeting that was being carried on in the school room. From this time (soon after eleven o'clock) the children continued to throng into the vestry until nearly twelve, when eighty-two precious souls were rejoicing in a sin-pardoning God, and were appointed to suitable classes. During all this time my hands were so full I had not an opportunity to mingle with our friends in the school room; and, though we felt the presence of God with us in the vestry, in a remarkable manner, yet, I am told, that

the scene in the school room, and the glory felt, surpassed description. At one period it seemed as if the whole congregation of teachers and children were bowed down with the weight of the overshadowing glory. Hundreds were in distress; and it seemed a small matter for the whole school to be saved. In the afternoon, the prayer meeting was commenced again, and sixty-three more souls entered into the glorious liberty of the gospel. The whole number for the day being one hundred and forty-five. All glory be to God! We little expected such a result when God first put it in our hearts to *care for the stability of the work* among the children; and our cry is now, 'Lord, what shall we do next?' And I think there seems to be no answer but, 'Walk by the same rule, mind the same thing.' The Lord help us!

"I should say that these details refer only to the girls' school, in which there are above five hundred scholars, *nearly half* of whom are now professing to believe on Jesus Christ to the salvation of their souls. There were also at least two clear instances of entire sanctification.

"I have written much more than I thought would be necessary. Please to pardon my prolixity, and believe me to remain, ever yours, most affectionately,

"G. CHALONER."

I send you a Sheffield paper, the *Iris*, which takes special notice of my proceedings, *but in a kind and generous spirit*.

Love to all. As ever, most affectionately in Jesus Christ,

J. C.

LETTER XXIV.

TO * * * * *

Sheffield, June 7, 1844.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE only a few moments, but you are welcome to them. My replies to your two important inquiries, must necessarily be brief and broken. "1st. How do you account for the fact that so few of the Methodists profess to receive, or enjoy, the blessing of *entire sanctification*?" I cannot answer this better than in the words of Mr. Fletcher: "1st. Because they do not see the need of it; because they still hug some accursed thing; or because the burden of *indwelling sin* is not yet become intolerable. They make shift to bear it, as they do the tooth-ache, when they are still loath to have a rotten tooth pulled out. 2nd. If they are truly willing to be made clean, they do not yet believe that the Lord both *can* and *will* make them clean, or that *now is the day of this salvation*. And, as faith inherits the promises of God, it is no wonder if their unbelief misses this portion of their inheritance. 3rd. If they have some *faith* in the promise that *the Lord can, and will circumcise their hearts, that they may love him with all their hearts*; yet it is not the *kind* or *degree* of faith, which makes them willing to sell all, to deny themselves, faithfully to use the *inferior* talent, and to continue instant in prayer for this very blessing. 4th. Frequently, also, they will receive God's blessing in their own preconceived method, and not in God's appointed way. Hence God suspends the operation of his sanctifying Spirit, till they humbly confess their obstinacy and false wisdom, as well as

their unbelief, and want of perfect love. It may be with the *root* of sin, as with its *fruit*: some souls parley many years before they can be persuaded to give up *all* their outward sins, and others part with them *instantaneously*. You may compare the former to those besieged towns which make a long resistance, or to those mothers who go through a tedious and lingering labour; and the latter resemble those fortresses which are surprised and carried by a storm; or those women who are delivered almost as soon as labour comes upon them." Read the above over and over again; perhaps the specifications may include some one or more of your own *hinderances*.

In answer to your second inquiry, I would say: I know of no particular standard laid down in the scriptures, as to "the depth of our convictions of indwelling sin, in order to obtain deliverance from it." One thing only is recognized in the New Testament, as absolutely necessary for the attainment of purity,—and that is *faith*: "*Purifying their hearts by FAITH.*" Acts xv. 9. "*Sanctified by FAITH.*" Acts xxvi. 18. If there be time and opportunity, Mr. Wesley thinks, there may be many such "*preparatory feelings*" as you have mentioned; otherwise, God may sanctify without them. *Faith is the only revealed condition*; but that must be *sincere*. Faith lays hold of the *promises of God*, and puts *undoubting confidence in his veracity*. Christ has said: "*What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.*" Mark xi. 24. Observe, "*desire*;" this is an *indispensable* condition, and genuine faith certainly implies it; without it the mind is dead and motionless, and in this state saving faith can have no existence. *Desire*, as some one has said, is to the soul, as spurs to the horse, as sails to the ship. Desires are, among all classes of men, the sails of the mind, by which they are carried forward

to that which they like best. When "DESIRE" is *sincere*, it includes much,—all, in fact, that a sanctifying God requires. It is like thunder and rain, it always comes in *clouds,—clouds of preparation*. If you have *desire*, you are prepared; leave all the rest to the Holy Spirit;—I mean as to the "*depth, painfulness, softness, and earnestness*" of your heart-convictions. These may not come at *your bidding*; they are dependent upon *numberless circumstances*; and frequently they are quite independent of anything of the kind, but are wrought by that *same Spirit*, immediately and independently, as it pleases him. Only show the *sincerity* of that "desire," by renouncing and forsaking everything that you know to be *contrary to purity*. For, be assured, the Holy Ghost never sanctifies a heart that gives indulgence to sin. To this desire, in accordance with the promise, add *prayer,—whatever "ye desire when ye PRAY."* To this add FAITH; that is, "*BELIEVE that ye receive;*" a better definition of sanctifying faith you could not find. Then, he who has promised, and who cannot lie, will fulfil the "*desire*" of your heart, and will honour your faith,—"*and ye shall have.*" Christ will honour his own *veracity*, and will stand by it, to the very uttermost claims of faith,—that is, till you are cleansed from all sin, and filled with all the fulness of God. Praying that you may never forget that *faith* is the only absolute condition of obtaining all that Christ purchased for you on Calvary; and that you may soon be *saved to the uttermost*. I remain, your brother, in Christ Jesus,

J. C.

LETTER XXV.

TO A FRIEND IN AMERICA.

London, September, 1844.

EVER DEAR SIR,

IN company with my much esteemed friend *Mr. John Unwin*, I left Sheffield one day last week for this city, where we arrived the same evening, and put up at *Providence House*, Falcon Square. Since then, we have visited most of those objects of interest usually termed, "*The sights of London.*" Were I to enter into details, and expatiate upon all we have seen, I could very soon present you with manuscript sufficient for a considerable volume. To-day we have been to,—

"Where stands that monument of ancient power,
Named, with emphatic dignity, the TOWER;"—

The Tower of London—England's *First Book of Chronicles*—or England's History in miniature. With its *history* and *associations* you are well acquainted; they are indeed "*dark and gloomy*;" traced in characters of blood. As a palace and prison of ancient royalty, replete with incidents, contemporary with the *darkest*, and *dreariest*, and *most stirring periods* of the nation's history, it cannot fail to be an object of interest to all intelligent travellers. That was a worthy remark of an English writer: "To those who remember the annals of their country, that dark and gloomy pile affords associations, not quite so numerous and recent as the *Bastile*, yet enough to excite our hatred and horror. But standing, as it does, in such striking contrast to the fresh and flourishing construc-

tions of modern wealth, the proofs and the rewards of civil and religious liberty, it seems like a captive tyrant, reserved to grace the triumph of a victorious republic, and should teach us to reflect, in thankfulness, how highly we have been elevated in virtue and happiness above our forefathers." The Tower is a confused mass of *irregular towers* and *turreted buildings*, encompassed by walls, ramparts, and bastions. It is approached through three or four gateways, guarded by armed sentinels. Outside some of the buildings, we noticed a large assemblage of cannon of all sizes; many of them are trophies from all nations:—

"These huge artillery perish in their crust
Of still increasing and consuming rust."

We spent a couple of hours agreeably in walking through apartments, some of which stand *mournfully* connected with characters who figure largely in English history. The *Armories* contain a fearful array of weapons *fitted for human butchery*,—extending from the earliest ages of English warfare, to the present time:—

"From battle-fields where millions met
To murder each his fellow, and make sport
For kings and heroes."

I was amazed at the vastness of the collection. And belonging, as they do, to all periods of the nation's history; and obtained, as many of the weapons were, in the heat and desperation of the battle, or gathered from the hands of the dead and the dying upon "*the conquered field*," one cannot look upon them with other than solemn feelings. They are suspended and arranged along the walls, and formed into tasteful figures and devices. Excuse *poetry*, but it describes such

matters better than I can find language to do just now ; for, "to tell you the truth," London, and its scenes, have quite dissipated my mind, so that I can scarcely put half-a-dozen sentences together, without a mistake of some kind or other :—

"Guns, halberds, swords, and pistols, great and small,
 In starry forms disposed upon the wall ;
 We wonder, as we gazing stand below,
 That brass and steel should make so fine a show ;
 But though we praise the exact designer's skill,
 Account them implements of mischief still."

War has been fitly termed, man's self-inflicted scourge. These instruments of destruction illustrate the sentiment. Besides, their *number, variety, the time necessary to invent and make them*, as well as the necessary disposition to wield them, all show how thickly the *seeds of war*,—rather, "*the sparks of fiery war*," are deposited in the human heart ; "*occasion need but fan them and they blaze* ;—red battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock." Here may these "implements of mischief," these instruments of torture and destruction, ever remain. What a spectacle these, we thought, for the happy and peaceful millennial inhabitants to behold ; when war shall only be known in history ; when swords, long since, shall have been beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks, and war is learned no more ; when the holy and wondering multitude shall visit the museum, and learn, from its testimony, the truth of battle's story,—*the barbarity and bloody ferocity of their forefathers!* And how they will wonder that by-gone generations, who also heard and received the gospel of peace, could so far disengage themselves from its spirit and power, as to murder each other by thousands on the field,—and, afterwards, receive the plaudits of *Church and State*, as they

returned with garments rolled in blood!—and all this so late as the latter part of the eighteenth, and till nearly the middle of the nineteenth century! Would to God the trade of blood might here end;—that the days of slaughter were overpast! Alas! the world has yet to learn the song that angels sang at the advent of the Prince of Peace: “*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men!*” Why, O why, has it been so long in learning this song,—so much in harmony with the gospel message, the spirit and design of Christianity, and so inseparably connected with the best interests of the universal brotherhood of man? Ah! no. “Ambition stalks like a demon over the earth, crushing the grass and the grain, and blighting the bud and the blossom.” The yells of war, and cries of havoc, still ring out upon the air of our planet. There are fields yet wet with blood, and the fetlocks of many a war-horse are dripping with human gore. *POWER has not done* building thrones of skulls; nor does it seem likely there will be an end, while it can procure blood and tears to cement the horrid fabric;—unless that *power of the gospel* which has revolutionised many an individual character, and turned the lion into a lamb, effects the same mighty change, spiritual and moral, in the hundreds of millions, who now walk the surface of our globe. Hasten the time, O Lord God of hosts! A friend at my left hand says, he believes the tide of human blood is yet to flow, till it reaches, as the Apocalypse expresses it, to the bridle-bits of warriors’ horses, and carnage, drunk with blood, shall yet stagger over the crimsoned earth; for,—

“Already the earth waxeth old in its sin,
And the fires of destruction burn deeply within.”

What a history I could write, were each weapon to speak out from its place, and tell its own story,—of

all the preliminaries and circumstances of "battle's red array,"—when army faced army, front to front,—“a living wall, a human wood,—a wall of fire beneath a hedge of spears,”—when life or death hung upon the word of a mortal,—when a fire like hell burned in ten thousand breasts, “*and the battle trembled to begin,*” and then,—

“The shock of shields, and clash of swords,
The whirlwind gusts, the din of battle rose.”

The Horse Armoury is an equestrian museum. Here we were presented with a fierce line of horses and riders, clad in *the identical suits of armour* in use from the time of William the Conqueror down to the reign of George the Second. The *devices, legends of saints, mottoes and arms*, engraved thereon, afford an instructive lesson upon the costumes, manners, tastes, and religion of those dark and tempestuous ages to which they belong. Most of the figures upon horseback, if I rightly remember, represent the kings of England, through a long succession of centuries. Some of the coats of armour, which encase these effigies, are the identical suits worn by these monarchs in their life-time.

Shortly after my arrival in this country, October 30th, 1841, occurred that unfortunate fire which destroyed the *Grand Storehouse*, with a vast collection of arms and military curiosities. The site, and part of the foundations, are all that remains of an edifice which was the pride and glory of England.

To-day, also, we visited Westminster Abbey. All is bustle and tumult without, while all within is solemn, and silent as eternity. We spent an hour or two there;—I don't know but it might be more, for time passes away so rapidly in such places that one forgets to take note of it. It is, indeed, a grand and wonderful pile; and I hope, before I finally leave England, to

revisit it, in order to view it more minutely. The time we spent in Westminster was full of deep and powerful interest. Here are monuments which, while they perpetuate the memory of great men, also celebrate *the triumphs of science* in almost every department. Men of every pursuit in life may read important lessons here, amidst piles of marble, bearing the sculptured achievements of the illustrious dead. The scholar, the philosopher, the statesman, the soldier, the hero, the politician, the man of business, the painter, the musician, the sculptor, the poet, &c., may here find ample materials for meditation. And what a constellation of names in the *poet's corner*! I was charmed to the spot, and could hardly drag myself away. Here reposes the dust of those noble and exalted geniuses whose works have so often *cheered and animated my soul*, in winter's night and summer's day, thousands of miles from hence; and which have so frequently thrown a radiant charm around the solitude of studious life; the bard,—

“Whose tuneful harp pour'd forth its loftiest strain,
Taught by the hand now motionless as death,
Can sweep the chords no more.”

True, one's feelings are shocked by that foolish epitaph on *Gay's* slab, written, I believe, by himself:—

“Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, and now I know it.”

But then, even this may excite a train of thought which, though not tending to the credit of the poet's *mind, heart, or morals*, may be rendered a blessing to the serious visiter. He may say as he departs,—and the couplet may yet, possibly, find a place upon the slab:—

“Life is a solemn scene; this *Gay* now knows,
Fraught with eternal joys, or endless woes.”

At any rate such an epitaph would be certainly more becoming the house of God, and its all-pervading seriousness.

How little injury has this princely structure sustained beneath the crumbling hand of time! England's pride and glory is its *Westminster Abbey*. Here repose earth's mightiest monarchs. The mitred heads of "*mother church*" lie here;—here also the sage historian; the warrior prostrate amidst his trophies; silent as the marble that records his victories. The patriot lies here; he "whose burning lips of eloquence awoke, amidst his country's wrongs, a Tully's strain, and drew from listening senators perforce the long and loud applause." The *eloquent* orator is silent also; side by side with him who never dared to "*perpetrate a speech*." But harmony of language has fled his tongue also; "oblivion mute" has sealed his lips. The eye, instinct with sentiment and intellect, more eloquent often than words, is quenched in darkness, and closed in a long, long night, to be ended only by the sudden glare of the judgment flames. A *Pitt*, a *Fox*, a *Manners*, a *Chatham*, and a *Canning*, lie here. "The flashing eye," remarks one, "has lost its lustre; the throbbing pulse, the beating heart, the eloquent tongue, are still, and the voice of contention is no more heard:—

———— Taming thought to human pride,
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side;
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;
O'er Pitt the mournful requiem sound,
And Fox's shall the notes rebound:
The solemn echoes seem to cry,
Here let their discords with them die."

The "storied urn, the animated bust, the breathing marble," and marble's proud announcements, are all

fraught with lessons for the meditative heart, rich and instructive.

Here, too, are the sons of music ; he, the German minstrel, who, "*music of all his soul's affections made, master of all the treasures of sweet sounds,*" the commander of that mysterious power which thrilled "*the life-strings of the hearer's heart.*" Yes, *Handel* rests here. There is his statue,—a fine piece of sculpture,—and there the instruments of his wondrous art ; and hovering angels, from clouds above, emulate his strains : "*I know that my Redeemer liveth,*" &c.

Sir Isaac Newton, he who astonished the world with his "original readings from the great book of Nature," but who gloried rather in the sublimer wonders of the book of revelation ; who was too well read in the lessons taught by the stupendous movements of the visible heavens, to neglect a home in the regions beyond them,—he demands the kind remembrance of the Christian visiter. Here, too, is a monument to the memory of *Dr. Watts*, and another to *Jonas Hanway*, who gave much of his goods to feed the poor, and yet maintained that charity which suffers long, and is kind. But I cannot specify all the objects of interest which attracted our attention in this great *national mausoleum*.

"Unclasp the world's close armour from thy heart,
Dismiss the gay companion from thy side,
And, if thou canst, elude the practised art
And dull recitative of venal guide ;
So shalt thou come aright, with reverent tread,
Unto this solemn city of the dead ;
Nor uninstructed 'mid its haunts abide,
But o'er the dust of heroes moralize,
And learn that humbling lore, which makes the spirit wise.

How silent are ye all, ye sons of song,
Whose harps the music of the earth did make !
How low ye sleep amid the mouldering throng !
Whose tuneful echoes keep the world awake,
While age on age their fleeting transit take.

How damp the vault, where sweeps their banner fold,
 Whose clarion-cry made distant regions quake!
 How weak the men of might! how tame the bold!
 Chain'd to the narrow niche, and lock'd in marble cold.

He, of lost paradise who nobly sang,
 Whose thought sublime above our lower sphere
 Soar'd as a star; and he, who deftly rang
 The lyre of fancy, o'er the smile and tear,
 Ruling supreme; and he who taught the strain
 To roll Pindaric o'er his native plain;
 He, too, who poured o'er Isis' streamlet clear
 Unto his Shepherd Lord the hymn of praise,
 I bow me at your shrines, ye great of other days.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth." Grave
 Deep on our hearts, as on thy stony scroll,
 That glorious truth which a lost world can save,
 Oh German minstrel! whose melodious soul
 Still in the organ's living breath doth float,
 Devotion soaring on its seraph-note,
 Or with a wondering awe the throng control,
 When from some minster vast, like thunder-chime,
 The oratorio bursts in majesty sublime.

Here rest the rival statesmen, calm and meek,
 Even as the child, whose little quarrel o'er,
 Subdued to peace, doth kiss his brother's cheek,
 And share his pillow, pleased to strive no more.
 Yes, side by side *they* sleep, whose warring word
 Convulsed the nations, and old ocean stirred;
 Slight seem the feuds that moved the crowd of yore,
 To him who now in musing reverie bends,
 Where Pitt and Fox dream on, those death-cemented
 friends.

Mary of Scotland hath her monument
 Fast by that mightier queen of kindred line,
 By whom her soul was to its Maker sent,
 Ere Nature warn'd her to His bar divine;
 It is a fearful thing, thus side by side
 To see the murderer and the murdered bide,
 And of the scaffold think, and strange decline
 That wrung the Tudor's weary breath away,
 And of the strict account at the great reckoning day.

Seek ye the chapel of yon monarch proud,
 Who rests so gorgeous 'mid the princely train !
 And sleeps he sweeter than the humbler crowd,
 Unmark'd by costly arch or sculptured fane ?
 I've seen the turf-mound of the village hind,
 Where all unshelter'd from the wintry wind,
 Sprang one lone flower of deep and deathless stain ;
 That simple faith which bides the shock of doom,
 When bursts the vision'd pomp that deck'd the satrap's
 tomb.

Dim Abbey ! 'neath thine arch the shadowy past
 O'er-sweeps our spirits, like the banyan tree,
 Till living men, as reeds before the blast,
 Are bow'd and shaken. Who may speak to thee,
 Thou hoary guardian of the illustrious dead,
 With unchill'd bosom or a chainless tread ?
 Thou breath'st no sound, no word of utterance free,
 Save now and then a trembling chant from those
 Whose Sabbath worship wakes amid thy deep repose.

For thou the pulseless and the mute hast set
 As teachers of a world they loved too well ;
 And made thy letter'd aisles an alphabet,
 Where wealth and power their littleness may spell,
 And go their way the wiser, if they will ;
 Yea, even thy chisel's art, thy carver's skill,
 Thy tracery, like the spider's film-wrought cell,
 But deeper grave the lessons of the dead,
 Their bones beneath our feet, thy dome above our
 head.

A throng is at thy gates. With lofty head
 The unslumbering city claims to have her will ;
 She strikes her gong, and with a ceaseless tread
 Circleth thy time-scathed walls. But stern and still,
 Thou bear'st the chafing of her mighty tide,
 In silence brooding o'er thy secret pride,
 The moveless soldiers of thy citadel ;
 Yet wide to heaven thy trusting arms dost spread,
 Thine only watch-word, *God ! God ! and the sacred dead !*"

We visited St. Paul's cathedral, the St. Peter's of
 London. But as I am on my way to *Rome*, and shall,
 of course, see St. Peter's, I shall say little of St. Paul's

at present. The two edifices, you are aware, are competitors, and, perhaps, the only two, for the admiration of the world. St. Paul's I have viewed pretty closely, *from the vaults to the ball, which surmounts the cupola; the details and impressions* I must postpone until my return to England. In the vaults we were shown the tomb of the architect, *Sir Christopher Wren*, whose monument is the church itself: also the tomb of *Nelson*. His monument, with those of Howe, St. Vincent, Collingwood, Abercrombie, Cornwallis, Sir John Moore, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Opie, West, Lawrence, Howard the philanthropist, and Dr. Johnson, "the intellectual gladiator," who, by the way, is represented as quite the Roman, in *attitude, mien, and costume*, with many others, were to me objects of lively interest. There are many other monuments of lesser interest, because one is not familiar with the history of the persons whose virtues they commemorate. Some are ancient, mutilated, defaced, time-worn, as if designed to remind one of those lines:—

" These mouldering records make one feel ashamed,
That fame and glory have so little power
To hand their greatness down to future times."

The view from the cupola is superb; from its encircling gallery, "round and round as we walked," the city and all its *labyrinthine windings*," gradually unfolded, extending our vision in a circuit increasingly wide, till the eye rested upon,—

" The villas with which London stands begirt,
Like a swarth Indian with his belt of beads."

From our lofty position the country around, outside the abodes of nearly two millions of people, could be traced with considerable distinctness and satisfaction,

notwithstanding the disadvantage of a slight haze in the atmosphere. * * * * *

The Monument was among the first objects of attraction on setting out this morning. It is a fluted Doric column, upwards of two hundred feet in height ; the diameter of the shaft is about fifteen feet. It was erected, you are aware, to perpetuate the remembrance of the great fire which occurred in this city, A.D. 1666. Maitland, in his *History of London*, says, the conflagration spread over four hundred and thirty-six acres of ground, consuming four hundred streets of houses, numbering more than thirteen thousand buildings, among which was St. Paul's cathedral, and many other noble edifices.

That which was considered a great calamity, has since been considered, by the citizens of London, as a great and general blessing. Property, indeed, to the amount of nearly eleven millions of pounds sterling, was destroyed ; but Providence, it would seem, only charged London so much for insurance against the return of the plague. The year previous to the fire, London was nearly half-depopulated by what was then denominated, emphatically, *the plague*. From May till the end of September, more than sixty-eight thousand persons were carried by it into eternity. Grass grew upon some of the principal streets. The year following, the fire broke out ; its *flames* pursued the *plague*, and hunted the lurking enemy through all its hiding-places, and completely destroyed or expelled it from the city. Although for many years previously it had been the annual scourge of London, it never afterwards returned. London, by the energy peculiar to the English character, was soon rebuilt, and on a scale of splendour and magnificence which far surpassed the city that had been reduced to ashes.

Sir Christopher Wren was the architect of the *Monument*. Six years were occupied in its erection.

It formerly bore an inscription which imputed the fire to the *Papists*, which long rendered that sect odious to the citizens, and served to perpetuate bad feeling. The authorities, at length, had the offensive inscription removed. So that line of Pope is no more applicable to the disrepute of this noble column :—

“ Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies.”

The scene from its summit is *animated* and imposing ;—the streets beneath diverging in all directions ; swarming, to the utmost extent of vision, with human beings, all pressing forward with a *restless and never-ceasing rush* ; each one of the living throng hurrying on, impelled by business, wants, or the desire of pleasure, inspired with hope or joy, or goaded on by care, anxiety, or sorrow. Here, we thought, is the centre of a motion that is felt throughout every town in the kingdom.

There is no end to the stream of living men, no matter to what street one directs his attention from the top of the Monument. “Two millions of human beings! Here they have their habitations, in every diversity of shelter, from the palace to the hovel ; in every variety of array, from the inmate of the royal equipage, to the poor street-sweeper. Some glittering on the height of wealth and power, others sinking in the depths of poverty and misery. Yet to every heart is dealt its modicum of hope ; every lip hath a taste of the bitter bread of disappointment. Death, ever taking aim among them, replenishes his receptacles night and day ; while in thousands of curtained chambers how many arms and bosoms earnestly foster the new-born life, that he may have fresh trophies ! For earth and the things of earth, for fancies and forms of happiness, all are scheming, and striving, and struggling ; from the little rill, working its way under ground in darkness and silence, to the great crested wave, that, with a

thundering echo, breaks on the shore of eternity." Alas! the unfortunate beings who leaped into eternity from this fearful and giddy height, had but a small portion of that "*modicum of hope*" dealt out to them; else they vilely cast it away, and themselves with it. The bread of disappointment must have been *bitter* indeed before they resolved upon such a dreadful death. A *weaver*, a *baker*, and a *diamond merchant*, and two or three others besides, cast themselves down at different times, from the top of the Monument, and were dashed in pieces.

Time will not allow me to give you a description of every noble object we saw and admired from this "*speculative height*." Tired vision, wearied at length by such a multiplicity of things, enjoyed repose upon the shipping and the river, streaming on from where,—

“ ——— Thames among the valleys strays,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.”

We have been to the Parks, where London breathes. There are many trees scattered, tufted, or in groves of considerable extent, with varied walks, and expansive lawns of emerald green, soft as velvet; but *seclusion* is seldom enjoyed there, as they are open to the public, and free for all. But one likes them all the better for that, as the benevolent heart feels glad that the benefit is extended to rich and poor, without respect of persons or circumstances. Here royalty rides, and here the poor man and his little family "*may walk and recreate themselves*,"—

“ ——— Under oaks and elms,
Whose outspread branches overarch the glade,
With woods and lawns around, and heaven above.”

We have visited, also, the Zoological Gardens, where

London forgets her cares, and thinks of God and his glorious works ;—serious London, religious London ; for here is much to enlarge and instruct her pious mind. But here giddy, sinful London amuses herself, and drowns her cares in sin and folly. A company of our North American Indians were capering in a war-dance, and raising horrible yells, to the great annoyance of pretty birds and *ruminating* animals, from all parts of our planet ; but much to the satisfaction of several hundreds of people, among whom were many well-dressed ladies.

This entire globe of ours seems to have been laid under contribution to these Gardens ; filled, as old Thomas Tusser used to say,—

“ With beast, with bird, both wild and tame,
Of strange and sundry suits.”

Returning from the Gardens we passed through the celebrated *Thames Tunnel*. What a tremendous undertaking was this ! What a wonderful creature is man ! Not contented with digging a passage clear through mountains, piled by the hand of his Creator, he must *undermine his rivers also*, and delve a pathway beneath the floods. By a spiral staircase we descended to the level of the tunnel. And what a view was presented there ! Day is excluded ; *long lines of lamps* throw their rays upon arches, and upon busy men and women at their stalls, selling all manner of pretty things. A printing press is, also, in full operation, in public view. Directly over head is the Thames, with its streams and shipping of all nations. A constant stream of human beings is hurrying on through its “ *long drawn aisles*,” conscious that the canopy over head is all that sustains the ponderous volume of a mighty ever-moving river. I offered myself as “ *pressman*,” and struck off, with expedition, upon

cambric, several prints of the tunnel, with historical and statistical explanations. I have forwarded the fruits of my first efforts as a journeyman printer to my friends Mr. and Mrs. Greaves, of Shirley House, Sheffield. Perhaps "a sample" may reach you and Mrs.—— in due time. * * * *

We have just returned from another long ramble through London,—"*the world's great wilderness-capital.*" My mind is too much *jaded* to attempt that sort of "*spirited description*" which I know you will expect. It is a great and wonderful city,—presenting many of the most *striking contrasts in human life*, which it has ever been my lot to witness in the same space, and within the same time.

The following lines, to which my attention has just been directed, I consider a good portrait of London:—

"O thou, resort and mart of all the earth,
 Checker'd with all complexions of mankind,
 And spotted with all crimes; in whom I see
 Much that I love, and more that I admire,
 And all that I abhor; thou freckled fair,
 That pleasest and yet shock'st me, I can laugh,
 And I can weep, can hope, and can despond,
 Feel wrath, and pity, when I think of thee;
 Few righteous would have saved a city once,
 And thou hast many righteous. Well for thee;
 That salt preserves thee; more corrupted else,
 And therefore more obnoxious, at this hour,
 Than Sodom in her day had power to be,
 For whom God heard his Abraham plead in vain."

And what a tide of human beings have we encountered this day! We felt ourselves but "two stray atoms" among the moving mighty mass; as two solitary rain-drops to the ocean; as two insignificant grains of sand, to all that lines the shores of an all-pervading sea. Surely *vanity* should doff her plumes in London; here should the proudest heart be humbled; the giddy, serious and thoughtful. A *cypher* is all that one can

feel himself to be, as he mingles with the crowd, and is borne along with the living mass of mind which encompasses him on every side. Thank God, if an *oppressive sense of nothingness pervades the heart*, one's *identity* remains, and *moral obligation*, and *accountability to God*. "*Thou God seest me!*" Solemn, profitable thought. My heart is exposed to the view of God as much as if I were the only individual in London. His eye inspects the most secret motions of the heart, though in the midst of countless multitudes, as readily and as minutely as if I were alone in the deepest solitudes of nature. "The world of traffic, and the world of shades," are both alike to him. That *Turkish maxim*, "*God is a circle, whose centre is everywhere, and whose circumference is nowhere*," is very fine; but that sentiment uttered by *Hagar*, in the wilderness, comes home with greater power to the heart: "*Thou God seest me!*" How awful, too, the reflection, that every individual of the vast multitudes we met this day is accountable to God, and known to him; and to him shall have to render a strict account of all his actions, public and private! The progress of time is not more steady than the advance of all these immortal beings to the *judgment* of the great and terrible day of God. Luther said, he would rather have never been born than not to have hope of that day. And better would it be for any one of all we have seen this day, that he had never had an existence, than that he should die without a hope and preparation for that day,—

"When things which time and death have seal'd
Shall be in flaming fire reveal'd."

Before I lay down my pen, and set out to visit other parts of London, I had better give you a short sketch of my proceedings, since the date of my last letter to you in Sheffield. That letter informed you of the

progress of the work of God in the *Brunswick* and *Norfolk* Street chapels. I was invited afterwards to *revisit* the chapels, which I did, spending a day or two in each, and one Sabbath in *Bridgehouses* chapel.

As the time of my departure from Sheffield approached, public excitement, and anxiety to *hear* the gospel, became deeper and more widely extended. The congregations were overwhelming, and my labours excessive. In consequence of which, I regret to find, I have made but very few notes of our proceedings. *Borne onward from one wave of feeling to another*, I find myself in London; and the events of *the last few weeks* appear more "*like a stormy and troubled dream*" than realities, leaving me but *few* materials by which to enrich a letter to my friend. This may suffice, that hundreds more were saved; and multitudes of sinners besides were awakened to a concern for their souls, which, it is to be hoped, they may never lose.

I spent two evenings, before leaving Sheffield, with the ministers and leaders. The first evening with the officials of the West Circuit, in Carver Street band room. The Rev. J. P. Haswell, Superintendent, presided. There are about fifty local preachers, and more than twice that number of class leaders, on the Circuit, the greater part of whom were present. After tea, Mr. Haswell introduced the business of the meeting, desiring the leaders to give some account of *the state of their classes, and the number and character* of the NEW CONVERTS which had been committed to their care. Those who had obtained the *largest accessions* spoke first. Their testimonies were most cheering and satisfactory. O, it was a *gracious and melting* season! The brethren were all greatly favoured of the Lord. Their lips seemed touched with celestial fire. They spoke with uncommon *liberty, power, unction, and propriety*. Some related cases of conversion of a very remarkable character. Others told some *thrill-*

ing incidents in the history and experience of those lately brought in. My heart was greatly comforted. The re-action about which some had prophesied, I felt sure would not come. I told the leaders *all my heart*, all I hoped, all I had feared. I pleaded the necessity of taking care of those who had been rescued from the devil and the world; *urged* on their attention, that much depended upon their *faithfulness* as leaders, in *care, prayer, zeal, watchfulness, and perseverance*, whether the multitudes saved should be preserved from going back into the world. The manner in which these dear brethren responded, left an impression upon my heart of *gratitude, confidence, and joy*, which I shall remember forever. Mr. Haswell closed with prayer. And such a prayer! We had "*showers of blessings.*" It seemed as if the heavens were opened, as if God and angels came down among men. The powers of the world to come overshadowed, and sweetly possessed, and filled every soul. He prayed for the uninterrupted progress of the work of God; for the stability of the new converts; but *especially for me*: and in such strains of *heavenly eloquence* as must have surprised himself, and with such a *glowing fervency* of soul as *utterly amazed and overpowered me*. May my most gracious God answer that wonderful prayer, (for if ever a prayer opened heaven, and entered into the ears of the Almighty, and moved him to do yet greater and more wonderous things, that prayer surely did,) and bless his precious servant, and reward him for his kindness to me, a stranger in a strange land! Amen and amen!

I had the privilege of a similar meeting the following night, with the brethren in the East Circuit,—in Norfolk Street band or school room. This also was a gracious season; but hardly equal to the previous night. The leaders indeed, spoke equally well, and pledged themselves quite as heartily and sincerely to

take all possible care of the *recent subjects of mercy*. But the Rev. Alexander Bell, and his excellent colleagues, who had seen this great work, and who took a rejoicing interest in its advancement, were not there;—they had gone to their *new Circuits*. The Rev. Mr. Pilter, the new Superintendent, was exceedingly kind, and manifested a strong desire to have the meeting every way agreeable to myself. One or two of the new preachers were present, who, of course, could not be expected to have such *deep sympathies* with the work, as those who had been so ardently engaged in it, during the last four eventful months. I find it difficult at present to give you those accurate statistics which you desire, as to the extent of the revival. But the *number saved* must be very great; of this I shall be better able to inform you on my return from the Continent. The brethren,—the leaders and secretaries,—will then have had time to compare notes; by which they will ascertain, with considerable accuracy, the actual accessions to the Wesleyan church on the two Circuits; and the exact numbers who belonged to other churches in town and country. I have just time to say, *Adieu in Jesus*.

J. C.

The following letter is out of order with regard to *date*. The *importance of the subject* is the Author's apology to the reader. The statistics it contains will be interesting to all who take any interest in revivals of religion, and particularly to those who have heard various reports regarding the revival of 1844, in Sheffield.

J. C.

LETTER XXVI.

TO A FRIEND IN AMERICA.

Birmingham, December 29, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,

A PAMPHLET has just made its appearance in Sheffield,—a work of no ordinary talent and research,—entitled, “AGENCY AND PROGRESS OF WESLEYAN METHODISM.” The writer, whoever he is, has handled the subject in a *masterly* manner. Whether it will attract the attention of the *Wesleyan authorities* in “*high places*,” or whether they will deem it worthy of a candid consideration, I cannot tell; but it contains *hints* and *statistics*, which one can hardly think they will altogether disregard. *Facts* are not only stubborn but important things. They may indeed sometimes *humble men*, but they may also lead to results the most beneficial to the church of God. I intend to bring a few copies with me on my return to America,—whatever time that may be,—“*I stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower,—to see what he will say unto me, and what I shall answer when I am reproved. The vision is yet for an appointed time, but in the end it shall speak, and not lie; though it tarry, (I) wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry.*” Hab. ii. 1, 3. My path requires *faith* and strong *confidence in God*; I have *both*, and am therefore *happy*. The little work which has constrained me to take up my pen, will afford you an insight into the “Agency and Progress” of Wesleyan Methodism in Sheffield,—in one of the Circuits at least. It will show you,—as the great and good *Dr. Dixon*, of the Wesleyan church in this country, has said,—that “a great association of men acting

on *one common class of rules*, animated by *one spirit*, and governed by *one head*, when disencumbered of all counteracting influences, *must become next to omnipotent in energy.*" And it also illustrates that truthful sentiment of another minister, that, "whatever may be the piety and devotedness of the ministers of the gospel, the world will remain unsaved while the conversion of sinners is left to them. *The mightiest armies would never have subdued a single province, had their officers been the only fighting men:* it was theirs to direct the battle, *but victory depended on the number, the training, and valour of the main body, rank and file.*" My principal object, however, in referring to this pamphlet just now, and, indeed, for troubling you with another letter so soon, is the importance of some valuable statistics it contains with regard to the great revival in 1844, in Sheffield. One year and a quarter have now passed away since I closed my labours in that town. The *revival* and its *converts*, have therefore been tested. That the *credentials* of that revival have been fully recognized in Sheffield, as of *divine origin*, is evident from the testimony of this pamphlet. It is written by a *resident* in Sheffield; has had an extensive sale already; commands universal respect in the town;—facts these which speak well for its *truthfulness*. The author says: "The annexed Statistical Account of the Special Services held in Sheffield, during 1844, by the Rev. James Caughey, carefully compiled from the register books kept on those occasions, will be viewed with deep interest, and may tend to throw light upon some of the anomalies hitherto regarded as inseparable from revival movements. Perhaps so complete a summary of a revival has never before been made public." In looking over the *table*, to which the author refers, I perceive that more than three thousand sinners were converted to God; and upwards of fourteen hundred

believers professed to have obtained purity of heart, or entire sanctification. Matt. v. 8; 1 Thess. v. 23; 1 John iv. 17, 18. About eleven hundred of the latter class belonged to the two Circuits in the town; the remainder were members of other churches in and around Sheffield. Of those *justified*, upwards of five hundred were already members;—persons who either never had been regenerated, though meeting regularly in class, or who had been living in a backsliding state. *Hundreds* of the above-mentioned three thousand persons, were from distant towns,—“*people of the world,*” living chiefly within the bounds of the Sheffield District; and who, doubtless, united with churches in their respective neighbourhoods. Speaking of those which belonged to Sheffield, the author remarks: “With regard to these it may be stated, that many either could not be found by the address they gave, or never attended class; some were forbidden to join the society by their parents; some left the neighbourhood; some proved to be impostors; while many, surrounded by the most wicked and abandoned of our race, and compelled to hold intercourse with them, amidst circumstances and influences of the most debasing and demoralizing character, were soon jeered or provoked out of their religion, and ‘endured but for a time.’”

In again referring to the table, I find that one hundred and forty-nine were found to belong to churches in town, and at a distance. There were, besides, five or six score who were not appointed to classes,—who did not, when they gave their names to the secretary, decide to meet in class, or what church they would join. I cannot but admire the business-like manner in which the secretaries of the revival,* on

* West Circuit, Mr. John Unwin and Mr. John Jepson. East Circuit, Messrs. Abraham Sharman, John Jones, Jun., and Henry Alcard, Jun.

both Circuits, performed their duties; nor the *industry, patience, and care* they have evidently taken in preparing materials for this remarkable, important, and well-authenticated table. For, I have no doubt, the author of the pamphlet received valuable aid from them in presenting the English public with such an interesting series of statistics. Of those converted from the world, "about one hundred and thirty-eight were generally under the age of sixteen." These were appointed to meet in classes for catechumens; and, in due time, if faithful to the grace of God, will be received into the church as members. The actual increase which has been realized from this great revival, by the Wesleyan church in Sheffield, is best ascertained from the book of "Minutes of Conference." That for 1845 now lies before me, showing an increase on the previous year, up to the March quarter, in the Sheffield two Circuits, of between eight and nine hundred members! To God be all the glory! Amen and amen! The Sheffield District shows an increase on the past year of *one thousand four hundred and twenty-five members, and one thousand one hundred and twenty-eight on trial*. So that there is a good prospect that the increase in the District, this present year, will be large; so, should any re-action occur in Sheffield itself, the *District* will come up to the help of the good old town, and rescue the honour of the revival.*

* Well, time, that brings about many important events, and tests many "works and ways," presents us with the "Minutes" for 1846. The increase this year in Sheffield is but small,—only *fifty*. But it is a matter of comfort to me that two years will soon have expired, and yet, according to the best authenticated documents in Methodism, the "*woeful reaction*," so confidently prophesied of by some, has not yet occurred! *may it never!* The District, as I expected, announces an increase of upwards of eight hundred members. Hallelujah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!

J. C.

December, 1846.

Many who were converted during the above revival, are scattered over Methodism in the District, and in other churches,—and, indeed, into various parts of the kingdom. I meet with some of them in my journeyings, who know me, although I am unable, frequently, to recognize them. How many times do they hail me with joy, and with heaven beaming upon their faces, and tell me what great things God wrought for their souls, under my humble ministry in Sheffield! My soul rejoices in the Lord, and triumphs in the Rock of my salvation. I feel sweetly happy. The revival in Sheffield surpassed anything I had ever before witnessed:—only think of such *multitudes* of immortal souls, saved in the short space of *four months!* I have sometimes feared I shall never again see such another work. Blessed be God, a revival has commenced in Birmingham also;—it is going on in great power, and there is a prospect of having thousands saved. Hallelujah! pray, O pray for your friend in Christ!

J. C.

LETTER XXVII.

TO A FRIEND IN AMERICA.

Rouen, France, September, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,

I SPENT several days in London after the date of my last communication. Mr. Unwin returned to Sheffield on Friday night, and I was left quite alone. His company rendered my visit to London exceedingly pleasant. Our souls were knit together in love; we were happy in the enjoyment of God's gracious

presence; our intercourse and union of soul were delightful! Thus circumstanced, we were well prepared to enjoy all that *Christians* may innocently enjoy in London.

Our visit to the *Royal Adelaide Gallery* and *Polytechnic* Institution was full of interest. Here Science sits enthroned, and sways her sceptre over every mind that enters within the precincts of her crowded halls. We spent an entire evening in a close inspection of this wonderful collection;—*models*, one would think, *of all that has been, or is, or ever shall be*, if one dare set limits to the human understanding. What intense study has been requisite, we thought; what difficulties have been encountered and overcome; how many experiments tried; what perplexities and disappointments must have been endured, before these *designs* were brought to their present state of perfection! Here is the *perfect work of patience and perseverance!*—*the products of rare and splendid talents!* How wonderful a creature is man! his mind possesses a sort of *infinity*, if I may be allowed the expression, as well *as spirituality*; and is therefore *godlike*. In seeing,—hearing,—feeling,—smelling,—moving,—we can assign to the human body, in its various parts, objects suitable to its capacity, and set limits to its accomplishments; but how *vast the capabilities*, how *expansive* the powers of the soul! how *universal the superintendence* it exercises! how diversified are the objects upon which the mind of man can arbitrate! Walking the streets of London, whether by day or night, one never fails to learn some humiliating lessons of the debased condition of the family of man: here,—in this noble Institution, the character of that family is in part redeemed; *fertility of imagination, infinity of thought, and grandeur of intellect*, show themselves in every department of mechanism! what then must that intellect have been before the fall?

My note-book, which I always carry along with me in my travels, as an assistant to memory, reminds me of a kindred sentiment uttered by another ; and, as I secured the idea for the purpose of making it useful, this is not an unfit place to insert it. "We may collect the excellency of the understanding before the fall, by the glorious remainders of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the building, by the magnificence of its ruins. All these arts, rarities, and inventions, which vulgar minds gaze at, the ingenious pursue, and all admire, are but the relics of an intellect defaced by sin and time. We admire it now, only as antiquarians do a piece of old coin, for the stamp it once bore, and not for those vanishing lineaments, and disappearing draughts, that remain upon it at present. And, certainly, that must needs have been very glorious, the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely when old and decrepit, surely was very beautiful when he was young. An *Aristotle* was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise!" Gen. i. 27. One can scarcely believe that there is a man in existence, who seriously doubts the immortality of the soul. He may wish it were not so ; he may reason against it, and act as if he were certain of ceasing to exist, like the brute that perisheth, in death. But I greatly question whether any man has ever been able to satisfy himself that his soul is not immortal,—unless sense and reason have been sinned away ; and after committing "the sin unto death," mentioned by St. John, 1 John v. 16, 17,—that lethargy,—that deep spiritual death has come upon him, which is attendant upon a disregard of that caution : "*Quench not the Spirit.*" 1 Thess. v. 19. I have always thought that he who persists in persuading himself that a creature so endowed, and so capable of originating all that astonishes us in arts and sciences, and endued with powers which still go on expanding

and improving, must have suffered a blight upon his soul, from some of the above causes. No man, unless his life were bad, could set himself about disproving the evidences of his own immortality;—to use the simile of some one of the poets,—“*it is Folly's topmost twig, for an idiot's back to lean against.*” Little comfort, indeed, could one have in the *prospects* of immortality, if they only resolved themselves into the *miserable* :—still it is a work of *baseness*,—of *self-imposition*, which tends only to degradation, for a man to persist in denying to himself a consciousness of immortality's noble boon. We could behold these lofty and ingenious emanations of the human intellect with little exultation, if we believed that a being thus endowed is to perish like the brute. No! it is the ennobling conviction of man's immortality, that has ever, in my apprehension, thrown a grandeur over his works! The evidence of an unceasing tendency to an *eternity of being*, has ever been my *cheering pole-star*, when contemplating the wonderful productions of human genius :—

“ To explore the universe of mind ; to trace
 The Nile of thinking to its secret source,
 And thence pursue its infinite meanders,
 Not lost amidst the labyrinths of time,
 But o'er the cataract of death down rolling,
 To flow forever, and forever, onwards
 Where time nor space can limit its expansion.”

London, surely, is the place, above all others, where the Christian traveller may obtain some of the finest illustrations of the *wealth of mind*, and the loftiest indications of its eternal destination. I do not, of course, confine the remark to the *Institution* upon which I have been commenting, but to the entire institutions of London, and to the talent which, for a series of ages, up to the present, has supported and adorned them. After listening to an able lecture from a

talented youth, we again examined some exquisite pieces of mechanism. I could not help thinking, after all, that were it not for the use science has made of these productions of human thought and genius, we could look upon them only as so many ingenious play-things. But the mightiest and most ponderous arrangements of machinery, as well as the more delicate and exquisite instruments of science, now usefully applied, and most of those grand and stupendous works which amaze the traveller, owe their existence to such miniature designs.

The morning after Mr. Unwin departed for Sheffield, my travelling companion, Mr. Benjamin Hudson, arrived in London. He is a young artist, a portrait painter, of high promise; I understand, son of a Wesleyan minister, the Rev. Benjamin Hudson. His object in visiting the Continent is to perfect his knowledge in that fine art. He obtained religion during my visit to Hull. This circumstance will render our intercourse interesting and profitable. We spent a *Sabbath* in London. Attended divine service in the Wesleyan chapel, Stanhope Street. The Rev. Robert Young officiated. He preached an excellent sermon, from Psalms xli. 13. I enjoyed it, though very unwell. Spent the afternoon at Mr. Young's, and stayed all night, having taken medicine. I felt better about nine o'clock, and spent an hour or two very agreeably with Mr. and Mrs. Young and family, and the Rev. Dr. Dixon and lady. The Doctor spoke of American institutions, and especially of the discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the highest terms of respect. He is a warm admirer of Young America. *Slavery*, indeed, was not introduced, for who could admire that, except the devil and slaveholders? I was delighted with his conversation; for although he asked many questions (and I am not fond of answering too many, in any company, for I rather like the conversa-

tion to be mutual and general) relative to "*the discipline and economy*" of our Church, and its influence upon American society, it was not after the manner of some I have met with in this country, for the purpose of drawing *disagreeable and ill-natured comparisons* against America. Rather he treated my information with that *candour and genuine politeness which ever characterize a great mind in search of truth.*

HE WAS THE GENTLEMAN AND THE CHRISTIAN.

Before we left London, we embraced the opportunity of paying a visit to Mrs. Dixon's mother, the relict of the Rev. Richard Watson. We found her on "*full wing*" for paradise, dead to all below. "I have done with the world," she said, "and my retirement from its hurry and bustle is the most pleasing I could desire. I have nothing to do now but to get ready for my eternal state. The *WORKS* of my dear departed husband are with me, and they afford me much comfort and delight."

Considering the extensive tour we had in contemplation, and the lateness of the season, we thought it not prudent to linger longer in London. We therefore left London, by railway, for Southampton, where we arrived about six o'clock in the evening. After securing our passage in the steamer, we returned to a convenient hotel, and spent an hour or two after tea writing letters. About nine o'clock we went on board the *Monarch*, and sailed for *Havre-de-Grace*. We were favoured with a calm star-light night, and, as our steamer occupied the river an hour and a half, we enjoyed a walk upon deck, cheered by a band of excellent music. We paused a few minutes opposite Portsmouth to receive passengers. Shortly after, we received some *moving hints* of our proximity to the ocean, and retreated from the deck. Our gracious Lord favoured us with a calm night and pleasant sea. With the exception of a slight rocking about midnight, our vessel pro-

ceeded as smoothly as if on Lake Champlain. Morning arrived, and we were on deck *betimes* :—

“The morning breeze was busy with the waves
Which leapt rejoicing.”

Some of them looked black, and were “*edged with white*,” a sort of embroidering in which, though “fashionable,” I am not particularly fond of seeing Old Ocean array himself. Some poet speaks of the “billows rolling with *pleasurable* swell.” So they may have done to the poet, but never to *me*. We had “*soft airs and gentle* heavings,” over which our gallant steamer walked majestically ; and when a “ruffian billow” hit her a cuff on the side of the head, or “*right in the stomach*,” she brooked it much better than did such parts of my “*mortal corporation*.” About the hour of eight, “*a doubtful streak, dividing* sea and sky,” announced land to the experienced eye of the sailor. Shortly after, we landsmen “got convinced” also ; our vessel darted toward it like an arrow, and soon loomed up off the rocky and precipitous coast of France ; and thence made “easy way” for the mouth of the Seine. Arriving off the harbour of Havre, swarms of little boats encompassed us, offering their services to convey us ashore. Most of the passengers accepted their offers ; but we chose one of the ship’s boats, and were landed in safety, very thankful to Providence for moderate weather, else we should have incurred considerable risk in leaving the steamer ; the tide not allowing her to enter the harbour immediately. We made the passage from Southampton in a little more than twelve hours. Passports were demanded, and we hurried away to the Custom House for our baggage, in hopes of being able to get off by the first steamer for Rouen. But it was in vain ; the process of passports, &c., was tedious ; the vessel departed ; so we concluded to make our stay in Havre as comfortable and profitable as

possible. After breakfast we sallied out to see the town.

Havre is considered by some the *Liverpool* of France. There is a business stir everywhere, especially along the quays, and a general *briskness* among those who are astir in the streets. Ships of all nations throng the docks, which are almost as spacious as those of Hull; and being filled with pure salt water, they look exceedingly beautiful. The marshy ground upon which the town is built, rendered, it seems, the formation of large basins of water, suitable for ships, comparatively easy. The town itself presented little that was interesting. The fortifications, though ridiculed by Napoleon, are respectable. But the neighbouring grounds are too high and commanding to allow, in the present state of warfare, such defences to be of much use to the town if assailed by a hostile army. From the hills we had a fine view of the ocean, town, harbour, and an extensive tract of Lower Normandy, one of the richest provinces of France. The *public edifices*, from where we stood, had little to distinguish them from the masses of private buildings around. A few have low cupolas, but we observed neither steeple nor spire in Havre. On descending to the sea side, close by the town, we observed a company of men and women bathing, a short distance apart, and in circumstances far from being favourable to good morals and purity. At the entrance of the harbour stands *La tour de François Premier*, the tower of Francis the First. It was once considered impregnable. It is now much decayed, but, like an old warrior, scathed and scared by storm and battle, whose heart still glows with patriotism. The old tower shows its sentinels in places where one would think it perilous to walk, and bristles with cannon. Slight and short would be its resistance of modern artillery.

Having concluded to remain in Havre all night, we

enjoyed a second walk through the town. The houses are generally high; *cream* colour is the prevailing taste; and window shutters from the lowest to the highest stories. The population is about thirty thousand souls. The hills behind the town are picturesque, covered mostly with shady trees and pretty villas belonging to the wealthy merchants of Havre. Evening came, and it was charming. Our minds were calm and happy. Not a cloud did arise. The scenery was extremely pleasing. The town reposing in quiet solemnity; the harbour, with its shipping; the ocean,—not a breath disturbed its drowsy surface; the shore,—as if its ripples were rocking themselves asleep; the sky, without a speck upon its azure; a ship or two close by, sitting like swans upon the outstretched expanse of waters, as if poised between two skies; their beautiful forms reflected thus:—

“ A ship above and ship below appear,
 A double image pictured on the deep;
 The vessel o'er the shadow seems asleep,
 Yet like the host of heaven, that never rest,
 With evanescent motion to the West;
 The pageant glides through loneliness and night,
 And leaves behind a rippling wake of light.”

These, “ with purple evening and a resplendent moon,” have always had a peculiar charm for me since my boyhood's days. Whatever trials may have clouded and perplexed the day, the peace of heaven has stolen upon my soul with the calm and quietness of evening. I promised you my “ *pencillings by the way,*” and you shall have them, “ *prose or poetry,*” whatever *faithful memory* or *passing scenes* may suggest. To me it is a *pleasing employment,* and serves to keep away “ *a certain loneliness of spirit,*” which few travelers are fortunate enough to escape.

We wandered around Havre until it was quite dark; now engaged in profitable conversation, then solemn

and silent,—*our thoughts with friends who are far away*. If *emotions* became *troublesome*, a look to our heavenly Father checked them, or placid nature pleaded for peace, and *prevailed*; nor were we *uncheered* by an interchange of *poetic sentiment* :—

“ The calm that robes immensity
 With beautiful emotion,
 The wide expanse of starry sky,
 The still small voice of ocean,
 Proclaims, in accents sweet and clear,
 Mercy and love;—the Lord is here.
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

At first a single star is seen,
 Trembling as if forbidden;
 Till thicker darkness intervene,
 The lesser lights are hidden;
 But quickly brightening on the eye,
 Ten thousand thousands throng the sky.

Below is peace,—the sky above,—
 The spirit calm as even,——
 The breath of piety and love
 Ascending up to heaven,——
 The God of peace accepts the prayer,
 And *peace* proclaims it answer'd there.”

O, that France, light-hearted, giddy France, might soon be visited with a revival of pure religion! Her *night of superstition* has been long; *heavy* and *galling* the *chains of error* which have bound her. One need not wonder at the prevalence of infidelity in this country, when popery represents Christianity to the French people. Had *Voltaire* and *Rousseau* been as familiar with *genuine Protestantism* as with *Roman Catholicism*, their *spirit* and *writings* would, doubtless, have been of a very different character.

Next morning we walked through the Cathedral of Havre. A company of priests were engaged in “*cele-*

brating mass for the dead." The coffin lay upon a bier outside the high altar, covered with a rich velvet pall, upon which were embossed, in silver, various emblems of the popish faith. We noticed a few *ancient paintings* of considerable merit; those of modern date are numerous, but quite in accordance with the French style,—colouring, gaudy and glaring;—drapery, harsh; positions and outlines of figures more graceful than we usually observe associated with such defective colouring.

About noon we went on board a steamer, and having cleared the harbour, we entered the Seine, and sailed for this city, (Rouen). France has four grand rivers meandering over its surface, one of which is the Seine: of the four this is the only one that pays its respects to the English Channel. Its motion is sluggish, so that it is a long time performing its run of four hundred miles; but this circumstance rather facilitates its navigation. Accumulations of sand and earth render the entrance to it difficult at Havre-de-Grace. The river itself is a noble volume of water; but the scenery on both banks, with a few exceptions, is dull and uninteresting all the way to Rouen. The towns, though not so numerous as one would have expected, considering the importance of the river to the nation, are generally pretty. To the left we noticed *Harfleur*, with its church and imposing steeple, the bell of which formerly tolled one hundred and four times every morning, in commemoration of certain heroic deeds performed by a corresponding number of citizens, at a period of peril. To our right, on the opposite shore, stands *Honfleur*. Near to the town is a chapel dedicated to *Notre Dame de Grace*, famous for the *votive* offerings left there by sailors who have escaped shipwreck. Farther up the river, to the left, seated on a piece of table land, flanked by wooded hills, is the castle of Tankville in ruins;—a romantic

spot, and of course it has appended to it a tale of romance,—of “*lady fair*,” and *broken heart*, &c. At *Quillebeuf* we received passengers. Here the river is considered hazardous, owing to *shifting sand banks*. A place was shown us where a vessel named the *Telemaque* went down about half-a-century ago. Reports had been current, for several years, that the vessel was laden with a *valuable* assortment of plate,—amounting to several millions of francs, the property of several wealthy French families, who had fled from the horrors of the *Revolution*. A few years since, an enterprising *American*, named Taylor, an engineer by profession, “*in faith of the report*,” formed a company of a hundred-franc-shares, for the purpose of raising the unfortunate vessel. Expectation was on tip-toe, and many persons were sanguine enough to imagine that the shares which did not cost £5. were worth £20,000 sterling! but, alas! for them and poor Jonathan!—at the time of extremity, when all the funds were exhausted, and he deeply in debt, “the bubble burst!”—*rotten spars and soiled tallow*, not worth picking up, put an end to “*the golden dreams* ;”—and Taylor was sent to prison for debts contracted during the prosecution of the unfortunate enterprise!

Caudebec, is perhaps one of the handsomest *provincial* towns on the Seine except Rouen. The tower of the old church is a beautiful object. It is not very high, but exquisitely sculptured into what resembles three crowns, ornamented with wreaths and roses, and in a tracery so delicate as to look like basket-work. A fine amphitheatre of trees, gardens, and houses, rises behind the town. The quays or promenades near them are planted with luxuriant trees, ingeniously clipped into arcades in grand perspective. The river sweeps the foundations of the ramparts. Nowhere on the Seine, is the scenery so beautiful as here. The

river forms itself into an ellipse above and below the town, surmounted by richly-wooded banks. This town was besieged by the English under the Earl of Warwick, about four centuries ago, and capitulated after a siege of six months. I remember reading some account of a battle fought lower down the river, in which one thousand citizens were left dead on the field. As we approached Rouen the river became narrower, with but little perceptible increase of rapidity. We arrived at Rouen about seven o'clock in the evening, and put up at the *Rouen Hotel*.

We have spent the day in perambulating the town, which is situated on a gentle slope on the north bank of the Seine, about one hundred and seven miles from *Havre*. Rouen was once a *capital* of Normandy. It is now the first city in the department of the Seine. It has been surnamed, the Manchester of France, on account of its manufactories. The city with its suburbs describes a circumference of about seven miles. The population is about ninety-three thousand souls.

We visited the Cathedral this morning,—a fine old structure, in the style of the florid Gothic. The exterior is excessively ornamented by a vast profusion of sculpture. The carving is rich and curious, but the endless variety quite confused and tired the eye, before it had examined one square yard minutely. But this was designed, probably, more for the effect of a *tout ensemble*, than to be criticised closely in its several parts. One of the towers once supported the celebrated bell, George D'Ambrose, which was thirty feet in circumference, ten feet high, and weighed 36,000 pounds. It was destroyed by the infidels during the French revolution, and converted into cannon. Medals were cast from its fragments, at the time, bearing the following inscription,—quite characteristic of the spirit of infidelity:—

MONUMENT DE VANITÉ,
DETRUIT POUR L'UTILITÉ,
L'AN DEUX DE L'ÉGALITÉ.

“Monument of Vanity,
Destroyed for Utility,
The second year of Equality.”

The lofty and elegant spire, which once rose from the centre of the Cathedral, was destroyed by fire some years since. Workmen are now engaged in the erection of another,—of *cast iron open-work*. In its present unfinished state it looks imposing. About thirteen floors of this pyramid rise majestically in the air. It is to be completed, we are informed, by one additional floor, and a small lantern, surrounded by a gallery,—to be used for meteorological observations. The tower is composed of 2,540 pieces of iron, not including 13,000 iron pins. The total weight, one million two hundred thousand pounds,—too ponderous, I should fear, for the old steeple, which serves it for a *pedestal*. We noticed some bad fractures in it already, about one hundred and twenty feet from the pavement;—but architects are the best judges. It is evident, however, that misgivings are entertained of the solidity of the front, as they have erected two counterforts, one on each side of the portal. This magnificent spire is to reach an elevation of 436 feet from the pavement,—less by thirteen feet than the highest Egyptian pyramid! The *foundation* is the most important part of an edifice;—it is to a building, what REGENERATION is to the *eternal hopes* of the professor of religion;—without this they never can be realized; and he who entertained them must fall into perdition. In honour of the old Norman parliament, we walked over to see the *Palais-de-Justice*;—an antique edifice which occupies one side of a square. This structure I consider to be one of the best specimens, perhaps, that a traveller could meet with, if he

wants to study the transition from the Gothic to a newer style of architecture, which began to be in use about the time of its erection. There is sufficient, indeed, to awaken the severity of the architectural connoisseur; but its fine proportions, angular pillars and piers, enlivened with canopied statues;—its small ornamented steeple, rising from the base to the summit;—the beauty and purity of the sculpture which accompanies and surrounds the windows, from the lower story to those that bedeck the roof;—the elegant octangular turrets, which start upwards from the middle of the façade, separating the structure into two parts;—the leaden balustrade which encompasses the roof;—the arcaded gallery, carried along the whole of the entablature, adorned with a profusion of rich and delicate sculpture;—all would plead eloquently for his approbation, while they charm and delight the eye of the most fastidious.

The principal hall of this building is remarkable on several accounts:—as, for instance, for its lofty “wooden roof unsupported by any pillar.” It struck us the architect attempted a bold imitation of a *ship reversed*;—as if the hull of a ship had been turned over on the walls, forming at once a roof and a ceiling. A couple of tombs at one end, constitute another singularity,—in a hall of justice. At the opposite end of the hall we noticed a gigantic statue in plaster, of *Corneille*, the celebrated dramatic author. There is another statue of him in bronze, on the bridge that spans the Seine, standing on a pedestal of white Carrara marble. Corneille was a native of Rouen. He was the Shakspeare of France. Death struck the pen out of his hand about one hundred years ago.

It was in this city, you are aware, that the celebrated *Joan of Arc*, or *Jeanne d'Arc*, fell a victim to the superstition of the age. A *fountain* now occupies the place where she was burned alive. It is a square

fabric of stone, of the Doric order, surmounted by a statue of the unfortunate heroine, tolerably well executed.

I forgot to say that the heart of *Richard Cœur-de-Lion* is preserved in the Cathedral; that William the Conqueror was born here; that Voltaire once resided here; and, though it is no credit to Rouen, the house in which he lived is still in existence.

Rouen once contained no less than thirty-seven parochial churches,* (Roman Catholic,) and about as many establishments for *nuns* and *monks*. It has now but six Romish churches, and eight chapels of ease; the rest having been suppressed, during the awful concussions which shook France, in the latter part of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century. The Protestants now occupy one of the suppressed churches. If the Protestants of Rouen would but attend, the minister would have a congregation of nearly two thousand hearers. They need a *revival* here, whether they desire one or not. Lord, Jesus, visit Rouen! pour out thy Spirit upon its population, and save them from their sins, and from the spirit and delusions of popery! Amen and amen!

My peace is like a river. That this may find you in the possession of a peace from the same inexhaustible source, is the prayer of your affectionate brother in Christ Jesus our Lord,

J. C.

* I have withheld several pages of my *description* of churches, and other public buildings, fearing they would not be interesting to European readers.

J. C.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO A FRIEND IN AMERICA.

Paris, September, 1844.

EVER DEAR SIR,

AFTER spending the entire afternoon of yesterday in wandering around and through the suburbs and gardens of Rouen, we started for Paris, by railway, where we arrived about ten o'clock in the evening, and "engaged our quarters" at the Windsor Hotel, opposite the gardens of the Tuilleries. Having letters of introduction to the Rev. William Toase, Wesleyan Missionary, through the kindness of the Rev. Dr. Alder, and the Rev. Robert Young, we walked out this morning in quest of his habitation, which we found on the borders of the Champs-Elysées,—Elysian Fields. We were disappointed at finding that he and Mrs. Toase were out of town, but we were politely received by Miss Toase. Finding ourselves in the vicinity of that monument of Napoleon's pride and ambition,—the *Arch of Triumph*, we concluded to pay it the first visit. It stands upon an eminence at the extremity of a beautiful avenue; and is, I believe, universally admitted to be one of the most elaborately finished monuments in Europe. The height of the edifice is more than one hundred and fifty feet; the thickness, nearly one hundred and forty feet. Groups of figures, in elegant sculpture, each eighteen feet high, are ranged in squares, and are chiefly commemorative of battles in which Napoleon was victorious. The statue of War, in the form of a female, summoning the French people of all ages to the defence of their country, is a terrific figure. The departure of the French army; the victorious return; the people distributing flags to

heroic officers ; the triumphs of *Peace*,— displayed in agriculture and commerce ; the Hero himself, in various positions in battle, victory, and triumph ; cities prostrate, rendering him homage ; France proclaiming his mighty deeds ; History recording them ; are all arranged in their respective departments, in full accordance with military taste ; and are, certainly, admirable pieces of sculpture. But I could not help thinking that these and the like exhibitions, serve but to fan that passion for *war and bloodshed*, for which this excitable and thoughtless population have been so famous. The *horrors* of war are not represented here, but rather its blandishments. Indeed sculpture, painting, poetry, oratory, and music have long united in throwing a *blazonry* around the profession of arms. They have long combined to dazzle the imagination of the unthinking. By keeping out of sight all that is revolting, and presenting all that is brilliant and fascinating in the aspect of war, they have inspired a passion which the slightest difficulty with a neighbouring nation fans into a flame, that torrents of blood are ineffectual to quench. These have long contributed in forming what one terms “ *the powerful spring of war* ; ”—that is, “ admiration of the *brilliant qualities* displayed in war. These qualities,” he adds, “ more than all things, have prevented an impression of the crimes and miseries of this savage custom. Many delight in war, not for its carnage and woes, but for its valour and apparent magnanimity,—for the fortitude which despises suffering,—the resolution which courts danger,—the superiority of the mind to the body,—to sensation,—to fear. Let us be just to human nature, even in its errors and excesses. Men seldom delight in war, considered merely as a source of misery. When they hear of battles, the picture which rises to their view is not what it should be,—a picture of extreme wretchedness ; of the wounded, the man-

gled, the slain. These horrors are hidden under the splendour of those mighty energies, which break forth amidst the perils of conflict, and which human nature contemplates with an intense and heart-thrilling delight. Attention hurries from the heaps of the slaughtered to the victorious chief, whose single mind pervades and animates a host, directs with stern composure the storm of battle; and the ruin which he spreads is forgotten in admiration of his power. This admiration has been expressed, in all ages, by the most unequivocal signs. Why that garland woven? that arch erected? that festive board spread? These are tributes to the warrior. Whilst the peaceful sovereign, who scatters blessings with the silence and constancy of Providence, is received with faint applause, men assemble in crowds to hail the conqueror,—perhaps a monster in human form, whose private life is blackened with lust and crime, and whose greatness is built on perfidy and usurpation. Thus war is the surest and speediest road to renown; and war will never cease while the field of battle is the field of glory, and the most luxuriant laurels grow from a root nourished with blood.”

We ascended the spiral staircase of the Arch to the promenade upon the top, and enjoyed a splendid view of Paris. How instinctively did our eyes turn to the *Hôtel des Invalides*, within the precincts of which repose the bones of Napoleon. Solemn and awful were our reflections upon the career and character of that violent and reckless man. How many millions of human beings did he plunge into wretchedness and despair! How vast the multitudes that were sacrificed to his ambition and lust of power!—“*whose fiat millions slew.*” The cry of innumerable widows, orphan children, and bereaved parents, has long since entered the ears of the Judge of all the earth. The author of their miseries has appeared

before his bar. The ghosts of the departed have recognized him in "the land of shades," and exchanged glances and words, such as disembodied spirits may use. There is Paris, and yonder lies Napoleon, we reflected; and how strangely do the sentiments of Napoleon sound,—“My destiny is not yet accomplished,—there must be one universal code, one court of appeal,—the same money, the same weights and measures, the same laws, must have currency throughout Europe. I must make one nation out of all the European states, and Paris must be the capital of the world.” But this was spoken at a time when he stood upon the highest pinnacle of his power,—when he had declared himself, “forced to assume the DICTATORSHIP of the world.” But he was then upon the brink of a precipice. “He had poured the strength of France over the north and east of Europe, with the consuming rapidity of the stream from a volcano; but he was to encounter another species of resistance;—to plunge his torrents of living fire into a new and mighty element, in which they were to be extinguished and buried forever:”—one step more, and he was involved in the disasters of the Russian campaign, from which he never recovered himself. The French empire had then attained to an extent of territory and power that astonished the world. A hasty sketch of its mere outlines, I well remember, created a powerful sensation, several years after the downfall of him who was denominated “*the master and soul of it*,”—Napoleon. “Its actual limits were scarcely defined by a line drawn from the Baltic round the shores of the Continent, along the Pyrenées, and from the Pyrenées round Italy, to the dominions of the Porte, Naples alone excepted, as under the nominal sovereignty of Murat. But the virtual empire also comprehended Switzerland, the Confederation of the Rhine, and a crowd of minor principedoms; thus constituting a dominion of 800,000

square miles, and eighty-five millions of people; the fifth of Europe in territory, the half in population; and in site, fertility, and military means, immeasurably over-matching all that remained. What but the arm of Providence could have scattered, with the suddenness of the fall of a billow, the power of such an empire?" The field of Waterloo was the last step but one of Napoleon's undoing. The next terminated his earthly career upon the death-bed:—

"When Justice seal'd the gates of heaven and hell,
The rest—that day, that day alone shall tell."

All is now calm, "yet," to use the language of another, "there are mysterious threatenings, that may well keep the eye of the philosopher and the Christian strongly turned to that *loftier region in which the changes* of human things are born. A moment may cover earth with clouds, and break up the slumbers of mankind with a visitation, to which all the past was peace; a tempestuous development of power, in which the strength of man will be withered and scattered like forest leaves before the blast, and the final ends of punishment and mercy be wrought upon the world." But the "*Arc de Triomphe*" still glows with sculpture which proclaims, beneath a brilliant sky, events that are still deemed glorious and important by the French people; and yonder lies a little heap of dust and bones,—all that remains of Napoleon,—the man whose ambition almost shook the equilibrium of our planet!

This afternoon we passed beneath another Triumphal Arch in honour of Napoleon. It stands near the Palace of the Tuilleries; and is said to be modelled after the arch of Septimius Severus at Rome. I know not whether you will think the following description worthy of the time it occupied me in "pencilling it." The fabric appears to be fine free-stone; the height,

say, forty-five feet; width, sixty; thickness of the arch, twenty feet. Four Corinthian columns, with bases and capitals of bronze, ornament each of its principal façades, all of which support a handsome entablature. The columns are surmounted by four military statues. There are six bass-reliefs, representing the most memorable events in the battles of 1805. A triumphal car, in which stands the hero, and four bronze horses which are attached to it, are, it is said, only imitations of those which once occupied the spot,—the famous horses which now adorn St. Mark's, Venice.

We are just going out to enjoy a walk through the gardens and grounds of the Tuilleries;—a delightful spot, open to the public at all times of the day. *

* * * * Here are groves, fountains, and classical statuary in great abundance;—uninjured and unsullied by the hand of vulgarity. All these things are safe here. To injure a statue, or to wound a tree, is considered an indelible disgrace. How venerable the palace itself! Croly's description of it, forces itself upon one's recollection:—

“ Large, lofty, gorgeous, all that meets the eye,
 Strong with the stamp of ancient majesty;
 The impress which, so undefined, yet clear,
 Tells that the former mighty have been there.
 All looking hoary pomp; the walls rich scroll'd,
 The roof high flourish'd, arras stiff with gold,
 In many a burning hue and broad festoon,
 Wreathing those casements, blazon'd now with noon,
 The marble tablets, on their silver claws,
 Loaded with nymphs, and grace, and pix, and vase.”

* * * *

Ever affectionately,

J. C.

LETTER XXIX.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, September, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,

THE *Hôtel des Invalides*, over which we were conducted to-day, is a national institution of France,—a *military asylum*. Aged and disabled soldiers, to the number of 3,500, are at present entertained within its walls. Many of these, having fought and bled under Napoleon, present a soul-moving spectacle of the horrors of war;—some are minus of an arm or a leg; others scarred fearfully,—lame or maimed. That which, under other circumstances, would have been a cause of sorrow and humiliation, seemed, it is due to say, a source of exultation and glory. Each veteran, as if proud of his scars, exhibited himself with a look of complacency that told what was going on within.

“ Danger and death a dread delight inspire,
And the bald veteran glows with wonted fire;
Though richly bronzed with many a summer's sun,
He counts his scars, and shows what deeds were done.”

The chapel is a splendid edifice, fitted up in a costly and magnificent style. Colours belonging to many nations, taken amidst the blood and cries of the battle-field,—some of them riddled with bullet holes, or torn to shreds,—wave from various parts of the interior. The grounds are spacious and well planted, and afford agreeable promenades for the invalids; and are decorated with many objects calculated to fan that flame for military glory, which once almost consumed them; and which had better now give place to that purer flame which the gospel of Christ inspires,—

Peace upon earth and good will to men. A description of the interior of the edifice would afford you little interest. Every department is remarkable for neatness and cleanliness. The worn-out soldier may here pass the long evening of his days in comfort and improvement for a better world. Within the precincts of this edifice, repose the bones of Napoleon Bonaparte. We were disappointed at not being able to see his tomb, although within a few yards of it, on account of some important alterations going on in the place where he lies interred, and which required the exclusion of the public. The following, however, from an abler pen than mine, will give you an idea of the respect paid by the French people to him who was once "both their glory and their bane." "Within the chapel of *St. Jerome*, the ashes of Napoleon lie in state, surrounded by a violet-coloured velvet drapery, richly embroidered with gold ornaments, and festooned; the centre being ornamented with shields and trophies of war. Between columns, facing the entrance to the chapel, is raised a base, on which is placed (but covered with a velvet pall) the coffin, which contains the ashes of the hero; outside is the imperial crown, sword, and the little hat worn by Napoleon at *Eglau*; the flags which surround the tomb, are those taken at *Austerlitz*, surmounted by a large eagle. A gas lamp burns night and day; and on the 20th of March, the 5th of May, the 15th of August, and some other days of the year, several ancient chandeliers are lighted and placed around the coffin. The sides of the chapel are covered with drapery, ornamented with a gold cross, the imperial arms, and other devices. Outside the railing are four sentinels, chosen from among the inmates of the *Hôtel des Invalides*, whose duty it is to watch the chapel, day and night." I suppose, by this time, you have read *Mrs. Sigourney's* poetical tour;—" *Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands.*"

If so, and you have her volume at hand, you may turn to those fine lines which celebrate the return of Napoleon from St. Helena.*

“ Ho! city of the gay!
 Paris! what festal rite
 Doth call thy thronging millions forth,
 All eager for the sight?
 Thy soldiers line the streets
 In fix'd and stern array,
 With buckled helm and bayonet,
 As on the battle-day.
 By square and fountain side,
 Heads in dense masses rise;
 And tower, and battlement, and tree,
 Are studded thick with eyes.
 Comes there some conqueror home
 In triumph from the fight,
 With spoil and captives in his train,
 The trophies of his might?
 The ' Arc de Triomphe' glows!
 A martial host are nigh,
 France pours in long succession forth,
 Her pomp of chivalry.
 No clarion marks their way,
 No victor trump is blown;
 Why march they on so silently,
 Told by their tread alone?
 Behold! in glittering show,
 A gorgeous car of state!
 The white-plumed steeds, in cloth of gold,
 Bow down beneath its weight;
 And the noble war-horse, led
 Caparison'd along,
 Seems fiercely for his lord to ask,
 As his red eye scans the throng.

* Perhaps the English reader may not have seen the verses to which I have alluded. He will not, therefore, I hope, be displeas'd at their insertion; for, to say nothing of the simplicity and beauty of the poetry, they celebrate an event which attracted great attention at that time, throughout the civilized world, and which will be a matter of interesting history, when we shall all have passed away.

Who rideth on yon car ?
 The incense flameth high—
 Comes there some demi-god of old ?
 No answer!—No reply !
 Who rideth on yon car ?—
 No shout his minions raise,
 But by a lofty chapel dome
 The muffled hero stays.

A king is standing there,
 And with uncover'd head
 Receives him in the name of France,
 Receiveth whom ?—*The dead !*
 Was he not buried deep
 In island-cavern drear,
 Girt by the sounding ocean surge ?
 How came that sleeper here ?

Was there no rest for him
 Beneath a peaceful pall,
 That thus he brake his stony tomb,
 Ere the strong angel's call ?
 Hark! hark! the requiem swells,
 A deep, soul-thrilling strain !
 An echo, never to be heard
 By mortal ear again.

A requiem for the chief,
 Whose fiat millions slew,
 The soaring eagle of the Alps,
 The crush'd at Waterloo :—
 The banish'd who return'd,
 The dead who rose again,
 And rode in his shroud the billows proud,
 To the sunny banks of Seine.

They laid him there in state,
 That warrior strong and bold,
 The imperial crown, with jewels bright,
 Upon the ashes cold ;
 While round those columns proud
 The blazon'd banners wave,
 That on a hundred fields he won,
 With the heart's blood of the brave.

And sternly there kept guard
 His veterans scarr'd and old,

Whose wounds of Lodi's cleaving bridge,
 Or purple Leipsic told.
 Yes, there, with arms reversed,
 Slow pacing, night and day,
 Close watch beside the coffin kept
 Those veterans grim and grey.

A cloud is on their brow—
 Is it sorrow for the dead?
 Or memory of the fearful strife,
 Where their country's legions fled?
 Of Borodino's blood?
 Of Beresina's wail?
 The horrors of that dire retreat,
 Which turn'd old History pale?

A cloud is on their brow—
 Is it sorrow for the dead?
 Or a shuddering at the wintry shaft
 By Russian tempests sped?
 Where countless mounds of snow
 Mark'd the poor conscripts' grave,
 And pierced by frost and famine sank
 The bravest of the brave.

A thousand trembling lamps
 The gather'd darkness mock,
 And velvet drapes his hearse, who died
 On bare Helena's rock;
 And from the altar near,
 A never-ceasing hymn
 Is lifted by the chanting priests
 Beside the taper dim.

Mysterious one, and proud!
 In the land where shadows reign,
 Hast thou met the flocking ghosts of those,
 Who at thy nod were slain?
 Oh, when the cry of that spectral host,
 Like a rushing blast shall be,
 What will thine answer be to them?
 And what thy God's to thee?"

Speaking of the procession attendant upon the
 corpse of Napoleon, Mrs. S. adds: "The procession

through the streets of Paris of 350,000 cavalry and infantry, in all the dazzling pomp of military costume, was an imposing scene. But the absence of all martial music, and the rapidity with which they moved, on account of the singular severity of the weather, gave a strange effect to the pageant, like the rushing of some splendid and terrible dream."

On our return from the Hôtel des Invalides, we walked through the Chamber of Deputies:—a noble edifice; and the "Chamber" itself,—a semi-circular hall, ornamented with many Ionic columns with bronze gilt capitals,—is an imposing apartment. The seats for four hundred and fifty-nine deputies, rise above each other amphitheatrically, richly lined with red cloth trimmed with gold. There is a large painting behind the President's chair, of singular merit, both as to drawing, colouring, and spirit. I forget the painter's name, but he must be a master of the modern French school. The picture is designed to commemorate the act of king Louis Philippe swearing to the charter, in this chamber, on the 9th August, 1830. The king is, of course, the principal figure. Tallyrand and Lafayette are among the group.

After dinner we walked over to *La Place Vendome*, for the purpose of seeing the celebrated column which occupies its centre. Paris is full of Napoleon. In almost every street, you see something that tells you of Napoleon. In the absence of marble and bronze, the windows of every picture shop glare with his presence. In no window, nook, or place, however, have we seen anything to remind us of *Wellington*. There is no such prejudice observed in England; Napoleon is seen more frequently than Wellington;—but there are good reasons for this liberality. Here is a triumphal pillar with Napoleon on its top, in his favourite costume, at the giddy height of one hundred and forty feet or more from the pavement. Beneath his feet are

the victories, by which, as by so many steps, he obtained his elevation. It is a truncated column of the Tuscan order, modelled, it is said, after the manner of Trajan's column at Rome. The pedestal and shaft are of stone, sheathed with the material of more than one thousand pieces of cannon, taken from the Russian and Austrian armies. Should this pillar, like that of Trajan, survive the lapse of centuries, it will be a curious military museum to the people of those times. The uniforms, armour, and various weapons of the Russians and Austrians, are sculptured on the pedestal. A spiral ribbon, wide and massive, ascends from the pedestal to the capital, bearing not less than two thousand figures, each three feet in height, depicting the principal *actions and scenes* in the victories obtained by the French army under Napoleon, in the campaign of 1805,—from the departure of the troops from Boulogne, to the battle of Austerlitz, in exact chronological order. When one succeeds in banishing the remembrance of the "horrible butchery" of so many thousands of our unhappy race,—which this pillar celebrates,—one cannot but admire it as an ingenious and superb triumph of human art.

The first statue of Napoleon which occupied the summit of this pillar was destroyed during his reverses in 1814,—was melted down, and assisted in forming the equestrian statue of Henry IV., that now stands upon one of the bridges of Paris, which spans the Seine. It was after his escape from Elba, and when once more at the head of his troops in Paris, that the statueless column told him of the *fickleness* of the French people;—but this trait of the national character he knew before; nor could he well conceal it from himself, that this was only a part of a just retribution for his own *inconstancy*—toward the unhappy *Josephine*. I seldom look at a picture or statue of the man, without thinking of Josephine,—the divorced.

Napoleon touched the limits of his glory, when he discarded his lawful wife, and gave his hand to a daughter of Austria. "His conquest of Austria was followed by an event which, while it gave a new dye to his personal baseness, probably gave the most fatal impulse to his fall. The giddy policy, perhaps the empty ambition of a lofty alliance, and the chance of an heir to the French throne, prompted him to demand a daughter of Austria in marriage. To divorce Josephine cost his native heartlessness nothing. Her early connexion with his fortunes, her long attachment, and the personal merits of her character,—which, if fidelity, benevolence, and an unblamed course of years can redeem early error, should have made the feelings of this graceful and accomplished woman sacred to him,—were but as dust in the balance. She was divorced without a cause; and Napoleon, by a marriage which was an adultery, became the husband of Maria Louisa of Austria. It is cheering to our common scorn of ingratitude, the basest of the vices, to trace its punishment. This marriage was among the immediate causes of Napoleon's ruin. It deprived him of the counsel of an intelligent and disinterested friend, who had often restrained the violences of his impetuous nature. It disgusted all the principled classes in France; it gave the agitators an easy opportunity of throwing suspicion on his policy, and quoting the old evils of an Austrian alliance; it finally awoke the determination of Russia to resist, at all hazards. The combination of France with Austria menaced the Czar with utter overthrow. 'The next step,' said Alexander, on the announcement of the marriage, 'will be to drive me back to my forests.' *A more solemn and fearful result of this contempt of human obligation may have been the work of that invisible justice, which suffers the long career of guilt only to make its punishment more decisive.* Napoleon now

touched the limit of all his glories." Josephine lies buried a few miles from Paris; and I am glad to see that Mrs. S. has commemorated her visit to her tomb by a touching piece of "poetic composition."—

TOMB OF JOSEPHINE.

"She, who o'er earth's most polish'd clime
The empress-crown did wear,
And touch the zenith-point of power,
The nadir of despair;—

With all her charms and all her wrongs
Beneath this turf doth rest;
Where boldly spring two clasping hands
To guard her pulseless breast.

Say, did *his* love who ruled her heart,
This fair memorial rear,
And soothe the unrequited shade
With late remorseful tear?

Came he with sweet funereal flowers
To deck her couch of gloom,
And, like repentant Athens, bless
The guiltless martyr's tomb?

No!—mad ambition's selfish soul,
With cold and ingrate tone,
Abjured the gentle hand that paved
His pathway to a throne.

But fortune's star indignant paled,
And hid its guiding ray,
As sternly from his side he thrust
That changeless friend away.

Yet she to her secluded cell
No vengeful passion bore,
Nor harshly blamed his broken vows,
Who sought her smile no more;

Still o'er the joys of earlier years
With tender spirit hung,
And mourn'd, when sorrow o'er his path
A blighting shadow flung;

Gave thanks, if victory's meteor wreath
 His care-worn temples bound,
 And in the blessings of the poor,
 Her only solace found.

And so she died, and here she sleeps,
 This village-fane below ;
 Sweet is the memory of a life
 That caused no tear to flow."

The history of few men affords the contemplative mind more interesting subjects for serious thought than that of NAPOLEON.

Those who please may ascend to the top of Napoleon's pillar, by paying a trifle ; but, as we had viewed the city from the Arch of Triumph, we preferred to hasten away to the Cemetery of *Père la Chaise*, where we spent an agreeable hour among the tombs. These grounds comprehend nearly one hundred acres, finely diversified, picturesque, and beautiful, both in prospect and arrangement.

" I stood amid the dwellings of the dead,
 And saw the gayest city of the earth
 Spread out beneath me. Cloud and sunlight lay
 Upon her palaces and gilded domes,
 In slumbrous beauty. Through the streets flow'd on,
 In ceaseless stream, gay equipage and throng,
 As fashion led the way."

Monumental architecture may be studied here "to perfection." One would think that all the forms and sculptural designs which the piety, genius, or vanity of man ever invented, have found a place here. There are not less than sixteen thousand monuments, in every diversity of form the fancy of man has hitherto invented ; funeral vaults, temples, sepulchral chapels, pyramids, piers, columns, obelisks, altars, and urns, ornamented with appropriate devices. Flowers of all hues, garlands of all colours, enliven the mansions of the dead, and contrast strangely with the "living

foliage" of the cypress. The following lines I quoted, in a letter to yourself, if I rightly remember, the last time I was in France; but it is only in Père la Chaise that they can be read with peculiar effect:—

" Methinks the monster Death
Wears not such visage here, so grim and gaunt
With terror, as he shows in other lands.
Robing himself in sentiment, he wraps
His dreary trophies in a maze of flowers,
And makes his tombs like temples, or a home
So sweet to love, that grief doth fleet away."

Certainly the French people have resorted to a method of sepulture, which must serve greatly to lessen that gloomy horror which is associated with the idea of the grave; but it is the salvation of the gospel alone, that can soothe the conscience, and quiet the fears of man:—this strips death of the hideousness of his aspect, robs the grave of its gloom, and eternity of its terrors.

The terms on which the ground is let, were to us somewhat new. 1st. "*Public graves*," where the poor obtain a resting-place free of expense; these are only four and a half feet deep. The coffins are placed side by side; and as five years are sufficient to decompose the bodies, owing to some peculiar property in the soil, they are all liable to be disturbed after that period, in order to make room for a fresh accession of humanity:—

" There is the lowly haunt,
Where rest the poor. No towering obelisk
Beareth their name. No blazon'd tablet tells
Their joys or sorrows. Yet 'tis sweet to muse
Around their pillow of repose, and think
That Nature mourns their loss, though man forgets.
The lime-tree and acacia, side by side,
Spring up, in haste to do their kindly deed
Of sheltering sympathy, as though they knew
Their time was short.

Sweet Nature ne'er forgets
 Her buried sons, but cheers their summer-couch
 With turf and dew-drops, bidding autumn's hand
 Drop lingering garlands of its latest leaves ;
 And glorious spring from wintry thralldom burst,
 To bring their type of Immortality."

2nd. "*Temporary graves*," held for ten years, by payment of fifty franks,—a little more than two pounds sterling, or ten American dollars. At the expiration of the above term of years, the lease is out, and it belongs no more to the family, unless it is renewed ; but it may be made *perpetual*, by adding two hundred franks to the original sum. 3rd. "*Perpetual graves*," which cost two hundred and fifty franks per yard.

The taste of other lands, as regards sepulchral monuments, inscriptions, &c., may be seen here in its many varieties ; because many of the dead of different countries are here ; men of rank and fashion, as well as the solitary traveller, who was but yesterday called to finish his travels in the French capital, and to lay his bones in a stranger-land, far from the sepulchres of his fathers :—

"The dead of distant lands
 Are gather'd here. In pomp of sculpture sleeps
 The Russian Demidoff, and Britain's sons
 Have crossed the foaming sea, to leave their dust
 In a strange soil. Yea, from my own far land
 They've wander'd here, to die. Were there not graves
 Enough among our forests ? by the marge
 Of our broad streams ? amid the hallow'd mounds
 Of early kindred ? that ye needs must come
 This weary way, to share the strangers' bed,
 My people ? I could weep to find ye here !
 And yet your names are sweet, the words ye grave,
 In the loved language of mine infancy,
 Most pleasant to the eye, involved so long
 'Mid foreign idioms.

Yonder height doth boast
 The warrior-chiefs, who led their legions on

To sack and siege; whose flying tramp disturb'd
 The Cossack in his hut, the Alpine birds,
 Who build above the cloud, and Egypt's slaves,
 Crouching beneath their sky-crown'd pyramids.
 How silent are they all! No warning trump
 Amid their host! No steed! No footstep stirs
 Of those who rush'd to battle. Haughtily
 The aspiring marble tells each pausing group
 Their vaunted fame. Oh, shades of mighty men,
 Went these proud honours with you, where the spear
 And shield resound no more! Cleaves the blood-stain
 Around ye there? Steal the deep-echoing groans
 Of those who fell, the cry of those who mourn'd,
 Across the abyss that bars you from our sight,
 Waking remorseful pangs?

We may not ask

With hope of answer. But the time speeds on,
 When all shall know."

Père la Chaise is the burying-place of all denominations. It is not uncommon, we have been informed, to see the Romish priest and the Protestant minister interring their dead at the same time. This liberality has not always been vouchsafed to Protestants in France. It was in this country, you will remember, that Young's Narcissa died, and where she was interred. I did not know, till lately, that her grave has been discovered, her remains disinterred, and furnished with a place of repose within the precincts of a Christian cemetery. The world has somewhat improved since the days of Young. Were he alive now, and in Paris, and were the same mournful event to occur again, he would not have to say as he did then:—

" Denied the charity of dust to spread
 O'er dust; a charity their dogs enjoy;
 What could I do? what succour? what resource?
 With pious sacrilege a grave I stole,—
 More like a murderer than friend, I crept
 With soft suspended step, and, muffled deep
 In midnight darkness, whispered my last sigh."

Churches established by law, are but *local* things.

Dr. Young found, to his sorrow, that the Established Church of England was nothing more than dissent in France. Such a painful humiliation should have disposed him to be very kind and liberal to that class of his fellow-subjects called dissenters, on his return to England. Many such reverses have I seen awarded to churches in foreign lands;—enough, dear Sir, I do assure you, to dispose me to receive the circumstances of churches,—their particular mode of ordination, their forms and ceremonies, their robes, their steeples and bells, whether they are located in America, or in Great Britain and Ireland, or any other country,—at a very great discount. You know me too well to deem this sentiment either *illiberal*, or as betraying a partiality to *latitudinarianism*. I consider that church most apostolical, be her position in the nation what it may, that comes the nearest to the holy scriptures in her doctrines, and which has the most sinners awakened and converted to God under her ministry.

What stranger ever returns from Père la Chaise without seeing the tomb of Abelard and Heloise?—

“Come to yon stately dome,
With arch and turret, every shapely stone
Breathing the legends of the Paraclete,
Where slumber Abelard and Heloise,
'Neath such a world of wreaths, that scarce ye see
Their marble forms recumbent, side by side.”

The ashes of the unfortunate pair repose beneath one of the most ancient and interesting monuments in the cemetery. It is a small Gothic parallelogram chapel, fourteen feet by eleven, and twenty-four feet in height, formed out of the ruins of the celebrated Abbey of Paraclete. The roof is graced with one pinnacle in the centre, ten or twelve feet high, and four small ones spring from the corners. Ten little arches, surmounted by worked cornices, are supported by fourteen elegant columns, each six feet high. It has two

principal pediments; upon one is sculptured Mount Calvary, Abelard in his monastic dress, two busts, and an angel holding in his arms the soul of Abelard. The opposite pediment represents, in bassreliefs, the several figures that comprised the procession at Abelard's funeral. Within the chapel is the tomb, upon which are two statues in a recumbent posture,—Abelard and Heloise, in a good state of preservation. Upon the sarcophagus, in bassrelief, are some of the Fathers of the church. The inscriptions were too much effaced to be deciphered correctly. Pope, in his inimitable verses, has immortalized this couple. I wonder any poet dare touch upon these characters, after reading such a splendid production. When I read it in your house, one evening several years ago, I thought it one of the finest pieces of composition of the kind, with which I was acquainted, in the English language. And, but for that short poem, few foreign travellers would take much interest in the monument.

Shortly after our return to Paris, we were favoured with a call at our hotel, from the Rev. Mr. Toase, Wesleyan missionary, who kindly offered to render us any assistance in his power to render our visit to Paris agreeable and entertaining. We considered this very kind, and were truly grateful. Some poet, Mr. Montgomery, if I am not mistaken, speaks feelingly upon a sort of "heart sickness" and "blank of mind," which strangers feel after being subjected for a considerable time to the inconvenience of a foreign language, which they but imperfectly understand. He tells us too of the refreshing joyfulness which the sound of one's native language diffuses over the spirit, when favoured with it suddenly and unexpectedly:—

"—— When in foreign climes, 'midst sounds unknown,
We hear the speech or music of our own,
Roused to delight, from dear abstraction start,
And feel our country beating at our heart."

Thus it was with us; we were glad to see Mr. T., and to hear his voice; and thankful to the Wesleyan Missionary Committee, for placing one of their faithful missionaries in this great city. Mr. Toase preaches in the French language, and is doing much good; while he is rendered a blessing to English travellers,—in health and in sickness, in extricating them from difficulties, imparting “secular advice,” or spiritual consolation.

Ever, in Jesus, affectionately,

J. C.

LETTER XXX.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, September, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,

TO-DAY we visited the *Louvre*. We had some difficulty in obtaining admittance, as our passports had been sent to the ambassadors at the French court for signature; but, after a short demur, and some ceremony, we were allowed to enter. How rapidly did five or six hours pass away “amidst the wonders” of this great national museum. I could fill many pages with “pencilings” which now lie before me, but, on looking them over, they appear so dry, and so uninteresting, and moreover differing so little from “the thousand and one” descriptions of “the curiosities of the Louvre,” with which *you* and your *select circle* at ——— are already familiar, that I have just concluded, for the sake of my own credit, and your patience, to consign the greater part of them to *oblivion*. The Picture Gallery is a world in itself;—a scene of enchantment. Only think of a gallery, more than seven

hundred paces in length, by fourteen paces in breadth, the walls of which are covered from end to end with the noblest productions of the most celebrated masters of by-gone centuries. We were particularly pleased with several large paintings, of colossal magnitude, in a large hall leading to the principal gallery, of singular merit; rich in variety, imagination, and poetry; full of movement and interest, and displaying great faithfulness to nature, propriety of arrangement, and charm of colouring.

There are several large rooms in the same story, which present about six hundred paintings, chiefly of the French, Flemish, Spanish, and Italian schools; some of which are *extremely coarse* and ordinary, both in drawing, colouring, and expression, and which, but for their antiquity, would probably long ere this have been consigned to the lumber rooms. We noticed others, however, which, in the opinion of my travelling companion,—and he is a better judge than I can have any pretensions to be,—are admirable for composition, feeling, and energy.

The Gallery of Statuary, is rich in the works both of the ancient and modern chisels. Whoever visits this great museum, cannot fail to be impressed with an exalted idea of the national taste of France, for all that is beautiful, grand, instructive, and ennobling in the fine arts. As we are soon to visit the land so long famous for painting and sculpture, I may with propriety excuse myself from enlarging here. A detail of "*first impressions*," among the works of art in the Louvre, would, I fear, be premature, and only lay the foundation for repentance. I am certain, if spared to return to Paris, that I shall be better qualified to decide upon those points you have proposed, with regard to the "treasures of art, in the Louvre," than I feel myself at present. * * *

We have just returned from an agreeable visit to

the Pantheon,—a sort of national mausoleum; for although it has quite the appearance of a church, it seems to be used for no other purpose than as a place of sepulture for the great men of the nation. The following extract from my notes will, perhaps, afford you a better and more pleasing impression than a more laboured description, which I feel quite incapable of just now. The “freeness and freshness” of the thoughts will, I hope, make up for the absence of that sort of “detail” which you require. What a noble portico have we here! There are not less than twenty-two fluted Corinthian columns,—say five feet in diameter, and sixty feet high. The eye ranging upwards rests upon that tranquil pediment, and its massive sculpture, and is detained at length upon that imposing motto on the plinth: *Aux grands hommes, la patrie reconnaissante*, “Their grateful country” (dedicates this) “to her great men.” From thence vision ranges over the entire structure, which shows a front of between two and three hundred feet; thence upward to the superb dome, which terminates at an altitude of two hundred and fifty feet from the pavement. How majestic and imposing! But how strangely contrasted with the little heaps of dusty bones, which the noble structure shelters and honours! How humiliating!—but “the mind is the standard of the man.” How solemnly did these lines flow through my mind, as Mr. Hudson was quoting them just as we were approaching this building: he referred with the poet, of course, to the “skull”—*the skulls*—the mortal remains of the dead whose vaults we intended to visit:—

“Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,
 Its chambers desolate, its portals foul.
 Yes! this was once ambition's airy hall,
 The dome of thought, the palace of the soul.
 Behold through each lack lustre, eyeless hole,

The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,
 And passion's host that never brook'd control :—
 Could all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
 People this lonely tower, this tenement reft !”

We are now within the interior. Architectural critics have been severe upon this edifice, provoked, possibly, by the boast of the French architect, that it would rival St. Paul's, at London, and even St. Peter's, at Rome ; in which it is too true he has most signally failed. Want of solidity, has, I believe, been considered its principal defect. That array of small arches which support the vault overhead, seem too airy and unsubstantial for the weight they sustain ; their arabesque and fanciful mould appears too fragile to bear the superincumbent and tremendous mass of architecture which rests upon them. The sentiment of a traveller is calculated to make one feel rather “ nervous,” in attempting to risk farther inspection. “ When the traveller peruses the inscription on the frieze, *Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante*, and recollects that the country here, means the bloody faction of the Jacobins ; and the great men alluded to were the writers who prepared, or the assassins who accomplished, the revolution,—Voltaire, and Rousseau, Mirabeau, and Marat,—he will not regret that a church thus profaned, and turned into a Pandemonium, should tumble to the ground, and crush in its fall the impure carcasses that are still allowed to putrify in its vaults.” The remembrance, however, that the edifice has weathered the storms of many years, removes feelings of apprehension, and we proceed. The interior, notwithstanding a few defects, is imposing and grand. Although in the form of a Greek cross, and several of its parts unequal in dimensions, there is a union of detail, and a harmony of parts, which overspread, like a solemn charm, the whole. The columns which divide the nave from the aisles, harmonize in order with the portico,

are fluted also, and less in diameter, but exceed it in number by one hundred or more. The entablature which those columns support, presents a peristyle composed of sixteen Corinthian columns, which aid in supporting a cupola of great magnitude and beauty. Through an aperture in this cupola,—say twenty-nine or thirty feet in diameter,—is seen, at an immense height, a second cupola, which presents a surface of three thousand square feet, upon which is a magnificent fresco painting, which employed six years of the life of an eminent artist. One may judge of the altitude of the space above, from the fact, that the ceiling of the nave is suspended one hundred and seventy feet above the marble floor where we stand.

We have descended to the vaults beneath, and are now traversing the "subterranean city of the dead." What a tremendous echo has the closing of that door created!—two circular passages in the centre of that vaulted area, have produced it;—enough, one would think, to stir the bones of the sleeping dead, if not to shake the entire edifice. But what do the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau in such a mausoleum? Why should they be numbered with the great men of the nation?—unless the great men were ruined by the infidelity of these two wicked men;—if so, it is not unfit they should all rest together, in order to confront these infidel chiefs when the sound of the last trumpet shall recal them to life and consciousness. O, what a scene will here be witnessed on that great and terrible day of the Lord! How did these vile men denounce the holy scriptures! While their constant watch-word, through their guilty career, was, "*Crush the wretch,*" meaning Christ, the entire weight of their prostituted talents were brought to bear upon the minds of their unfortunate and deluded countrymen; and their aim was to erase from the public mind of France, and indeed of all Europe, every vestige of confidence in our holy religion.

This is the tomb of Rousseau. A hand grasping a flaming torch reaches horribly from a partly open door ; reminding one of those lines, though by the way, very far from being intended by the sentimental French :—

“ But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul ; freeze thy young blood ;
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres ;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on-end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine :
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.”

Rather, his admirers intended this torch to represent the character and influence of his philosophy ;—that in his hand, it was as a flaming torch, revealing, to the eyes of his countrymen, “ the rottenness of Christianity,—the rights of man,—the claims of reason, and of liberty without law.”

Parallel with the tomb of Rousseau, and but a few yards apart, is that of Voltaire ;—men who never could agree through life, are placed side by side in death. Agreed they were, indeed, to overturn Christianity, and to establish infidelity, “ as the standard of French principles and religion,” but their tempers were like thunder clouds, when brought in contact with each other. A black globe, with a lyre resting against it, stands upon the lid of the tomb of Voltaire. How emblematical is this of the effects of this infidel's doctrines, had he succeeded in his attempts against the Christian religion ! Our round world would have been, by this time, as *black as hell*, and the angels of God might have chanted a requiem, prelude of its speedy destruction ; while the philosophical torch of Rousseau would have served but to light to hell's flames, our globe with its inhabitants ! It was a just judgment

upon Voltaire, that the effects of his own doctrines, should have been first realized in his own dark and unhappy soul. He "*struck the lyre,*" but it was only to sound the requiem of his own ruined peace, with the contemplation of the miseries of his fellow-men. Bleak and dismal were the prospects that infidelity had spread before him. But hear him; for it is only by the side of his tomb that one may "realize in full," his melancholy tones!—"Who can, without horror, consider the whole earth as the empire of destruction? It abounds in wonders, it abounds also in victims; it is a vast field of carnage and contagion. Every species is without pity; pursued and torn to pieces, through the earth, and air, and water. In man there is more wretchedness than in all other animals put together. He smarts continually under two scourges, which other animals never feel;—anxiety and listlessness in appetite, which make him weary of himself. He loves life, and yet he knows that he must die. If he enjoy some transient good, for which he is thankful to Heaven, he suffers various evils, and is at last devoured by worms. This knowledge is his fatal prerogative; other animals have it not. He feels it every moment rankling and corroding in his breast. Yet he spends the transient moment of his existence in diffusing the misery that he suffers; in cutting the throats of his fellow-creatures for pay; in cheating, and being cheated; in robbing, and being robbed; in serving, that he may command; and in repenting of all that he does. The bulk of mankind are nothing more than a crowd of wretches, equally criminal and unfortunate; and the globe contains rather carcasses than men. I tremble, upon a review of this dreadful picture, to find that it implies a complaint against PROVIDENCE, and *I wish that I had never been born.*" Nor need we go far to find proofs of the dire consequences of the labours of these men. "One

sinner," says the inspired penman, "destroys much good:"—two may effect more than one. How largely these two infidels have contributed to the infidelity that prevails so fatally in France to the present hour, the day of judgment and eternity may alone declare. Their pernicious doctrines live, flourish, and bear the most destructive fruit that Satan and his host could possibly desire. We stand in the very centre of infidelity. Those vices which always accompany that infernal system, have rendered the French capital notorious among the nations of civilization. I shall not "besmear my page" with a list of the abominations of Paris. Last Sabbath evening, the theatres and ball-rooms were all open, and illuminated, and crowded with people. The shops were open and thronged; all sorts of wickedness and folly were signalized in various places; and the agents of vice were on the alert to entrap the unwary. Surely some terrible judgments, red with uncommon vengeance, are in reserve for this wicked city. He who visits Paris in an unconverted state, or without the *strongest Christian principles ruling his heart, is almost sure to be carried away as by a flood.* The thought has again and again forced itself upon me, that the irreligion and vices of Paris, with the *gay and daring unbelief* which seems to pervade all ranks of society, may, without much difficulty, be traced to the men whose ashes lie on either hand,—as we trace streams to the fountains from whence they proceed. In various parts of the world have I met their disciples; but in France,—and especially in Paris,—as in a hell, they seem congregated together. The writings of Rousseau, like a torch, still throw their horrid glare upon the path of these men, as if to cheer them forward to the fire that shall never be quenched, and to the worm that shall never die.

That there are abundance of infidels in England,

and in the United States, none, alas! can deny. That there are not more, we owe, under God, to that pure form of Christianity,—*Protestantism*, with which these nations are so highly favoured. The legislators of these countries, I may also add, are too deeply read in the bloody pages of the French revolution, ever to countenance a system, which, had it but the same hold upon their respective fellow-subjects, as it had, in the days of Rousseau and Voltaire, upon the population of France, would soon bring about similar results in England and America. That was a powerful reproof given by an English nobleman to a lady convert of Voltaire, in Brussels. The bold infidel was present, and, no doubt, “chuckled within himself,” when she put the following question to the English stranger: “I think, my lord, that the Parliament of England consists of five or six hundred men, of the best informed and most sensible men in the kingdom.” “True, Madam, they are generally supposed to be so.” “What, then, my lord, can be the reason, that they tolerate so great an absurdity as the Christian religion?” “I suppose, Madam,” replied his lordship, “it is because they have not been able to substitute anything better in its stead; when they can, I don’t doubt but, in their wisdom, they will readily accept it.” Nor can we, while standing beside the tomb of Voltaire, forget his dying scene. His motto, as well as that of D’Alembert, was, “*Let us live and die laughing;*” but they both finished their course very differently. “It was during Voltaire’s last visit to Paris,” says the historian, “when his triumph was complete, and he had even feared that he should die with glory, amidst the acclamations of an infatuated theatre, that he was struck by the hand of Providence, and fated to make a very different termination of his career.” Time will not allow me to dwell longer upon the last hours of these unfortunate men. They have long since stood

before the judgment-seat, and have gone to their own place. May God prepare us to stand at the same tribunal! Amen. Ever your brother, in haste for eternity, trusting in the alone merits of Jesus Christ our Lord.

J. C.

LETTER XXXI.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, September, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE seen a great variety of interesting objects within the last few days; a detail of which seems better adapted for a private conversation than for a letter. * * * * * I omitted to mention, in my last letter, our visit to the Place de la Concorde,—more properly, the *Place de la Revolution*,—a little more in keeping with the bloody character of the scenes enacted there. “Fearful baptisms has that spot known,” says one, “from the trampling down of thousands, in the fatal rush at the marriage-festival of Louis XVI., to the sad spectacle of his own decapitation, and that of the throngs, who, night and day, fed the guillotine. In the two years that succeeded his death, more than two thousand persons, of both sexes, were executed here; until it was said, that the soil, pampered with its terrible aliment, rose up, and burst open, and refused to be trodden down like other earth.” But the principal attraction in this place, is the *Obelisk of Luxor*,—a venerable and imposing object. It stands upon a massive pedestal,

in a site at once beautiful and commanding. As this Obelisk was the first of the kind we had ever seen, it excited our attention and interest in no small degree. It is a relic of ancient Egypt,—one of the two that stood in front of the great temple of Thebes, where they were erected, fifteen hundred years before the Christian era, by Rameses III.,—in history, the great Sesostris of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty. I have not learned its exact height, but should judge it to be about one hundred and twenty feet. It is of a single block of speckled granite,—of the red sienite species, having a polished appearance, and is covered from bottom to top, with hieroglyphics, the meaning of which, notwithstanding all that has been said and written by the learned, will, it is likely, remain a secret to the end of time. “In such good preservation is this relic of antiquity and art,” says a late traveller, “that the mind is slow in believing, that nearly three thousand four hundred years have elapsed, since it was first placed in front of the great temple of Thebes, the modern Luxor.”

OBELISK OF LUXOR,

IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

“Thou here! What but a miracle could tear
Thee from thine old and fav’rite spot of birth?
And o’er the wave thy pond’rous body bear,
Making thee thus at home in foreign earth?
While countless throngs with curious glance regard
Thy strange and sanguine face, with hieroglyphics scarr’d.

Thou hadst a tedious voyage, I suppose,
Sea-sickness and rough rocking—was it so?
Thou wert as Jonah to the mariners,
I understand, and wrought them mickle woe;
And when the port was reach’d, they fear’d with pain
Thou ne’er would’st raise thy head, or be thyself again.

Dost think thy brother Monolith will dare,
 Like thee, the dangers of the deep to meet?
 I learn he has the viceroy's leave to take
 The tour, his education to complete:
 Thy warm, fraternal heart right glad would be
 Here, in this stranger land, his honest face to see.

What can'st thou tell us? thou whose wondrous date
 Doth more than half our planet's birth-days measure!
 Saw'st thou Sesostris, in his regal state,
 Ruling the conquer'd nations at his pleasure?
 And are those stories true, by hist'ry told,
 Of hundred-gated Thebes, with all her power and gold?

Didst hear how hard the yoke of bondage press'd
 On Israel's chosen race, by Nilus' strand?
 And how the awful seer, with words of flame,
 Did in the presence of the tyrant stand?
 When with dire plagues the hand of Heaven was red,
 And stiff-neck'd Egypt shriek'd o'er all her first-born dead?

Tell us who built the pyramids; and why
 They took such pains those famous tombs to rear,
 Yet chanced at last to let their names slip by,
 And drown in dark oblivion's waters drear;—
 Didst e'er attend a trial of the dead?
 Pray, tell us where the judges held their seat?
 And touch us just the key-note of the tune,
 Which statued Memnon breathed, the morn to greet;
 Or sing of Isis' priests the vesper-chime;
 Or doth thy mem'ry fail beneath the weight of time?

How little didst thou dream, in youth, to be
 So great a trav'ler in thy hoary years,
 And here, in liliéd France, to take thy stand,
 The silv'ry fountains playing round thine ears,
 And groves and gardens stretching 'neath thy feet,
 Where sheds the ling'ring sun, his parting lustre sweet.

Yet beautiful thou art in majesty,
 As ancient oracle, from Delphic shrine,
 Which by the ocean cast on stranger shore,
 Claims worship for its mysteries divine;
 And Egypt hath been prodigally kind,
 Such noble gift to send, to keep her love in mind.

The earth whereon thou standest hath been red
 And saturate with blood, and at the rush
 Of those who came to die, hath quaked with dread,
 As though its very depths did shrink and blush,
 Like Eden's soil, when first the purple tide
 It drank with shudd'ring lip, and to its Maker cried.

Be as a guardian to this new-found home,
 That fondly woo'd thee o'er the billows blue,
 For 't were a pity sure, to come so far,
 And know so much, and yet no good to do:—
 So from the 'Place la Concorde' blot the shame,
 And bid it lead a life more worthy of its name."

The view from the pedestal of the Obelisk is exceedingly fine. To the left are the groves of the Champs Elysées; farther on, at the top of a noble avenue, is Napoleon's Arch of Triumph; to the right, the gardens of the Tuilleries, enlivened by fountains and sheets of water, and speckled with statuary. The Chamber of Deputies stands at a greater distance, but in solemn majesty; from thence the eye rests upon the lofty dome of the Hôtel des Invalides; forward, at the head of a wide and beautiful street, stands the Madeleine, one of the handsomest buildings in Paris,—perhaps in the world. Around the Obelisk itself, but in closer proximity, is a noble and imposing circle of statuary.

We now stand in front of the Madeleine Church. We have been here several times before; have viewed it from various points, and always with admiration. This, I am aware, will not satisfy you, so long as you maintain the right to ask the old question, "*Why* did you admire?" Its form is a rectangle, three hundred and twenty-six feet by one hundred and thirty. It is seated upon an elegant basement, and shows an altitude nearly equal to its length. We have been informed, that the exterior is similar to the Parthenon at Athens. Indeed one could scarcely believe that

any of those ancient temples of Greece, which were once the glory of the country, could have much exceeded the Madeleine, in shape, proportions, simplicity, and beauty; to say nothing of material, masonry, and sculpture. How sublime and grand is that peristyle of fifty-two Corinthian columns, with which the structure is surrounded on every side! A portico and a double row of columns, surmounted by a triangular pediment, beautify the north and south fronts. Those figures within the pediment of the southern front, are objects of considerable instruction to those who are in the habit of looking up; but, of all the multitudes who have thronged past us the last hour, not one has deigned a glance thitherward. The space allotted to these figures is extensive,—say one hundred and fifteen feet in length, and twenty or more in height. The principal figure is *Christ*, with *Mary Magdalene* at his feet. *Innocence* is approaching the Saviour,—surely the sculptor did not intend this personage to plead the cause of the disconsolate sinner;—but *Innocence* brings with her, *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Charity*. A company of angels yonder, are contemplating the fair penitent, and seem as if admiring the circumstances of her conversion. On the other hand is an angel, with a flaming sword, driving before him *Envy*, *Lewdness*, *Hypocrisy*, and *Avarice*. Slily, in an angle of the pediment, is a demon in the act of hurling the souls of the *licentious* into the flames of perdition. There are uncommon life and spirit thrown into these groups of sculpture. But it is not sculpture, nor painting, nor poetry, that will ever arrest the profligacy and debauchery of Paris. The gospel of Jesus Christ only can do it;—and that gospel faithfully, powerfully, and completely preached. Ah! that Frenchman yonder has seen quite enough,—a significant shrug of the shoulder, and a turn of the eye downward, indicate that he has little interest

either in the *subject* or the *sculpture*, and hastens away! Napoleon attempted to thwart the purposes for which this building was erected,—a Cathedral church, by converting it into a “*Temple of Glory*,” but the extinguisher that came down so suddenly upon his own glory, had a like effect upon the projected scheme, and the edifice reverted to its original design, and was honoured with a magnificent completion. The interior, like most Romish churches of note, is encumbered and disfigured by the childish “trinkets and trumpery” of popery,—gaudy in the extreme, and presents a wide contrast to the beauty and simple majesty of the exterior.

* * * * *

Yesterday noon, we attended divine service in the Wesleyan chapel, which is situated within a few yards of the Madeleine. It is quite an unpretending little building, hemmed in from the street by great houses, so that a stranger might search half a day before he could find it. What a contrast when compared with the magnificent Madeleine! But the truth, the whole truth of the gospel is preached in that same little chapel, while the architectural splendour of the other, serves but to shelter a system of error that must be finally overthrown. The *stable* in the city of Bethlehem, and the “coarse accommodation of a manger,” and the *Temple at Jerusalem*, presented a far wider contrast than do the Wesleyan chapel and the Madeleine in the city of Paris. Yet the Lord Jesus, who is the way, the truth, and the life, whose name was yet to be adored, and whose religion was decreed finally to be the religion of all the nations of the earth, chose the stable and the manger, instead of the superb temple; prefiguring thereby, that it, and all the splendid services of Judaism, were destined to be swept away, and to perish amidst the ruins of the Jewish nation.

The interior of the chapel is neatly fitted up, and

affords a delicious seclusion to the pious Protestant, and a refreshing retreat to the stranger in Paris, from the follies and dissipations of this great capital. It is capable of seating about three hundred people, and it was nearly full. The Rev. Mr. Thompson, a Wesleyan minister from England, officiated. Text: "*Every man that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself, even as he is pure.*" 1 John iii. 3. It was a plain, faithful sermon, rich in evangelical truth, and well delivered. We spent the afternoon at our hotel, reading and praying; and in the evening I preached in the same chapel, with considerable liberty. In the concluding prayer, the Lord assisted me. There was a shaking among the dry bones; some were glad to escape, but many remained to pray, when a scene was presented which surpassed in grandeur all the "sights" that Paris could present:—a number of awakened sinners around the communion rail, pleading for mercy, through the Saviour of the world, several of whom were enabled, at the conclusion of the service, to rejoice in a sin-pardoning God. Hallelujah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, and shall reign, even in Paris,—till every sinner shall be subdued and saved,—till the errors which reign in high and low places, shall be banished to the hell from whence they sprang. The housekeeper of the late prince Tallyrand was, I am informed, among the penitents.

The Rev. Mr. Toase having returned from preaching in another part of the city, sent us a note of invitation to take supper, and to spend an hour in company with a few friends; but, feeling exhausted, and the night being rainy withal, we preferred the quiet of our lodgings, and sent an apology.

To-day we walked through the Cathedral of Notre-Dame. It is a heavy Gothic structure, with little, in general, to recommend it, except its antiquity. The principal front, which faces the west, has two massive

towers, each more than two hundred feet high. There is an extraordinary profusion of florid sculpture spread over this front. The interior presents a vast but gloomy area ; but the presence of three hundred noble columns, each a single block of stone, render it imposing. We noticed a few good paintings, by French artists. From the top of one of the towers we had a fine view of Paris and the country around. The edifice is well adapted for such a prospect, as it stands nearly in the centre of the city. The eras of ancient and modern architecture are very distinctly marked upon the walls of Notre D ame and the Madeleine.

In haste, your affectionate friend,

J. C.

LETTER XXXII.

TO THE SAME.

Avignon, September, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,

WE left Paris, by railway, last Thursday morning, for Orleans, where we arrived about noon, seventy miles from Paris. A machine similar to that which lifted the body of our carriage off its wheels, and placed it on the railway car at Paris, raised it again at Orleans, and lowered it again upon the wheels, without giving us the trouble to alight. Horses were attached immediately, and we rattled forward through the old city towards Lyons on the Rhone, where we arrived in thirty-four hours ; by which time we were glad of a comfortable bed at our hotel,—I forget the name,—having continued “on the wheels” day and night till our arrival at Lyons. The country through which we passed was

tame and uninteresting. The farming interest, if one might judge by the appearance of the houses, fences, and general aspect of the fields, appeared as if conducted upon a poor and unproductive scale. The last fifty miles of our route lay over a mountainous country, which served, in some measure, bleak as it appeared, to break the dull monotony with which we had been so long encompassed. When about half-way up a ridge of mountains, from the summit of which we had hoped to enjoy a view of a large portion of France, "an envious fog" came down and enveloped us; nor did we get out of it till we had almost descended the opposite side. We put up at a very large and very dirty hotel, at Lyons, but arriving late we had no opportunity to choose. After enjoying two or three hours sleep we hastened down to a steamer, and sailed for this city about five o'clock in the morning.

Who that is at all familiar with the history of the dreadful scenes enacted in France, during the revolution, in favour of infidelity, could fail to remember "the sufferings of Lyons?" Here it was that an infidel club was formed, the members of which bound themselves in a series of fearful oaths; one of which was: "We swear to exterminate all the rich aristocrats; their bloody corpses thrown into the Rhone shall bear our terrors to the affrighted sea." This plot was discovered just in time to prevent this frightful butchery; but the second infidel plot succeeded fatally. Thousands of the inhabitants of Lyons were butchered in "cold blood;" "the square where the guillotine stood was reddened with blood like a slaughter-house," and Lyons was converted into a heap of ruins. Three times, it is said, did the monsters change the place of the guillotine; and, although pits were dug to receive the blood, it flowed into the gutters, and made its way into the Rhone. But this instrument of death was unable, eventually, to satisfy their thirst

for blood, which became more intense as they proceeded. *Noblemen, priests, lawyers, merchants, and honest men*, all were involved in the *proscription*, were led out of the city in companies of hundreds at a time, and were despatched by shooting or stabbing, whichever was found most convenient. "The infidel *philosophers of France*," says one who wrote not long after the revolution in question, "who are evermore charging the *Gospel* with cruelty and murder, though it prohibits everything of the kind under the most awful sanctions, by a most tremendous retaliation, have turned their arms one against another, and have murdered upwards of two millions of their own countrymen in the course of seven years. Hence it appears, that your vainglorious *philosophers* have been, and are now, at least as bloody, illiberal, and intolerant, as the most bloody, illiberal, and intolerant of us *parsons*. What has the rejection of Christianity and the introduction of *infidel philosophy* done for France?" Infidels are fierce disputers; as unmerciful to their own brotherhood as to their opponents, when once they have power, and their *ire* is excited. "If you continue to dispute at this rate you will infallibly make me a Christian," was the exclamation of one of their fraternity, on beholding the savage manner in which his brethren disputed among themselves.

The morning was foggy when we left Lyons; and one hour had scarcely elapsed, from the time we departed from the quay, and were dashing down the river,—the current of which is rapid and powerful,—

"For like an arrow from the cord we flew,"—

before the vessel ran against a bold and jutting shore. The shock was tremendous. Several were knocked down flat upon deck, in a moment, among whom was your correspondent. The crash of wine bottles and crockery, the groaning of machinery beneath, with the

outcries of the passengers, were really alarming. The vessel reeled to and fro, and staggered like a drunken man, and recoiled back upon the river. Three or four passengers, French peasants, and a sailor, were hurled overboard. The sailor had no liking for the land, and made for the steamer; the landmen had more confidence in *terra firma*, and floundered about, heads land-ward, found bottom, and waded ashore. A cold bath they had of it, poor fellows, and so sudden and unexpected! one moment they were standing securely, chatting on the forward deck, and the next, deprived of all authority over their limbs; and before they had time to think, were left sprawling in the river. The peasantry of France are everlasting smokers. One of those who got the ducking had a pipe between his teeth at the time; his fires, doubtless, were extinguished, and the pipe had disappeared, when he and his unshipped companions were seen running along the shore in wild amaze. They seemed anxious, on beholding us still afloat, to get on board again, little thinking that the water was rushing in upon us. The bow of the vessel beneath the water was stove in, and the passengers were escaping from the second cabin in terror. All was confusion. The captain was but a cypher. Every man was master; one proposing this, and another that, to preserve the steamer from sinking. What English or American captain would have allowed such a scene as we then witnessed? A sail, at length, was got out over the larboard quarter, and drawn forward underneath the water till it covered the breach, and then they ran the vessel upon the shallows where she stuck fast. The ruin among the wine bottles, and other table decorations below, was appalling to the servants; but that the chimney and steam pipes were not prostrated among us who were upon deck, or that the boiler was not displaced or collapsed, were matters of *thankfulness* to those of us who acknowledged the

watchful care of an interposing Providence. In the course of an hour another steamer took us off the wreck, and proceeded with us down the river.

There is a considerable contrast between the *Rhone* and the river *Seine*. The latter has very little perceptible current; its villages are pretty; but there are few ruins. The *Rhone*, on the contrary, is a rapid river, with bold, rocky, and, in some places, mountainous shores, and dotted with ruins of ancient castles. Most of the promontories are blackened by frowning fortresses, and ramparts bristling with cannon, and alive with soldiers. The towns, unlike those on the *Seine*, are generally dark and gloomy, a succession of unsightly masses. The fortifications are black and ruinous, and the houses have a shattered and poverty-stricken aspect. Extensive tracts are covered with vineyards, rising terrace above terrace. There are, indeed, several handsome spots and good-looking villas upon both shores of the *Rhone*; but I have remarked only upon the prevailing character of the scenery. I do not remember having passed beneath a single bridge as we ascended the *Seine*, and I was upon deck most of the time; but the bridges over the *Rhone* are numerous. The chimney of our steamer bent in the middle at will; a man had constant charge of it; and obeisance on the part of the chimney, or an overthrow, was the unchangeable law at every bridge. It required no small dexterity, both on the part of the helmsman and chimney-preserved, to conduct the vessel safely underneath these bridges, borne downward as she was so swiftly by the impetuous torrent; swift as when the poet penned those lines:—

“ When I descended the impetuous *Rhone*,
 Its vineyards of such great and old renown,
 Its castles, each with some romantic tale,
 Vanishing fast——.”

We arrived at Avignon about six o'clock in the

evening, and landed amidst a perfect hurricane of voices, "that scarcely sounded human;" all sorts of *ragamuffins*, in the character of *porters*, encompassed us, all scrambling for the luggage of passengers, with vociferations which, in some countries, would have indicated the pellmell of a general riot. Bloodshed there was none; but it was "every man for himself;" and, avowedly, for the good of the strangers; and when the trunks and travelling bags, &c., were fairly poised upon the shoulders of the *successful*, the storm subsided into a general calm, each prudently reserving his stentorian voice till the arrival of the next steamer.

Avignon is a large and fortified town of France. The scenery on each side of the Rhone, above and below the city, is wild, rocky, and hilly. "Mount Ventox, which is said to be the highest elevation in France, rises to the north of Avignon, its sides glowing with all the varied hues of vegetation, while its summit is veiled in snow; and on the south, the horizon is bounded by the chain of blue mountains, the Angles, and the Issarts." The intermediate scenery presents vales, covered with mulberry and olive trees, together with undulating hills, and sterile intermingling rocks.

To-day we crossed the Rhone by the suspension bridge; an ingenious and handsome construction. Two of the main buttresses of this bridge, towards the centre, are surmounted by arches which rise twenty-five or thirty feet above the bridge, white as marble, and admirable for their proportions and elegance. They are really classical objects, and present quite a contrast to the "dusky and old-fashioned town" on the banks; and also to the shattered arches of the old bridge, a short distance above; the remnants of the bridge that spanned the Rhone under the controlling genius of St. Benedict. This triumph of architectural talent largely contributed to the validity of his claims to *canonization* and to *sainthood*; as some,

in our day, have been dubbed *doctors*, though at as great a remove from "the temple of true learning" as the Benedict in question was, possibly, from real holiness when he erected the bridge of Avignon. But the Pope (Pope Nicholas the Fifth) decided, that "the bridge was raised by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost;"—and the architects of that age were taken somewhat by surprise; but knowing that his "Holiness" was *infallible*, they were induced to believe. It is not unlikely that some of the most sanguine of them thought they saw, through the vista of the future, a prize worth running for, in the race of architectural perfection. Had the architect of the *new* bridge but "lighted upon those days of yore," a saintship and an altar might have been his, and worshippers too;—but *O tempora! O mores!*

Having obtained footing on the opposite banks of the Rhone, we visited the ruins of an old fortification, of large extent, situated upon a rocky eminence. It must have been a fortress of great strength in past ages. On our return we passed through some olive groves, or orchards, the first we had seen. The trees have quite the appearance of sickly willows.

As it regards the churches and services of popery in this city, I can write nothing new; as they differ little from those which I described in my letters during my last tour on the Continent. Avignon has obtained celebrity by having been the residence of the popes of Rome, during their *seventy years* banishment from that city. If I mistake not, this event occurred in the early part of the fourteenth century. During this long period, the Christian world was witness to the humiliating spectacle of *infallibility* opposing infallibility!—contending popes thundered against each other, and hurled their bolts from the banks of the Tiber and the Rhone. The court of Rome has left "marks and monuments" behind it;—and not

among the least are the dismal prisons of the Inquisition, where scenes of cruelty are said to have been perpetrated, sufficient to make the heart faint and Protestant blood run cold.

Petrarch spent his early life here;—nearly at the same period as the visit of the Romish court. Here, also, lived *Laura*, so much celebrated in his sonnets,—the innocent cause (if one may take the most charitable side of the reports) of all the poet's sorrows and misfortunes. The whole affair seems to be involved in so much obscurity;—so various have been the opinions of "learned antiquarians," regarding this lady, that one risks nothing by leaning to virtue's side, and supposing that the attachment, though unfortunate, was pure. His "well-sung woes" are known to all readers of Italian poetry. That much of Petrarch's fame arose from this unfortunate attachment, and from his vivid delineations of his consuming passion, is as generally admitted, as that the Italian language owes much of its polish to his writings.

" There is a tomb in Arqua,—rear'd in air,
Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, repose
The bones of Laura's lover : here repair
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,
The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
To raise a language, and his land reclaim
From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes :
Wat'ring the tree that bears his lady's name
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame."

There is an ancient M.S. copy of Virgil still in existence, which once belonged to the library of Petrarch. It long reposed in the Ambrosean library at Milan, but fell into the hands of the French during the revolution, and was transferred by them to Paris. It is a valuable work, not only on account of its great antiquity, but for many notes which it contains, in Petrarch's own hand-writing; among which is one that

commences thus: *Laura propriis virtutibus illustris, &c.* The following is a good translation of the whole passage: "Laura, illustrious by the virtues she possessed, and celebrated, during many years, by my verses, appeared to my eyes for the first time, on the 6th day of April, in the year 1327, at *Avignon*, in the church of St. Clair, at six o'clock in the morning. I was then in my early youth. In the same town, on the same day, and at the same hour, in the year 1348, this light, this sun, withdrew from the world. I was then at *Verona*, ignorant of the calamity that had befallen me. A letter that I received from my Ludovico, on the 19th of the following month, brought me the cruel information. Her body, so beautiful, so pure, was deposited, on the day of her death, after vespers, in the church of the Cordeliers. Her soul, as Seneca has said of Africanus, I am confident, went to heaven, from whence it came. For the purpose of often dwelling on the sad remembrance of so severe a loss, I have written these particulars in a book that comes frequently under my inspection. I have thus prepared for myself a pleasure mingled with pain. My loss, ever present to my memory, will teach me that there is no longer anything in this life which can afford me delight; that it is now time that I should renounce *Babylon*, since the chain which bound me to it, with so tender an attachment, is broken. Nor will this, by the assistance of God, be difficult. My mind, turning to the past, will set before me all the superfluous cares that have engaged me; all the deceitful hopes that I have entertained; and the unexpected and afflicting consequences of all my projects." Thus ended Petrarch's—

" ——— Painful passage o'er a restless flood;
A vain pursuit of fugitive, false good."

He quoted Seneca: I wonder he had not long before

remembered and acted upon the advice of Horace : *Spatio brevi spem longam reseces*,—"From a short life cut off all hopes that grow too long." But Petrarch was neither the first nor the last man who has proved the painful truth of that poetic sentiment,—

"Hope, like the cuckoo's endless tale ;
— Alas ! it wears its wing!—"

The Almighty has given us passions, but he has committed them to our keeping,—“under lock and key ;” or, as Solomon finely expresses it,—“a garden closed, a fountain sealed.” The key he has lodged with ourselves ;—that is, he has placed our affections at our own disposal. And it is on this principle we may interpret that condescending request of our God : “My son, give me thine heart ;” and also that command of the apostle : “Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth.” Some one has wisely said, that, till the law of God is written on the affections, it will never be legibly written upon our actions. It may also be as truly said, that, till the heart is *converted to God*,—by which a new law is imposed upon the tendencies of our *affections*,—the creature, not the Creator, inherits them ;—then, and not till then, is the heart disentangled from idols ; and, with the full tide of its affections, it flows toward God, as rivers to the sea.

When standing to-day on the banks of the Rhone, I could not but admire the onward movement of its mighty waters sea-ward ; saluting, indeed, the verdant grass, the leafy branch that dappled its surface, the herb, or pretty fragrant flower, but hastening soon away. It is thus, I reflected, we should treat every object beneath the sun ;—tarry not, nor be entangled by them ;—enjoy them for a moment, and leave them with gladness, and delight in God ;—haste away to our eternity, there to enjoy him, forever and ever.

Some one has remarked, that all the creatures in the world are but as so many cyphers without God. "The world is a circle, and the heart of man is a triangle, and no *triangle* can fill a *circle*," was once a favourite saying of a good man uow with God. When thinking of Petrarch to-day, the saying of another quaint man, addressed to me some years ago, came forcibly to mind: "A small shoe, Sir, will not suit a large foot, nor a small sail a great ship, nor a little ring a large finger; neither can the world satisfy the soul." His sonnets to Laura are mournful witnesses of this great fact. One of the old poets declared, in a pet, "*It is glorious misery to be born a man*;" and poor Petrarch found it so. Shakspeare cautioned his orator to beware of *tearing a passion to tatters*; it was thus the great Italian poet treated his passion, and it certainly returned the compliment fearfully. *Unlawful* passions are *soul-damning* and *consuming*; but this hint is contrary to the "hoping charity" which took me by the hand in lifting the pen.

Plato defines man to be, Ζῷον μεταβλητικόν, "*A changeable creature*." It would have been well for both Petrarch and Tasso, who was once, I believe, a visiter also at Avignon, that they had given evidence of this truth in "the matter of their affections." It is with the current of our existence as with the course of a mighty river; but for the obstacles which intercept it, the *promontories*, *indentations*, the bearings of particular parts of the regions through which it must pass, and its eccentricities would never have occurred. The very congenialities and harmonies of our friendships frequently render the dissimilarities we meet with the more repulsive, and produce certain eccentricities of character. It is Pascal, I think, who supposes that, in most persons of sensibility, there is a first model of beauty and agreeableness, which consists in a certain relation between our own nature and the thing with

which we are affected;—that whatever is formed on this model interests and delights us; whatever differs from it is always displeasing. Perhaps it was a train of reasoning something similar which led Dr. Johnson to define *genius* to be a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction. Although one cannot but lament the manner in which Petrarch employed his extraordinary talents, nor avoid the wish that they had been engaged in works of greater benefit to mankind, yet we cannot overlook the probability, that neither he nor Tasso would have ever risen much above the ordinary level of their countrymen, but for some powerful instrumentality to awaken the latent energies of their minds, by which also their particular direction was determined.

“ The tall oak, towering to the skies,
 The fury of the wind defies;
 From age to age, in virtue strong,
 Inured to stand and suffer wrong.
 O'erwhelm'd at length upon the plain,
 It puts forth wings and sweeps the main;
 The self-same foe undaunted braves,
 And fights the winds upon the waves.”

I was struck the other day with the sentiment of one with regard to the *duration of our impressions*. It was to the effect, that light sentiments last long; nothing breaks, because nothing binds them; they follow the current of circumstances: an opinion not at all in harmony with that of Burns, and you know he wrote from experience:—

“ Time but the impression.”

But he added, the profound affections irrecoverably destroy one another, and leave only a painful wound in their place. I hardly could receive the remarks as applicable either to Petrarch or Tasso, at least not without certain explanations. Rather the quotation

of another sentiment from one of the poets seemed nearer the truth, and more natural :—

“ There is a love which, born
In early days, lives on through silent years,
Nor ever shines, but in the hour of sorrow,
When it shows brightest ; like the trembling light
Of a pale sunbeam, breaking o'er the face
Of the wild waters in their hour of warfare.”

Petrarch received *the poetic crown of laurels* in the capitol of Rome, in the year 1341, a few years before the death of *Laura*. Whether *he* so died as to receive a crown of glory in heaven eternity must unfold.

Well, after all, this “travelling in strange lands” is a lonely and wearisome pilgrimage. And were it not that one is enabled to enliven and sweeten an hour, now and then, in writing, the mind would stagnate, and this mode of life become exceedingly irksome. There is much to be seen, it is true, much to be learned, and a species of useful knowledge to be obtained, in this way, which could not be realized in any other. But it is not easy to maintain that *dignity of mind and self respect* which a *life of activity at home, and efforts to benefit* others, are so calculated to inspire ;— one is so perpetually assailed by a kind of *selfishness* that is not pleasing, and which is not at all times concealable from one's self. To all travellers, *arriving, visiting, departing*, are three well-known *participles* which participate largely in self, divide most of its interests, and, in fact, if one is not very watchful they will subsist upon little else, and so compel one to feel “*in narrow selfness only wise.*” Self-examination is as necessary to the comfort and safety of a person while abroad as when at home. He that has not “*some particular and justifiable ends assigned,*” for his travels in foreign lands, is more likely to receive evil than good. When I am conscious of being actu-

ated by three or four *motives* I can rest tolerably well satisfied; namely, 1st. That exhausted or shattered health may be recruited. 2nd. That distant friends may be entertained and profited by my observations. 3rd. That faith and prayer for the salvation of the world may be stimulated. 4th. That I may thereby be prepared for future usefulness in the cause of God. If successful in the first, it subdues me into a liking for new scenes and varieties, though called to make a considerable sacrifice. The second serves as an *agreeable spur to ambition*, and *doubles my pleasure* from the consideration, that others who are near and dear to me are to share in it. The third keeps my eyes open to the *priceless value* of the souls of men. The sight of "*much people*," their *ignorance, sin, and superstition*, while it excites pity and commiseration, renders me grateful also to my gracious God for an education in a Christian land, for early conversion, and thankful for the superior light and advantages of genuine Protestantism. And although precluded, while among this people, by the difficulties of their language, from doing them good,—*by preaching and free conversation*,—yet I may *think, and feel, and pray*. The God of the spirits of all flesh, who gave his own Son to die for the whole world, may hear, and raise up "native instruments," or foreign, to overturn error, and spread light, and knowledge, and holiness, over all these lands. The fourth motive for "travelling" adds a zest to observations and speculations which otherwise they would not, perhaps, possess. There are particular points, bearings, and aspects, in a landscape, which may excite a series of beautiful and startling imagery. Historical recollections are no mean auxiliaries to the effective announcement of truth; and they have also an all-powerful influence upon one's own mind, when contemplated upon "the spots and places" with which they must stand forever identified. The birth-places

of *literary men, of kings, great men, chief captains, and mighty men*, and the places where they have figured in *science, legislation, and battle*, call forth many instructive associations. Painting, poetry, architecture, and sculpture, are all rich repositories of imagery, and offer to an inquisitive and observing mind many facts, figures, and similes, which may throw a charm over truth, while they contribute to give it edge and point. Frequently has it happened, when pressing home truth upon the minds of sinners or believers, that I have been assisted in this way. Something that I have seen or learned in my travels, and which was made no use of at the time, has come in to my aid, and, by the blessing of God, has enabled me to carry my point, storm the citadel, and rule victoriously for Christ and truth over the encampment of sinners.

There is not, however, anything that so reconciles me to the inconveniences of a tour of this kind as does the presence of God. His presence makes a paradise of every scene; where he is, *there is my heaven*. *This is the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night*. Without this, the fairest scene is but an Arabian desert, the most instructive localities are no more to me than the swamps of Canada. Cheered and comforted by his smiles:—

“The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To me are op'ning Paradise.”

Yours in Jesus,

J. C.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

Marseilles, September, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,

WE arrived here this morning, after a long and tedious night's ride from Avignon. "*Night is no man's friend, at least not in a diligence,*" said a soliloquizing traveller, and none were disposed to dispute the matter with him. The night, however, was fine; so much so, indeed, as to induce the market people of a quiet town through which we passed to sleep out of doors, in the market-place. We stopped for a few minutes to change horses, about one or two o'clock in the morning, and what a scene! Whole families of market people, who had come from a distance, with their wares, lay spread around upon their respective beds, soundly asleep, "under the bright silence of the stars."

"The gliding moon through heaven serene
Pursued her tranquil way,
And shed o'er all the sleeping scene
A soft nocturnal day."

To-day we have been rambling about in all directions through this great city. Marseilles is beautifully situated at the head of a small gulf of the Mediterranean, covered and defended by islands. The harbour, an oval basin, is considered the finest in France; and it is questionable if the entire coast of the Mediterranean could boast a better. One thousand ships, I should suppose, might ride there in safety. Here are to be seen the ships of all nations; and sailors, in all the costumes of our round world, are seen upon their

rigging and decks, or perambulating the quays. I shall never forget my sensations to-day, on seeing the Mediterranean Sea for the first time. "The sea! the sea!" cried the troops of *Xenophon*, in the famous *retreat of the ten thousand*, when they descried it from the lofty summit of *Tecqua*. "The sea! the sea!" exclaimed the strangers as they viewed it from a commanding eminence on the sea-ward verge of *Marseilles*,—blue, beautiful, and smooth as a "*sea of glass*." Adieu.

J. C.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO THE SAME.

Genoa, September, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,

AFTER spending an agreeable day at Marseilles, and paying one hundred and fifty francs each for our passage to Naples, and seventeen francs each besides for having our passports signed by several consuls,—which was the second time we had been compelled to pay for the same purpose, having been deceived by a rogue in Paris, as we ought not to have troubled ourselves about such signatures till our arrival at the sea-port from whence we were to depart from France,—we went on board a steamer, and about dark sailed for this city.

Morning came,—one of the most beautiful decreed to our world,—and we were on deck betimes. Not a breath disturbed the vast expanse of waters, which was "intensely blue, and clear as the sublime o'erarching sky."—

“ The deep that like a cradled child
 In breathing slumber lay ;
 More warmly blush'd, more sweetly smiled,
 As rose the kindling day.”

We could not forget, too, that we were not on “ the ocean of commerce,” but on the sea of the *Odyssey* and the *Æneid*. To our left were shores immortalized by the historians of antiquity. The brilliant and beautiful blue of the waters, and the striking outlines of the shadowy mountains, and the pure transparency of the heavens which repose above them, had lost nothing, we thought, by the flight of centuries. A large chart, politely furnished us by the captain, afforded us considerable amusement and information. The passengers seemed all very happy ; to us they were nearly all foreigners, and chattered away in their different languages. A company of young painters, with their master at their head, bound for southern Italy, for the completion of their studies, employed themselves most of the day in sketching the beautiful scenery of the coast. The mountains, dark with olive trees, in which are clustered towns and villages, white as marble, resembling gems inserted in an emerald ground, each surmounted by the spire of a church, presented a noble picture. We counted thirteen of these towns seated within the several indentations of a single mountain. Here and there a quiet dell presented itself, remarkable for its wild and romantic solitudes. It has been supposed, that it was to some particular part of these shores *Claudian* referred in the following lines :—

“ A place there lies on Gallia's utmost bounds,
 Where rising seas insult the frontier grounds ;
 Ulysses here the blood of victims shed,
 And raised the pale assembly of the dead.
 Oft in the winds is heard a plaintive sound
 Of melancholy ghosts that hover round :
 The lab'ring ploughman oft with horror spies

Thin airy shapes that o'er the furrows rise,
(A dreadful scene,) and skim before his eyes."

The mountains, as we advanced, swelled into greater boldness and grandeur; their waists rising abruptly above cultivation, shrubless and grey with the storms of centuries. Along their highest peaks lay slender lines of fleecy clouds, somewhat resembling in colour the mountains themselves. The beginnings and endings of these successive mountains presented scenery full of beauty and sublimity, to which our painters were "wide awake." Within the graceful fold of another mountain, we counted no less than fifty villages. Classic shores!—To what point or bay can we turn that is not rich with historical interest? This coast, all around to Naples, has been sung by the poets of yore. Poetic allusions and recollections throng upon the memory, and serve to invest the entire line of coast with uncommon power over one's feelings. Be not surprised, then, if I revel a little while among the poets of antiquity. You know I have frequently ventured to quote from them with considerable freedom in the pulpit, and with some effect. But this always required prudence, more, indeed, than I had sometimes at command; and I risked, perhaps oftener than I was aware of, the danger of the criticism, "*far-fetched and out of place.*" Here, however, such gems are in their place, with a charm. The day continued fine. A late breakfast was spread out upon tables on deck, underneath an awning. Our seat at table did not interrupt our view of the shores. Thus we enjoyed all that *Seneca* so passionately desired; and more, as he never contemplated a steamer "cleaving the crystal surface" of this his favourite sea, and tables on deck besides, loaded with the luxuries of other climes, else to his "gentle wish" he might have added sundry other things calculated to render a voyage agreeable. But hear *Seneca*:—

“ My fortune might I form at will,
 My canvas zephyrs soft should fill
 With gentle breath, lest ruder gales
 Crack the main-yard, or burst the sails.
 By winds that temperately blow
 The bark should pass secure and slow ;
 Nor scar me leaning on her side,
 But smoothly cleave th' unruffled tide.”

We were now in the Gulf of Genoa, “ remarkable,” says Joseph Addison, “ for tempests and scarcity of fish. It is probable one may be the cause of the other ; whether it be that the fishermen cannot employ their art with so much success in so troubled a sea, or that the fish do not care for inhabiting such stormy waters.” The circumstance did not escape the notice of Horace himself :—

“ While black with storms the ruffled ocean rolls,
 And from the fisher's art defends her finny shoals.”

We were better off than Addison. He sailed over this gulf about the middle of the last century. A contrary wind forced the vessel in which he was to contend two whole days and nights with the winds and waves ; and such were the apprehensions of the captain, not only for his vessel, but for his poor soul also, that he fell down upon his knees and confessed his sins to a *Capuchin* friar who was on board. But they had no steam boats in Addison's days. In his times, as well as in those of Spencer, the idea of journeying by the force of fire was applied to—

“ ————— Phœbus, in the gloomy east,
 Got harnessed his *fiery-footed team* ;
 He rear'd above the earth his flaming crest
 When the last deadly smoke aloft did steam.”

“ Yonder,” exclaimed one, “ is the pretty town of *Cogoleto*, the birth-place of Christopher Columbus,

the discoverer of America. The little town is pleasantly situated close to the sea. The residence of the great navigator is still pointed out; a report which one can readily believe in a country where ancient buildings are so numerous. Who, of all the children of America, or of those she has adopted, could look upon Cogoleto without feeling his heart grow warm? He may not, indeed, give way to any sort of rapturous enthusiasm, but the sight of it will hardly fail to kindle the flame of fraternal love within his breast to all within its walls. And well do I remember those fine lines of Mr. Montgomery which represent Columbus walking upon the sea-shore at sunset, and musing upon the *probable* existence of a *Western World*. It is not unlikely his townsmen considered him wild, perhaps an enthusiastic and fanatical being, a mere visionary. But God was with him; and the inspiration of the Almighty gave him understanding.

There is a certain class of men who are unwilling to admit that the Almighty has anything to do with the world. "The right exercise of *reason*," said one, "was all that was necessary for the discovery of America. It is superstitious, and detracts from the grandeur of the undertaking to suppose supernatural aid." The sentiment reminded me of an old inscription, in letters of gold, over the gates of the college of *Louvain*, placed there by the founder, Pope Adrian, and all about himself: *TRAJECTUM PLANTAVIT, LOUVANIUM RIGAVIT, CÆSAR DEDIT INCREMENTUM*; that is, "*Utrecht planted me, Louvain watered me, and Cæsar gave the increase.*" Some one, to reprove the folly of the Roman pontiff, had the boldness to write underneath, *HIC DEUS NIHIL FECIT*, "*Here God did nothing.*" How many centuries rolled away without reason having suggested a single probability of "a world to the west!" How many centuries more might have elapsed before reason would have

discovered "the stupendous secret," had that faculty been left to itself, would be rather a difficult matter to determine. To impute the *impression* of the existence of a western Continent to an "incident of chance" detracts more from the grandeur of the enterprise, surely, than to assign it to the direction of a supreme and over-ruling Power. The query, "Why, then, was it that the Almighty deferred so long the removal of the veil which concealed that land?" is neither so reverent nor so forcible as the question, "*Why was reason so tardy in its operation?*" To refer the former to the *all-wise* decisions of a benevolent Creator, to whom are known all his works from the beginning, is more sublime and rational than to assign it to the speculations of reason. The consideration of a tardiness, arising from the "blind workings of uncertain ignorance," affects us differently from that which refers us to the certain foreknowledge of God, by which he governs "the times and the seasons," and assigns to them their distinct periods:—

“— His eye, whose instant glance pervades
Heaven's heights, earth's circle, hell's profoundest shades.”

More than once, in the course of my travels, have I noticed the *truthfulness* of that judicious remark in the Life of Dr. Abernethy: "To deny the exercise of a particular providence in the Deity's government of the world is certainly impious, yet nothing serves the cause of the *scorner* more than an incautious forward zeal in determining the particular instances of it." So long as we admit that man may be used as an instrument by the Almighty, to bring about his purposes, there is neither "difficulty" nor "superstition in the matter of divine direction." Nor does it suppose, that man is used as a mere machine, or, that he is deprived of command over any one, or all, of his volitions. God may make a particular impression upon the mind,

a *secret influence from heaven* may impart to it a certain inclination, *but the rights of reason are never suspended*. Action is the result of *will*; both depend upon the *judgment*, and judgment is determined by the *perception and appearances of objects* in the mind. A new prospect of things may be produced by a new arrangement of the lights in which they are viewed; and thus an important turn may be imparted to *thought*. The judgment enlivened, enlightened, and strengthened, may capacitate the mind for new and additional trains of thought, which may lead to events the most important in the affairs of mankind.

The thronging millions of Europe required an outlet, a *refuge*, if you please, and the finger of God pointed to the western Continent. True, it was to all Europe, one mind excepted, a *nonentity*. That single mind was *awakened*, and *impressed* with the *possibility* of its existence. He believed in God, he prayed for direction; and, on the morning he sailed for these undiscovered shores, he, with the men under his command, walked in procession to the house of God, implored the direction and protection of Heaven, and received the sacrament. Reason, indeed, assisted his faith. The impression which had rested so long upon his mind, and which drove him for patronage from court to court in Europe, became more invigorated as he obtained a more perfect acquaintance with the true figure of the earth, which had, up to that period, been but imperfectly understood. The *wisdom* and *benevolence* of his God encouraged him to believe, "that the vast space still unexplored was not entirely covered by a waste and barren ocean, but occupied by countries fit for the habitation of man." With the European Continent he was well acquainted; and, having satisfied himself as to the spherical figure of our globe, the inference that another Continent, equally large, might

possibly *balance* the one with which he was acquainted, was natural. But all this no more proves that he was not assisted by the guiding Spirit of God, than that he denied his existence. To Columbus, that land was still but a subject of faith ; yet that faith was sustained by some powerful and convincing evidences. And many and various were his doubts and difficulties, both before and after he sailed, and till his eyes were gladdened with a sight of the lofty and beautiful shores of the new world.—

“ Then first Columbus, with a mighty hand
Of grasping genius, weigh'd the sea and land ;
The floods o'erbalanced :—where the tide of light,
Day after day, roll'd down the gulf of night,
There seem'd one waste of waters :—long in vain
His spirit brooded o'er the Atlantic main ;
Then sudden, as creation burst from nought,
Sprang a new world through his stupendous thought,
Light, order, beauty,—while his mind explored
The unveiling mystery, his heart adored,
Where'er sublime imagination trod,
He heard the voice, he saw the face of God.

Far from the western cliffs he cast his eye
O'er the wide ocean stretching to the sky :
In calm magnificence the sun declined
And left a paradise of clouds behind :
Proud at his feet, with pomp of pearl and gold,
The billows in a sea of glory roll'd.

Ah ! on this sea of glory might I sail,
Track the bright sun, and pierce the eternal veil
That hides those lands, beneath Hesperian skies,
Where daylight sojourns till our morrow rise.

Thoughtful he wander'd on the beach alone ;
Mild o'er the deep the vesper planet shone ;
The eye of evening, brightening through the west,
Till the sweet moment when it shut to rest :
' Whither, O golden Venus ! art thou fled ?
Not in the ocean-chambers lies thy bed ;
Round the dim world thy glittering chariot drawn
Pursues the sunlight, or precedes the dawn ;

Thy beauty, noon and midnight never see ;
 The morn and eve divide the year with thee.
 Soft fell the shades, till Cynthia's slender bow
 Crested the farthest wave, then sank below ;
 ' Tell me, resplendent guardian of the night,
 Circling the sphere in thy perennial flight,
 What secret path of heaven thy smiles adorn ?
 What nameless sea reflects thy gleaming horn ?'

Now earth and ocean vanish'd, all serene
 The starry firmament alone was seen ;
 Through the slow, silent hours, he watch'd the host
 Of midnight suns in western darkness lost,
 Till night himself, on shadowy pinions borne,
 Flew o'er the mighty waters, and the morn
 Danced on the mountains. ' Lights of heaven !' he cried,
 ' Lead on ;—I go to win a glorious bride ;
 Fearless o'er gulfs unknown I urge my way,
 Where peril prowls, and shipwreck lurks for prey :
 Hope swells my soul ;—in spirit I behold
 That maiden-world twin-sister of the old ;
 By nature nursed beyond the jealous sea,
 Denied to ages, but betroth'd to me.' "

You know the result.—

" The winds were prosperous, and the billows bore
 The brave adventurer to the promised shore ;
 Far in the west, array'd in purple light,
 Dawn'd the new world on his enraptured sight."

I fear wearying you with poetry ; but where it is peculiarly applicable, and at my command, and when, besides, it expresses the thought better, in fewer words, and more agreeably than in prose, I find it difficult to resist the temptation of quoting it. Besides, you must know, my companion, Mr. Hudson, is a " poetic library" in himself. He can repeat poetry by the hour, and that sometimes sets me agoing. I can assure you, dear Sir, such an interchange of " poetic thought" causes the time to pass away very pleasantly, and serves to relieve that *tedium* to which one is subject in some parts of a long journey. So it happens that

I draw upon my friend, and he draws upon me, like good confidential bankers ; and I am not aware, that either has yet been compelled to dishonour the draft of the other. You must, therefore, expect poetry in abundance. But allow me to remind you of your injunction : " Note down everything that gives you pleasure, in prose or poetry, the opinions of others, or your own, with regard to persons and places, painting, architecture and sculpture, as they may suit your fancy ; with this only proviso, that your observations be fresh, free, unlaboured, and natural." So depend upon it I shall " enjoy my liberty" to the full, nor trouble you with many more apologies. Although it is by no means an easy matter, sometimes, to hold the helm of "*that precious bark, which singing sailed,*" yet I hope you will not judge my quotations from modern or ancient poets, in general, misplaced or inapplicable. Should I make too free use of the poets, or commit occasional mistakes in my quotations, your generosity will impute the first to the refreshment which a good piece of poetry affords us, two solitary travellers, cut off from the pleasing society of our friends ; and the second, to the disadvantages of our circumstances.

As we approached Genoa, the scenery increased in beauty and grandeur. Noble villas encompassed with low luxuriant olive trees, and gardens where flourish the orange, citron, and pomegranate trees, with the pine and the cypress, intimated our proximity to a great and opulent city. At the foot of the Apennines, upon a crescent-like ridge of rocks which are watered by the sea, and extending upwards upon the bosom of the mountain, in the pleasing form of an amphitheatre, Genoa, the ancient "*mistress of the seas,*" reposed in her pride and beauty. Our steamer glided majestically into the harbour ; and, as she swung round upon her anchor, the sight of two American ships, with the

"*stripes and stars*" waving from their yards, excited many pleasing recollections. Genoa, from the harbour, has an appearance remarkably gay, owing, partly, to the fine position of the houses, and their height, some of which are considered the highest in Europe, but chiefly to the variety of colours with which they are painted;—*white, vermilion, brown, pale clay colour, purple, green, and yellow*, in all the hues with which the heart of man can invest that changeable colour. This lively and brilliant aspect gives Genoa quite the appearance of an American city. But the grandeur of its palaces, its terraces, and balconies of white marble, enlivened with statuary, and verdant with orange trees, citron trees, &c., resembling hanging gardens; its churches, public buildings, and the general splendour of the houses, far exceed anything of the kind that any city in the United States presents to the eye of a stranger. The scene was really charming; admiration chained us to the deck; and as the evening was very fine we did not care to hurry away from a post of observation so advantageous. We could fully appreciate the sentiment of a poetic traveller:—

"'Twas where o'er the sea,
For we were now within a cable's length,
Delicious gardens hung; green galleries
And marble terraces in many a flight,
And fairy-arches flung from cliff to cliff,
Wildering, enchanting;—"

And how could I avoid, both in approaching Genoa, and in the harbour, thinking of our dear friend in ———, perhaps now in glory; "*the glorious and divine intimations*" with which; at the time you wrote, her soul was favoured. Hallelujah! "From Zion's top the breezes blow!" And most of those who are about to land on those *heavenly shores*, and to enter the *city above*, are favoured with such refreshing visitations and divine intimations. The sentiment of

an author was peculiarly applicable, and was accompanied by a very agreeable effect upon my mind, while meditating upon the affecting subject. * * * * *
 * * * * * " We read that in certain climates of the world, the gales that spring from the land, carry a refreshing smell out to sea, and assure the watchful pilot that he is approaching to a desirable and fruitful coast, when as yet he cannot discern it with his eyes. And, to take up once more the comparison of life to a voyage, in like manner it fares with those who have steadily and religiously pursued the course which heaven has pointed out for them. We shall sometimes find, by their conversation, towards the end of their days, that they are filled with *hope*, and *peace*, and *joy*; which, like those refreshing gales and reviving odours to the seamen, are breathed forth from paradise upon their souls, and give them to understand with certainty, that God is bringing them unto their desired haven." Well, if she be gone, it is to that "*happy land*" where changes are never read in human eyes or human looks, except changes into holier love and loftier friendship.

Swarms of small boats gathered around our steamer, clamorous for passengers. Descending the sides of the vessel into the gaily-trimmed skiff, full of anticipation of seeing a great and beautiful city, and agreeably excited with the idea of placing our footsteps, for the first time, upon Italia's shores, everything was well calculated to remind us of the joy we have heard the saints express in their dying hour. The death-bed was to them the harbour of glory; the sea of life crossed, the heavenly city full in view, life eternal in their aspect :—

" Hark ! from on high my Saviour calls,
 I come, my Lord, my love ;
 Devotion breaks my prison walls,
 And speeds my last remove."

But without a passport there was no admittance into Genoa. Without "the witness of the Spirit" to our adoption, Rom. viii. 15, 16, and that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord, there can be no admission into the circle of the heavenly family. Our passports were approved, and we took up our lodgings in a large and comfortable hotel. * * *

Our captain has just informed us that we may have twenty-four hours ashore. This privilege we value highly, as it will afford us a good opportunity to see the city. To-morrow morning we intend to be stirring betimes; the results of our perambulations I shall give you in another letter.

Affectionately in Jesus,

J. C.

LETTER XXXV.

TO THE SAME.

Genoa, September, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,

WE spent last evening very comfortably at our hotel; after wearying ourselves in writing, we enjoyed an excellent night's rest. This morning we procured a "guide," and set out on a visit to churches, palaces, &c. I have a "large heap of notes" before me, "the fruits of the day's observations," but unless they are improved somewhat in the *copying*, I fear they will afford you little pleasure. As I have no intention that my letters should serve you instead of a regular "hand-book," which you may purchase at any book-shop, I can avoid "dryness of detail" the more easily. In "the first place" I may premise, it has been an

extremely warm day, quite equal to the hottest day of an American summer ; but a Frenchman has well observed, that Genoa seems as if only built for summer ; a sentiment we could well appreciate, as the narrow streets and high houses have afforded us, during our day's wanderings, an agreeable shade from the rays of a burning sun. The streets, so ravine-like, with "stripes of blue sky between," are lined with lofty palaces, many entirely of marble, but most, I imagine, are only faced with stucco, in imitation of that material ; but marble portals, porticos, and columns, lend their aid to impart to them all the grandeur of which they are capable. The Genoese taste for the art of painting appears to be exuberant. It is not enough that the interiors of their mansions are decorated with paintings, the exteriors of many are also brilliant with paintings in fresco, representing scenes in history, mythology, family scenes, and architectural views, forming what are called, "a sort of street gallery," where even the *beggars* may amuse themselves, and cultivate a taste for the *fine arts* while enjoying their favourite lounge in the streets. These frescos, which show considerable talent, and have cost the artists much "time and pains-taking," have cost, it is said, the proprietors next to nothing ; they are usually done by young Italian or foreign painters, chiefly for the exhibition of their talents, and for the purpose of bringing themselves into notice. Some of these productions have stood the test of centuries, and still retain a freshness of colouring that is surprising. This, doubtless, is owing principally to what one has termed, "the splendour of the clime, which spares everything but man." The climate which preserves them is also favourable for their exhibition ; here, "where the sun, earth, sea, and sky, make almost perpetual holiday," such architectural decorations seem to "harmonize well with the general festivity of the elements," a region—

“ Where no perpetual drizzle drives or soaks ;
 Where skies are blue, and suns give light and heat ;
 Where the wind woos you lovingly ; and where
 Wit walks the streets, and music's in the air.”

Some have been offended at the gaiety of these street-paintings, as being inconsistent with *real grandeur* ; perhaps there is considerable truth in the remark ; and I remember a writer who says, “ Nothing can be grand in architecture that bears a perishable look ;” still, notwithstanding all that may be said in favour of the *naked majesty of architecture*, one cannot help being pleased with these efforts of the *arts* to please the fancy, and instruct the mind. Besides, however such exhibitions may affect others, to me such cheerful and benevolent “ *designs*,” intended, it would appear, to entertain and please the passer-by, *indicated an amiability of disposition, on the part of the family within*, which would have ensured us, though strangers, a generous welcome, could we but have “ conversed comfortably” in their language. Such paintings, and I do not remember to have seen any that were unseemly or indecent, were more agreeable to me than “ long ranges of brick and mortar,” and “ smoky withal ;” and then there are no carriages to endanger life and limb in case of “ *pictorial fascination* ;” although there might be some *peril* from the deceptions peculiar to perspective painting. I have read of a dog that was deceived to such a degree, by certain steps in a perspective of Danto's, that, expecting to find a free passage, he made up to them in full speed, and dashed out his brains. It is Pliny, I believe, who assures us, that the walls of a certain theatre represented a roof covered with tiles, and finished in such a masterly manner, that *rooks* frequently attempted to light upon it. The principles of perspective must have been well understood at that early age to have deceived birds so famous for their sagacity. Not one

carriage have we seen this day ; nor were the streets noisy or thronged. The companies of ladies we met, glided past us as gently as though they were walking in a drawing room ; and gracefully too, as if in imitation of the noble figures upon the walls of the houses. Each wore a pretty snow-white piece of lace or muslin, a kind of shawl which they call a *mezero*, neatly disposed over the head and shoulders, which seems to be a universal dress among all ranks of the Genoese ladies. There is *taste*, *simplicity*, and even *philosophy*, in this article of dress. White, of all colours, is the best for hot weather, as it absorbs the rays of the sun least. But were it not for the shade afforded by the streets, perseverance in such simplicity would endanger, what few of the daughters of Eve are ever careless to preserve, and which these fair Italians appear sufficiently conscious that they possess, beauty.

We have visited all the churches of note in Genoa, all Romish, of course. For a *list* of them you would not thank me ; a general impression is all you want ; nor am I disposed to send you more. Their exteriors are *plain and pretensionless* ; their interiors, *all ornament and glare*, "*splendid as marble, gilding, and painting can make them.*" They seem, indeed, designed to take one by surprise ;—without,—unadorned by a single architectural beauty ;—within,—magnificent, rich in frescoed ceilings, in columns of porphyry, and floors incrustated with marbles, "*foreign marbles, wrought with cunning hands,*" and decked with brilliant paintings. And are all these things to be forever under the domination of popery ? Shall that corrupt system, with its symbols, "*baby-rags and dolls,*" to which "*the faithful*" in Babylon are commanded to bow down, be perpetuated to disgust and sicken the heart of the scriptural and enlightened visiter ? No ! so sure as there is truth in the *New Testament*, where its woes are denounced, and its fate declared, I shall, upon earth

or in heaven, live to see its final and eternal overthrow. From the battlements of heaven I may behold that mighty angel descending from God, (Rev. xviii.,) clothed with a power and a glory that shall illumine our globe, and hear his voice proclaiming: "*Babylon the great is fallen; for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her. Rejoice over her thou heaven, and ye holy apostles and prophets; for God hath avenged you on her.*" Amen! Hasten that period, thou God of truth and righteousness!

Genoa is a city of palaces, "*fit for a congress of kings.*" Of the fifty remarkable buildings, which might be mentioned, we visited only a few; the royal palace, perhaps the most beautiful in Genoa; the ducal palace, formerly the residence of the doges, now occupied by the senate. I was about to name more, but checked by the remembrance of "general impressions," my notes must go to the winds. In general they are as resplendent as variegated marbles, sculpture, statuary, and paintings, can make them. We admired some *splendid mosaics*, which presented a wide surface, plain and pictorial, the work of "cunning men,"—marbles from all parts of the world, laid together in small curious pieces, smooth as ivory, and brilliant as gems and precious stones. The floors have the appearance of *variegated marble*; a sort of composition,—marbles of different colours, pounded and bedded in cement, and polished to the smoothness of marble. It deceived us at first. I shall say nothing of the furniture; sculpture and painting reduced this into *insignificance*. They are rich in the masterpieces of the *pictorial art*. Hundreds of the finest paintings have we seen this day. To my friend, Mr. Hudson, they were *more interesting* than to me, as he could view them with the *eye, taste, judgment*, of an artist. For my part I am no critic, and therefore have little temptation to criticism; but I know when I am

pleased; and, as one has somewhere said, "I love to give my judgment, such as it is, from my immediate perceptions, without much fatigue of thinking;" that is, I like to say I am pleased, and *why*, without troubling myself to talk *learnedly* or *technically*. I remember a sentiment of *Sir Joshua Reynolds*: "To those who are resolved to be critics, in spite of nature, and, at the same time, have no great disposition to much reading and study, I would recommend to assume the character of *connoisseur*, which may be purchased at a much cheaper rate than that of a critic in poetry. The remembrance of a few names of painters, with their general characters, with a few rules of the academy, which they may pick up among the painters, will go a great way towards making a very notable *connoisseur*." Alas! for me, what know I about "academic rules" in painting! I dare not even profess to be a *connoisseur*. Still, I love to be pleased, and equally to say *why*, although another might be quite disposed to question my taste and judgment.

Of all the paintings we have seen to-day, none so delighted and instructed me as a picture of the Virgin and Child, by Raphael, in the *Pallavicini*. The "vision of beauty" is no more before me,—all that remains is a solitary impression or two, and a few notes, which I shall transcribe. Pause!—the Virgin and Child!—one of Raphael's happiest efforts,—so thinks Mr. Hudson. The picture charms me: why? How deep the repose, how divinely lovely is that face! Have innocence and simplicity ever been better portrayed? How becoming the drapery! What grace and dignity in the form and attitude! How soft and warm the colouring. Is it possible that the idea of female purity, virgin timidity, and maternal love, could be better expressed? Beauty of mind, unsullied purity of soul, with which is mingled all the tenderness and

satisfaction of a mother, beam out upon that tranquil and meditative countenance;—all indeed that one could imagine “*that blessed one of whom the Lord was born*” to have been;—as if FAITH was celebrating a sort of *holy triumph* in the face of that painful prediction of Simeon: “*Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also, that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed.*” This prophecy of the venerable saint, though believed, yet admitted of her soul taking some comfort from his previous declaration: “*Behold this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel;*” and of her confiding now in that soul-cheering salutation of the angel Gabriel: “*Hail, thou that art highly-favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women. Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favour with God. And behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name JESUS. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David: and he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end. The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee; therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.*” I have seen the remark somewhere, that the parallel between *poetry* and *painting* is literal and real, as the two arts pursue the same end, by the same faculties, differing only in the use of marks and signs;—that painting has no claim of *relationship* with poetry, *but by its power over the imagination*. I am no *critic*, but I have *imagination*, and that realizes to me in that glowing face, tranquil though it be, something of that inspiration which animated her joyous soul, when she visited her cousin Elisabeth in the hill country of Judea: “*And Mary said, My*

soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden: for behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For he that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is his name. And his mercy is on them that fear him, from generation to generation. He hath showed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree. He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away. He hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy; as he spake to our fathers, to Abraham and to his seed forever." Raphael, surely must have studied closely such passages, or,—creative and exquisite as was his pencil,—he could not have thus succeeded in giving us an idea so expressive of all that one could imagine of her, who "kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart." Luke ii. 19. The infant Christ is innocent and beautiful,—the countenance somewhat indicative of his future destiny.

A shade of sorrow passed over our minds as we departed,—that an art so divine, should ever have been prostituted to the purposes of popish idolatry;—that the papists should have been led by *the seductions of the pencil* to bow down before a piece of painted canvas, and worship and adore it, not only as "the mother of God," but worthy of receiving the worship due to himself, because capable of influencing the counsels of heaven by her intercessions. It was Dr. South, I think, that remarked: "It is natural for a man, by directing his prayers to an image, to suppose the being he prays to, is represented by that image; which, how injurious, how contumelious must it be to the nature of God!" There was this reflection, however, in our

minds, and it was cheering;—the picture is out of the grasp of the priests, and withdrawn from the gaze of deluded devotees;—it is here, not for purposes of idolatry, but to be admired as an exquisite production of the pencil of one who has never, perhaps, been equalled in his profession. In one of the palaces (and my notes do not tell me which,—but no matter) we admired a fine old picture, illustrative of a passage in the life of our Lord: “*Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s; and to God, the things that are God’s.*” The countenance of the Christ is dignified, but peculiarly expressive of *irony*. If the painter (and he was a master) *designed* this as a rebuke for the abuses of sacerdotal power, there is in it a lesson, that must have been felt in *popish quarters*. * *

We have just returned from a ramble round the suburbs. The city is encompassed by what appears to be an inner and an outer wall. The outer is the higher, and embraces a larger sweep of the mountain. It hangs in masses, black and menacing, above the city, and describes a circuit of,—say twelve or fourteen miles, while the inner wall does not exceed five or six miles. In the course of our walk, we enjoyed many *charming views*, to which the people of Genoa seem not indifferent. Had we been capable of conversing with them, in their own tongue, I doubt not that we should have been hailed with the inquiry,—

“ Know ye the land where the orange trees are blooming,
 Where all heaven’s rays are fertile, and with love?
 Have you inhaled those perfumes, luxury!
 In air already so fragrant and so soft?
 Now answer, strangers; Nature, in *your* home?
 So lovely?
 Not only with vine-leaves and ears of corn
 Is Nature dress’d, but ‘neath the feet of man,
 As at a sovereign’s feet, she scatters flowers,
 And sweet, though useless plants, which, born to please,
 Disdain to serve.

* * *

Cradle of letters! mistress of the world!
 Soil of the sun! Italia! I salute thee!
 How oft the human race have worn thy yoke,
 The vassals of thine arms, thine arts, thy sky!
 We love our sky, our arts, our monuments —."

Around the birth-place of Columbus, the scenery is picturesque and grand. The hue of distance, inclining somewhat to the purple, imparted a beauty and dignity to the scene, which, perhaps, did not altogether belong to the details; but which was well calculated to enforce the sentiment regarding the great navigator:—

"Greedy of other lands, though nature could
 Not yield thee one more lovely than thine own."

By the way, and I had almost forgotten, we were allowed a sight of the portrait of Columbus this forenoon:—a relic, certainly, of considerable interest to us, although we could not appreciate the claims of Genoa,—as being the birth-place of Columbus; nor could we sympathize with her regrets at the decisions of antiquarians in favour of *Cogoleto*. We could not forget that "Columbus applied *first* to the republic of Genoa; but they, strangers to his abilities, inconsiderately rejected his proposal as the dream of a chimerical projector, and thus lost forever, the opportunity of restoring their commonwealth to its ancient lustre." There are several other towns which have contended with *Cogoleto* for the honour. There were no less than seven illustrious cities that contended for this honour in respect to Homer,—who, in his life-time, was allowed to beg his bread;—"there will be no end of maintaining all the "ὄμηροι,* that is, 'blind men;'" was a salutation to which he was not unaccustomed.

To a stranger unacquainted with the history of

* In allusion to his blindness: from this term originated his name,—Homer.

Genoa, its aspect is calculated to awaken surprise. The deep solitude which prevails in many of the streets, harmonizes very well with the isolated and solitary position of the city. But the apparent poverty of the inhabitants contrasts mysteriously with the grandeur of the buildings; and the buildings themselves stand out in bold and striking contrast with the black, wild, and hanging mountain masses which menace from above. The *history* of Genoa is her *commentary* in the nineteenth century,—as necessary to the stranger as a guide or a hand-book. A recollection of what she once was, explains her present *contrarities*.

Genoa, in past ages, was *the acknowledged queen of the Mediterranean, and mistress of the seas*. She was a celebrated emporium at the period of the second Punic war. The noon of her splendour, however, did not arrive, until she became the metropolis of a republic. "Genoa," says one, "is one of the three great republics, which, during the middle ages,—that is, at a period when the rest of Europe was immersed in slavery, ignorance, and barbarism,—made Italy the seat of liberty, science, and civilization; and enabled her, though bereft of general empire, not only to outshine her contemporary powers, but even to rival in military fame, and domestic policy, the glories of Greece herself in her most brilliant era. These honours she acquired by her commerce and her fleets, which enabled her to dispute, and frequently to share, the empire of the seas with her adversary." The fourteenth century was a disastrous era in the history of Genoa; for she was then involved in the horrors of a civil war. Two ambitious and wealthy families,—the Spinolas and Dorias, carried their animosities against each other "to battle and to blood." Battering engines were raised against each others houses. The battle raged twenty-four days, without intermission, in

the streets of Genoa. After torrents of blood had been shed, the conflict was terminated in the disgrace of both parties; the king of Naples having sent a *vicar-general* to govern those who did not know how to govern themselves. The glory had now departed from the republic of Genoa. That spirit of *liberty* and *high sense of independence* which have ever characterized that form of government, were now well nigh crushed. Each succeeding page of Genoa's history presents her in the humiliating attitude of rebellion against the tyranny of one foreign power, and courting, at the same time, the *protection* of another. The authority of the king of Naples was discarded for that of Charles VI. of France; and this, in its turn, gave way to the sovereignty of the duke of Milan. Another revolt placed the city, with its territories, again under the dominion of France, and shortly after the banners of Spain waved upon her towers. In the sixteenth century, through the valour of one of her nobles, she regained her political independence as a republic, but with a great diminution of her former splendour and power. When passing through one of the streets, we noticed a white marble monument in the front of one of the houses. It bears date 1746, and celebrates a remarkable event in the history of Genoa. We gathered that, at this period, the city, by the reverses of war, was in the possession of the Austrians. The citizens, awed by the presence of power, held their just indignation in restraint; they *felt* their degradation, and smarted beneath the daily tyranny of a foreign foe. Such an unnatural state of things was not likely to continue long, especially in a republican capital which, in better days, was so high-minded, valorous, and independent. But some circumstances were wanting to kindle into a consuming blaze that indignation which lay smothering within the volcano of fifty thousand human bosoms. One

day a *mortar*, in charge of a party of Austrian soldiers, broke through a drain, when passing along this street. "*Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!*" The lazy company, instead of lifting it out themselves, began to compel a few citizens, who were near, to do it for them. A little boy, eight years of age, son of a shoemaker, seeing his father beaten by a soldier, felt his little heart swell within him; and, seizing a stone, threw it at the soldier. This, singular enough, became the *unpremeditated* signal for a *popular outbreak*. "Demonstrations," in a few minutes, became general. The soldiers fled, pursued by a shower of stones; while the occurrence spread like "wild-fire" through the city. In a few minutes, Genoa was in an uproar; insurrection became general. The doge, senate, and a few of the nobility, fearing consequences, made some efforts at checking the people; but, on perceiving the direction affairs were likely to take, joined them, just at the moment when the citizens were masters of the arsenal and ramparts. What a *terrible being* is man, when once *aroused!* In a few hours, this mighty tornado of human passions cleared every rampart of the enemy, and not an Austrian soldier remained within the limits of the city walls.

The citizens of Genoa maintained their liberties with much contention, and a few transitory reverses, till the French revolution under Napoleon, in 1797. It surprises one, that that storm, which was bravely resisted in other parts of Italy, found Genoa so easy a prey. The gates were thrown open at once to the conqueror. Napoleon, so far from respecting a city that received him without bloodshed, imposed upon it, from time to time, laws and impositions the most degrading. Genoa lifted her head once more on the downfall of Napoleon, and put in her claim for the recovery of her liberties at the congress of Vienna.

The plea, for some reasons I am not in possession of, was rejected. Perhaps it was on account of her *ancient republicanism*, or from her *past vicissitudes and inconstancy*, and inability to stand alone, that her request was denied, and she was annexed to the crown of *Sardinia*.

As we proceeded to visit the bridge of Carigano, we paused upon an eminence to admire the lovely hill of *Albaro*. It is covered with trees and gardens, and graced with many pretty villas, among which is Byron's *Paradiso*; altogether such an edifice and situation as one would have expected a poet to select. How enchanting the prospect from its arcaded porticos! Alas! it is to be feared, that all these accessories to human comfort, added to all else that wealth could procure, did not contribute greatly to the happiness of that talented nobleman. For, although I agree with Owen Feltham, that "*there is a largeness in the souls of poets beyond the narrowness of other men,*" yet one cannot forget what every body knows, that "*he trod the path to the Temple of Fame over the ruins of his own heart.*" And, as one remarks, "insensible must be the heart, and stupid the intellect, of him who could gaze, without feelings of the deepest sorrow, at these melancholy ruins, and that polluted altar, over which a moral gloom, darker than the blackest midnight, broods;—that altar where genius should have kindled the flame of devotion, and poesy have sung in grateful adoration of Him from whom all intellectual gifts descend. By bitter experience Byron learned, that *peace and happiness never take up their abode in the heart where self-respect is a stranger.*" An eminent writer places the highest happiness of man in his capability of contemplating himself with satisfaction, and in being favoured with the gratulations of his own conscience. *Self-approbation, and the applause of conscience*, can never co-exist with a vicious

life. That should never be considered happiness which conscience may change to *woe*. Short is the date of all pleasurable sensations which lie at the mercy of external circumstances, or are exposed to the frowns of conscience. Religion, which is another name for the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, is a true *amaranthine flower that conscience never blights, never withers*. Byron "felt and writhed with anguish at the conviction, that his own hand had poisoned the chalice, which he drained to the dregs. He could not, like the common herd, advance in one undeviating path of vice, without often pausing, and, while looking back with disgust and self-condemnation on the steps already trod, turning with a fearful and half-averted glance to the *dread future*. Though at times he bowed before the polluted shrine of vice, and suffered her to throw her slavish chains of lust and passion around him; yet oftentimes an inward voice bade him look up to that hill where, 'robed in radiant white,' virtue sat enthroned. That spirit of poesy and harmony which animates all nature, whispered to him, that peace and happiness could only be found in the consolations of religion, and the practice of virtue. She pointed to the mount, and bade him climb the apparently rugged steep. That Holy Spirit which is given to all those, and only those, who seek it by faith in Jesus Christ, could alone have worked in him to will and to do. Poetry did exercise a certain beneficial influence on his mind; a higher power alone could have affected his heart. When, to obtain present peace, he would have quieted the still small voice, the spirit of poetry* came to the aid of conscience. He knew that his body had obtained the mastery over his soul, the lusts of his flesh over the spirit of his mind, the physical over the immaterial, the mortal over the

* But how luxuriantly and fatally did the "spirit of poetry" pander to the licentiousness of his imagination! J. C.

immortal ; and he felt (let the most ardent admirer of Lord Byron deny it) as a degraded being." It was his own heart that told him, "that with *wealth, rank, and talents*, he envied that peasant who, with humble faith and relying confidence, bent over the sacred page, by the flickering light of the cottage ingle ;" here, indeed, on the Albaro hill, he had little annoyance of this sort. *Comparisons* did not startle him, at least such as these ; for few, if any, "read and revere the sacred page" in these regions. His native country, the home of the Bible, was the place where such exhibitions were, perhaps, familiar to Byron. Perhaps, then, it was during his residence in Paradiso, that he enjoyed those "*eleven days of happiness*" of which he spoke, and in which he said he was "truly happy." That such days were, "like angel visits, few and far between," one may surmise from his closing remark in the same paragraph ; that he often wondered whether between then and the period of his death he should be able to number the round dozen of days which the world would consider happy.

A few months after he left his Paradiso for Greece he was called to the eternal world. We have been informed, that the vessel in which he sailed for Greece lay becalmed an entire day off the harbour of Genoa. Weary of lounging on board, he expressed a wish to visit Paradiso once more. For this purpose he went ashore. "While there," says the nobleman who accompanied him, "his conversation took a melancholy turn ; he spoke much of his past life, and the uncertainty of the future. 'Where shall we be,' he said, 'a year hence ?' It was like a gloomy prophesy," adds his noble friend, "for a year after, on the same day of the same month, he was laid in the tomb of his ancestors."

The bridge of Carigano, which curiosity led us to see, is a bold adventure of masonry, uniting two hills

together. It is not "a bridge that, with its wearisome and needful length, bestrides the *flood*;" no! instead of a busy river, sparkling and foaming beneath, we were amused to discover a *busy street*. From the parapet, houses six stories high may be looked down upon. We had not time to visit the church to which this bridge conducts the worshippers. The situation of the church is beautifully bold, and the architect, it is evident, designed the edifice to be equally so. The Corinthian pilasters, which are meant to adorn it, are poor substitutes for regular columns. Its couple of towers and dome are insufficient to satisfy the eye in the absence of a colonnade, which the position of the structure so evidently demands.

We sail, in the course of an hour or two, for Leghorn. Wishing you all prosperity, especially in your best interests, those which concern the soul, I remain in Jesus Christ, yours very affectionately,

J. C.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

Harbour of Leghorn, September, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,

WE have just arrived in this port. Last evening we were required on board our steamer. When sailing out of the harbour we enjoyed another view of Genoa, and its double line of fortifications, now more interesting, because we were better acquainted with the localities. The "ground-swell" of the Mediterranean is peculiarly unpleasant and sickening, when there is

any wind. We had scarcely cleared the pier head when the heavings of the sea excited *certain sympathies within*, and warned us off the deck. It is the Prophet Isaiah, I think, that compares the sinner to the troubled sea that cannot rest. "No marvel, then," says an old divine, "though the workings of every natural man, unreconciled to God, be like the raging sea that cannot rest. That *roaring element*, to which the Spirit of God resembles a wicked man, must needs be a much troubled and restless creature; indeed, it is continually *tossed and turmoiled with a variety of contrary and confused motions*; those of *estimations, revolutions, reflections, descensions, and agitations*, by the winds. Coudest thou but see the *heart* of the greatest graceless monopolist, and the engrosser of all the most desirable excellencies under the sun, glistening in the highest imperial throne upon the earth, thou shouldst behold his heart, for all that, rent asunder with many raging distempers and temptations, whirlwinds of contrary lusts; a very hive of unnumbered cares, sorrows, and passions, boiling incessantly with irksome suspicions, false fears, insatiable longings, secret grumblings of conscience, torturing distractions, and tumultations of hell." A dark, dreary, and stormy picture, truly.

A strong desire to view the scenery detained us upon deck longer than we felt comfortable. At length our sensations becoming increasingly peremptory, we retreated to our berths, where we saw nothing but "the land of dreams," till morning recalled us on deck to behold the domes and towers of Leghorn.

The captain has just informed us we are at liberty to go ashore, and as there is little to be seen that is interesting in Leghorn, we think of paying a visit to the ancient city of Pisa.

* * * * *

English Cemetery, nine o'clock, a.m.

We were set ashore at Leghorn, and hastened to the railway station, but the train had departed for Pisa. Having an hour to spare, before another train started, we took a walk through the English cemetery. The morning was one of the loveliest; and not a speck of cloud was seen on the boundless blue overhead. Beautiful as was the morning, and new as were the scenes around, we could not avoid the intrusion of a feeling of sadness, in viewing the graves of these "exiled ones." What Mr. Montgomery has touchingly said of the "sleeping dead" in the Cholera Mount, near Sheffield, is peculiarly and tenderly applicable here.

"In death divided from their nearest kin,
 This is 'a field to bury strangers in:'
 Fragments from families untimely reft,
 Like spoils in flight, or limbs in battle left,
 Lie here;—a sad community, whose bones
 Might feel, methinks, a pang to quicken stones;
 While from beneath my feet, they seem to cry,
 'Oh! is it nought to you, ye passers by?
 When from its earthly house the spirit fled,
 Our dust might *not be free among the dead?*
 Ah! why were we to this Siberia sent,
 Doom'd in the grave itself to banishment?"

Nor can one successfully endeavour to avoid a thought of his own grave in such a place. Life is a frail and brittle thing; nothing in nature more so: nor can one think of dying and being buried in a strange land, by the hand of strangers, without a recoil. Yet, why dread such an event? What matters it where we die, who buries us, or *where* we are buried, if so be that we die in the Lord? yet, *nature pleads*. To the soul in paradise, I would presume, it matters little whether the *mortal companion* of its travels upon earth, mingles with kindred earth, or with the dead of a strange land, or beneath a soil which never before pressed upon a human breast. *Nature still pleads,*—"Lay me

with my kindred,—where friendly eyes, till they too are closed in death, may watch my sleeping dust, shield my grave from indignity, and teach the grass to grow, the flowers to bloom." The patriarch Jacob felt this yearning solicitude within his departing soul: "*And he charged them, and said unto them, I am to be gathered unto my people: bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittite; in the cave that is in the field of Machpelah, which is before Mamre, in the land of Canaan, which Abraham bought with the field of Ephron the Hittite for a possession of a burying-place. There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah.*" Gen. xlix. 29—31.

It was only a heathen,—a *Lucan*, who willed his friend not to bury him, but hang him up with a staff in his hand, to frighten away the crows. But such had no notion of a *general resurrection*; and yet that same *Lucan* had some confused ideas regarding the judgment-day; instance those two lines which are found in one of his poems:—

"There yet remains to th' world one common fire,
Wherein our bones with stars shall make one pyre."

The volume of inspiration, however high the value it sets upon the *immortal above the mortal part of man*, affords us no examples among its votaries, of a stoical disregard for the destiny of the body after death. If, in any case, we see the minds of ancient believers divested of all concern for the tabernacle of clay, it is where principle triumphs over all other considerations,—in *martyrdom*. *Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego*, are noble examples; they braved the fury of the flames, in order to preserve a *good conscience*. The first Christian martyr, *Stephen*, submitted his body, without a scruple, to be *mangled and disfigured*

by stones,—careful only that the Lord Jesus might receive his spirit. And that host of worthies, recorded in the eleventh of Hebrews, were, it may be presumed, actuated by similar feelings. These are exceptions to a general rule. All good men, in all ages of the world, when left to the guidance of their *unbiassed feelings*, have ever indulged a fond concern for the welfare of the companion of their pilgrimage below; and have manifested a lively interest in its destined repose. The brethren of Stephen did not neglect his body. Acts viii. 2. So strong was the feeling in Joseph, that he took an oath of his brethren when dying, saying: “*God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence.*” Our hearts were cheered and comforted by the epitaphs.

“ I could weep to find ye here!

And yet your names are sweet, the words ye grave,
In the loved language of mine infancy,
Most pleasant to the eye, involved so long
‘Mid foreign idioms.”

Here lies a father,—there a mother,—a husband,—a wife;—there a child, a beloved daughter, a sister, a brother;—all foreigners,—mostly from the British Isles. Some, it seems, had left their native land in search of health, but found a grave. Others, full of hope and vigour, had come to enjoy the fair and sunny clime of Italy, and to make themselves acquainted with all that has been immortalized in history and song, but were doomed never to return to the home of their fathers. Here lies a minister of Jesus Christ; the plain slab that covers his remains states, that he had brought himself to a premature grave, by overzealous efforts in his Master’s cause; but the inscription closes with those emphatic words of our Lord, “*He that findeth his life, shall lose it: and he that loseth his life, for my sake, shall find it.*” Another stone bears, 1 Timothy i. 15: another speaks the lan-

guage of Job: "*For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.*" Glorious prospect!—enough to comfort the dying saint, and to subdue the bereaved into a willingness to commit to *stranger-earth* the precious remains of the departed, and to leave them there;—but a terrible thought, a woeful anticipation, to those who die unpardoned and unregenerated! There is a "*first resurrection*," Rev. xx. 5, 6, and they only who have a part in it, are *blessed and holy*;—"on such the second death hath no power." But the *first resurrection* implies a SECOND; and the second ensures all the horrors of "*the second death*." Rev. xx. 14, 15. From which, wherever we die, and wherever buried, deliver us, most gracious God, through Jesus Christ our Lord! Amen.

" And now descending from the bowers of heaven,
 Soft airs o'er all the earth spreading, were heard,
 And hallelujahs sweet, the harmony
 Of righteous souls, that come to re-possess
 Their *long-neglected bodies*; and, anon,
 Upon the ear, fell horribly the sound
 Of cursing, and the yells of damn'd despair,
 Utter'd by felon spirits, that the trump
 Had summon'd from the burning glooms of hell,
 To put their bodies on, reserved for woe.
 Now starting up among the living changed,
 Appear'd innumerable, the risen dead.
 Each particle of dust was claim'd: the turf,
 For ages trod beneath the careless feet
 Of men, rose, organized in human form;
 The monumental stones were roll'd away;
 The doors of death were open'd; and in the dark
 And loathsome vault, and silent charnel-house,
 Moving, were heard the moulder'd bones that sought
 Their proper place. Instinctive, ev'ry soul
 Flew to its clayey part: from grass-grown mould,

The nameless spirit took its ashes up,
 Re-animate; emerging from beneath
 The flatten'd marble, undistinguish'd rose
 The great, nor heeded once the lavish rhyme,
 And costly pomp of sculptured garnish vain."

Here, we are informed, sleeps the wife of a minister of the Lord Jesus. The tomb bears that expressive declaration of our Saviour, "*Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.*" Another tomb has an epitaph of an exalted character. How far it was applicable to the sleeper beneath, during life-time, the light of the judgment-day will declare; but you may read it in Micah vi. 8, and Psalm xv.

But the train will start in a few minutes, and we must hasten away.

Pisa, half-past 11 o'clock, a.m.

We left Leghorn about ten o'clock, and within forty minutes,—here we are walking the streets of Pisa!—solitary Pisa!—"the shell of a great city." What an array of lofty and elegant palaces have we here! How wide, regular, and well-paved are the streets! but how lonely and deserted they seem!—so deep is the solitude, that it is declared an *echo* may be heard therein;—"and there is nothing in the wide world so like the voice of a spirit," *except the wind*;—but I have no wish to awaken the echo, as this solitariness almost makes one sad;—unless by doing so, I could "*raise the wind*;" which is not a "*philosophical idea*," and therefore should not be indulged in the *birth-place of Galileo*!—though, by the way, a good breeze would be worth a considerable effort, as the day is extremely warm, and there is scarcely a zephyr stirring. Let the *echo* sleep, and the wind too; we shall not insult the old city by calling forth a witness "so humiliating and ghostly." A traveller likens Pisa to a *sepulchre*. But for the freshness and beauty of the houses, this *perfection of loneliness and*

solitude, would remind one of that chilly and dreary picture of desolation, drawn by the pencil of Jeremiah. Pisa sits like a solitary widow in the plains; but Jerusalem, to whom the prophetic picture belongs, was spread out upon her hills,—in desolation;—shortly after the commencement of a captivity which lasted seventy years. The gates of the holy city are sunk into the ground; her bars are broken; the rampart and the wall lament and languish together; the perfection of beauty, and the joy of the whole earth is in ruins. Jerusalem is represented as a widow,—lonely, desolate, and bereaved of all her children;—from the daughter of Zion, all her beauty has departed;—she weepeth sore in the night, and “the tears are on her cheeks.” Day and night the hand of God is heavy upon her;—she sighs, turns backward, is bewildered, and knows not what to do; a burst of sorrow, with floods of tears, announcing the climax of her grief;—she cries out in her desolation, and in all the passionate eloquence of woe,—“Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me, in the day of his fierce anger.”—“The tears are on her cheeks;”—one tear succeeds another, and her cheeks are never dry: this is grief! this is desolation! There is no book equal to the Bible for a travelling companion; nor do I wonder at the poet Collins, who travelled with no other book than the New Testament; and who gave that memorable reply to a friend, who was curious “to know the companion that a *man* of letters had chosen,”—from among books: “I have but one book, but that is the best.” I trust you will excuse this digression. Having spent part of the morning in the burying-place for strangers, my mind has received a tinge of mournfulness, which the sight of Pisa has not lessened. Besides, I have lately been perusing the

Lamentations of Jeremiah; and, opening the Bible, a few days ago, I was again struck with the affecting imagery, and uncommon energy, which the first and second chapters display. The passion of patriotism is finely and touchingly developed; but the prevailing passion is grief. And how universal does it become! It begins, indeed, with the prophet; then supplicating and bewailing Zion spreads forth her hands. The temple is burned with fire; the law is no more; the services of the sanctuary are blotted out; the prophets are visionless and dumb; the city is ruined, and the Israelitish nation is overthrown, and her people gone into captivity;—the wail becomes general, and all things animate and inanimate, are represented as uniting. There is not, I believe, another book in the Bible so plaintive, or that affords an exhibition so full, so complete, of the consuming workings of *bitter and unmingled grief*. In this one respect, it is unsurpassed, certainly, by any uninspired piece of composition with which I am acquainted. Never have the sorrows of a patriotic heart, been poured forth in such strains of pathetic eloquence! *Lamentations, and mourning, and woe*, are here in all their *irregularity*. *Irregular* they are; and this is a peculiarity of the *passions* when powerfully excited: the presence of the object which gave them birth, keeps them alive, but the *phases* which that object may assume, variously *move and agitate* them. It is the *character of those changes*, and the different lights in which they are viewed, which determine their vehemence. The passions of the prophet are moved, as the ruins of the city of his fathers, and the miseries of his country, are made to pass in succession before him; but the violence of his emotions is dependent, momentarily, upon circumstances. The ruined rampart, the demolished gate, the remains of the once beautiful temple, the elders sitting in silence upon the ground, covered

with dust, the heads of the daughters of Zion inclining to the ground, and the dying and the dead at the top of every street, excite corresponding passion. Never before had the *Hebrew language* been laid under such heavy contributions, to express the melancholy and sorrows of man;—its *imagery*,—*rich, elegant, varied, and beautiful*,—with its *pathos*, and *power*, seem here concentrated. The whole book contains but five chapters. Toward the end, there is a “gathering”—of sorrows,—like the confluence and rush of many rivers into one tremendous cataract; accompanied (instance the last chapter) with the voices of the prophet, and all Israel, in one *loud and long chorus of woe*: “*The crown is fallen from our head, woe unto us that we have sinned!*” But Pisa is yet to be seen; we must sit no longer here. My Bible and note-book may close upon this solemn remark: the *grief and utter wretchedness* of the Israelitish people resemble, in their progress, their *wickedness and ruin*;—they advanced to a climax, and rushed desperately over a precipice into the deep and dread gulf of *seventy years’ captivity!* Adieu.

J. C.

LETTER XXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

Pisa, September, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,

I REMARKED at the close of my last letter, *that my note-book must be shut*. Not so!—at least not long. If Pisa will afford material for a letter,

open it must be. The old proverb, "*Strike while the iron is hot,*" is a good hint for all travellers, and equally so, "*It is easy to write when one knows about what.*" Nor have I forgotten your excellent motto, "*Look,—think,—write.*" It is easy writing, "when thought is warm and fancy flows;" but to me, it is irksome when impressions have faded away, and the thermometer of feeling has undergone a change, by a removal from those objects which imparted *life and warmth* to the atmosphere with which they happened to be encompassed. We now stand in the midst of Pisa's four grandest monuments;—the Cathedral, the Baptistry, the Campanile, or Leaning Tower, and Campo Santo, or Holy Cemetery. They are situated in one square; isolated; all marble;—and are, certainly, the most remarkable group of buildings I have ever seen.

The Cathedral is in the form of a Latin cross, crowned with a low elliptic dome. The columns and arches which support this dome, together with their oddly arranged pediments, pinnacles, and statues, have not an ungraceful effect. The effect also of those half pillars, which support the semicircular arches of its five storied front, is pleasing. A side view of the edifice presents three stories, graced with half pillars, cornices, and corresponding arches. The structure dates from the middle of the eleventh century; but it is evident that part of the materials of which it is built belonged to other temples, which had, most likely, crumbled into ruins, or been destroyed by accident or violence. The architect was a Greek. But to what order does the building belong? Is it Grecian? Not purely. There are, indeed, some traces of Grecian taste and genius; instance those columns and pilasters, which, if the truth were known, were probably imported from Greece; in other respects, it differs widely from the architecture of that country. Is it *Gothic* then?

My hand-book says it is considered to be such. But here are *round arches* instead of pointed; plain columns where they should be clustered; nor is there a single rib or tracery in the vaults belonging to the Gothic. It is true to no order, unless we admit the *mongrel* as an order. Notwithstanding this, it is a noble and imposing structure. Those four rows of columns, encrusted with variegated marble, have a noble effect. The interior is really grand. One hundred windows "stream in their light" upon,—*magnificence*. What a splendid colonnade met the eye, the moment we entered!—fifty or sixty isolated columns of oriental granite, with Corinthian capitals, have a sublime effect upon one's feelings. How varied the changes and combinations of these columns as we proceed! And here are numerous paintings,—none of them, however, remarkable for beauty, or richness of colouring; but they are not *inharmonious adjuncts* to the general features of the architecture. Those stunted, round arches, resting upon a range of columns in the wall, are far from being pleasing;—*meanness perched upon the shoulders of majesty*. There is a want of proportion between the column and the arch,—"*greatness supporting littleness*." Yet this is better than the contrary; *strength* is obtained at the expense of symmetry, which is a *safe* fault in an old building. How I should like to preach the gospel here!—to as many as the church could contain,—to those who understood my language,—every day during three months,—assisted by the local preachers and leaders I left behind me in Sheffield. Eight or ten prayer-meetings might be conducted within the area of three or four of those columns, without much disturbing one another. Well,—such scenes may yet be witnessed, even here. God can raise up instruments to accomplish his gracious purposes among the sons of men. He may yet bow the heavens and come down upon Italy

in mercy. The pure gospel of the Son of God, may yet be preached here ; and the cries of penitent sinners, the triumphs of new converts, and the hallelujahs of mature believers, may yet, even in the Italian language, resound through these lofty aisles. *With God all things are possible !* And who could forget Galileo, when walking through this Cathedral ? And there hangs an old chandelier, suspended from the roof : is it the same, I wonder, that suggested to that philosopher, the measurement of time by means of the vibrations of the pendulum ? It is not improbable, as this is a "land of antiquities ;" and besides, "this climate is favourable to all the materials of art. The outside *marble* of the Cathedral itself," says a traveller, "has, in seven hundred years, contracted very little of the lichen which would blacken an English tombstone in fifty. The *bronze* door of 1184, is not yet corroded with patina. The iron griffons of the Strozzi palace, wrought in the time of Lorenzo the Magnificent, are still as sharp as when they came from Caparra's smithy." Galileo, you are aware, was a native of Pisa ; a student, and afterwards a professor, in the Pisan university. His father intended him for the medical profession, and, for this purpose, he was entered a student in the university. For the science of medicine, it would appear, he had neither taste nor genius. His talents, for a time, vacillated between music and painting, until his mind manifested a *tendency* towards mechanical pursuits ; and in such a manner as could not be mistaken, either by himself or friends. This appeared to be the decided bent of his genius.

How small a matter, frequently, has given to great talents a determining motion, which has ceased but with life ! All attempts to make a farmer of Sir Isaac Newton were fruitless. Water-mills, and other inventions of curious workmanship, were more congenial to

his young mind, than the operations of the plough, the sickle, or the flail. The demonstration of a problem in Euclid's Elements, was of more importance, in the estimation of young Newton, than the consideration which was the fittest soil for wheat, or oats, or barley. The price of an old book, at the stall of a street bookseller, or the perusal of its contents in the garret of an apothecary's shop, had greater charms for him, than the price of produce, or the success of his servant in the market-place of Grantham. How remarkable, that a circumstance so simple as the falling of an apple, in his mother's garden, should have been the means of suggesting the first idea connected with *the theory of universal gravitation*. But it was an event equally insignificant which awoke, in the mind of Galileo, a thought that led to the science of *isochronism*; that is, the art of *equalizing time*, by the vibrations of the pendulum. One day, when musing in this church, a workman, carrying a ladder on his shoulder, ran against a chandelier that was suspended from the ceiling, which is very high, and set it in motion. Its gentle and long continued swing attracted his attention; when it occurred to his mind, that *the rate of the pulse might be ascertained by such a motion*, were it possible to apply it to an instrument, so as to govern the progression of its works into articulations of uniform and equal time. The chandelier and its long stem suggested the pendulum, and, having contrived machinery to impart the necessary motion, its vibrations were applied in counting the pulse. The instrument was long used in Italy for this purpose, and obtained the name of *Pulsilogies*. This, unless I am mistaken, was Galileo's first scientific discovery. Some years afterwards he completed it, by applying the motion of the pendulum to the equalizing of time-pieces. The discovery became of considerable use to science; the philosopher, thereby,

was enabled to construct and set in motion an astronomical clock. It was not till many years afterwards, that the principle was applied to common clocks.

The true field for Galileo's great talents was now fairly opened to his view. It was in vain that his father insisted he should study medicine as a future profession. *Euclid* had more influence than *Æsculapius*. The beauties of geometry occupied and absorbed his whole attention. The father, despairing of conquering the enthusiasm of his son, allowed him, at length, to follow the bent of his genius. An essay on the *Hydrostatical Balance* was, I believe, his first mathematical work. But every existing science of that age successively engaged the attention of that wonderful man; and several of the sciences received valuable acquisitions to their boundaries by his experiments and writings. To him the discovery of the thermometer has been justly ascribed; for, although some such instrument was known among the ancients, the remembrance of it had been totally obliterated from the pages of science and human recollection. The invention of the telescope immortalized Galileo. What Columbus was to the geographers of Europe, Galileo became to its astronomers. The one added a New World, with all its mountains and valleys, its seas and islands, its lakes and rivers, to geographical research; the other, as it were, "bowed the heavens," brought them near and within the range of astronomical research, *revealing worlds and their wonders*, hitherto invisible.

Magnifying glasses had frequently occupied the attention of Galileo, but the arrival, in Italy, of an instrument which had been lately invented in Holland, awakened the curiosity of his inquiring mind. Its power of rendering objects, however obscure, in the distant landscape, clearly perceptible, was produced by an ingenious combination of three glasses. Circum-

stances prevented a personal examination of the instrument; but, learning something of its mechanism, he improved upon the hint by testing the magnifying power of various sorts of glasses,—mere spectacle glasses. The next step was to combine them. To be short, his telescope was turned towards the heavens in the year of our Lord, 1609, and discoveries were there made to which may be traced some of the most interesting and sublime revelations of modern astronomy. It is worthy of remark, that about half a century afterwards, a *prism*, in the form of a *triangular piece of glass*, suggested to Sir Isaac Newton, "*the composition of light, and the unequal refrangibility of the different sorts of rays*," from whence have been derived all or most of the fundamental principles of modern *optical science*.

Galileo's first telescope was deficient; but it had sufficient power to assure him, that there were scenes of wonder and of grandeur in the heavens of which astronomy had never dreamed:—

"Scenes invisible to man,
And systems, of whose birth no tidings yet
Have reach'd this nether world.—"

His curiosity was excited but not satisfied. The dim and uncertain revelations of his humble and imperfect instrument fascinated his imagination, and stimulated the latent energies of his soul. Nor is this to be wondered at. "Contemplated," says a writer, "as one grand whole, astronomy is one of the most beautiful monuments of the human mind, the noblest record of its intelligence. Seduced by the illumination of his senses, and of self-love, man considered himself, for a long time, as the centre of the motion of the heavenly bodies; and his pride was justly punished by the terrors they inspired. The labour of many ages has, at length, withdrawn the veil which covered the system.

Man appears upon a small planet, almost imperceptible in the vast extent of the solar system, itself only an insensible point in the immensity of space. The sublime results to which this discovery has led may console him for the limited space assigned to him in the universe." Galileo constructed a second telescope, of superior magnifying power, by which the heavenly bodies were brought many degrees nearer. With emotions not inferior to those of Columbus, when exploring the shores and scenery of the New World, did Galileo now contemplate the heavens. At first, one would suppose, he inclined to doubt the faithfulness of his instrument. Closer observation, however, would satisfy him, that the telescope only revealed what had before existed, though hitherto invisible. As he made himself "familiar with the wonders of the sky," and proved the truthfulness of telescopic announcements, he was enabled to describe, with convincing certainty, and scientific precision, the movements and aspects of the systems of immensity.—

"How great that Power, whose providential care,
Through these bright orbs' dark centre darts a ray,
Of nature universal threads the whole!
And hangs creation like a precious gem,
Though little, on the footstool of his throne!
That little gem, how large, say, then, Lorenzo,
Where ends this mighty building? where begin
The suburbs of creation? where the wall,
Whose battlements look o'er into the vale
Of non-existence, Nothing's strange abode?"

The press stood ready to spread the tidings to every part of the civilized world. A periodical, conducted by Galileo himself, entitled *Nuncius Sidereus*, or, "*Intelligence of the Heavens*," made its appearance. The astronomers and, indeed, the literati of Europe, and of the world, were struck with amaze. No merely human science had ever excited such interest, or

awakened such intense curiosity. "He had not long directed his telescope to that field which has since been its principal domain, before he was rewarded by a sublime succession of brilliant discoveries. The four satellites, or attendant moons of Jupiter, revealed themselves, for the first time, to the human eye. Other stars, unseen before, met him in every quarter of the heavens to which he turned. Saturn showed his singular encompassing ring. The moon revealed her seas and her mountains. The sun himself discovered spots of dark lying in the midst of his brightness." Honours came in showers upon Galileo from every quarter; and he took his place among the greatest men of the age. The revolutions of the satellites of Jupiter, the phases of Venus, eclipses, &c., occupied successively the attention of this great astronomer.

Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, paid "the starry Galileo" no ordinary compliment. The reference is but, as it were, incidental, the better to "set off" one of his immortal heroes; but there can be little doubt, that it was designed as an expression of gratitude towards the Tuscan astronomer, for the kind reception he gave the English poet when he visited him at Florence, as also in admiration of his talents and astronomical discoveries.—

" His ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening, from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, on her spotty globe."

The vigilant eye of the court of Rome, the pope and his cardinals, was fixed upon the popularity and the proceedings of Galileo. So long as he confined his discovery to the heavens,—a sphere beyond the limits of its jealousy,—it joined the rest of the world

in awarding applause. But no sooner was it known at Rome, that his discoveries in the solar system were likely to extend to the earth also, and to affect certain popular views which had obtained the sanction of *infallibility*, than an alarm was created. Galileo from that hour became an object of distrust to *the lynx-eyed Inquisition*. This, however, so far from arresting the investigations of the philosopher, stimulated them. His inquiries were prosecuted with greater boldness and industry. The wondrous mechanism of the other planets only served to deepen the interest he felt in the economy of his own. This was natural, and, under any other ecclesiastical polity than popery, would have been praiseworthy. In short, Galileo adopted the Copernican system of the earth's motion round the sun, and ventured to teach it openly in the university of Pisa. And now began his troubles, which ended not but with life. The system he had adopted was finally to prevail. Galileo knew it. *Truth* is no *Janus*, neither in science nor religion; it looks but one way. He saw this, and was satisfied as to the results. Error in theology had "died amidst its worshippers," in Switzerland, Germany, and the British Isles. Error in science, though shielded by the out-stretched wing of popery, was yet to be penetrated and dissolved by the beams of scientific truth. But a storm is frequently necessary in order to obtain a *clear sky and sunshine*. An outcry was raised by the papists against the philosopher, and a storm of abuse, under the plea of *heresy*. At first his opponents essayed to put him down by such arguments as ignorance and superstition could furnish. A doughty champion of the church,—one, by the way, who enjoyed some reputation for learning,—entered the lists against Galileo. The following is a memorable specimen of his argumentative powers: "There are only seven apertures in the head; two eyes, two ears, two nostrils,

and one mouth ; there are only seven metals ; there are only seven days in the week ; from which we gather, that the number of planets is only *seven*. Moreover, the satellites are invisible to the naked eye ; and therefore can exercise no influence on the earth, and therefore would be useless, and therefore do not exist." The effect of such reasoning, upon the enlightened mind of the philosopher, may be easily conceived. The following humorous letter, written from Padua, to his friend *Kepler*, is worth remembering :—

" O MY DEAR KEPLER,

How I wish that we could have one hearty laugh together. Here, at Padua, is the principal Professor of Philosophy, whom I have repeatedly and urgently requested to look at the moon through my glass, which he pertinaciously refuses to do. Why are you not here ? What shouts of laughter we should have at his glorious folly ! and to hear the Professor of Philosophy at Pisa, labouring before the Grand Duke with arguments, as if with magical incantations, to charm the new planet out of the sky !—"

The spirit of popery was not thus to be trifled with. He who in those days defied its authority, had to smart for it. The papists were indignant against Galileo, and were ready to burn him as a heretic. Galileo was summoned to Rome ; and, after an audience with the pope, was dismissed, with a command not to allow his philosophy "to meddle with the earth,"—at least, not in the form of the *Copernican* heresy.

His convictions remained the same ; nor did he yield to discouragement, or allow himself to be inactive. Bigotry had, indeed, silenced his tongue, but his pen remained unshackled, and the press,—the

enemy of tyranny, and of all kinds of despotism that would arrest the freedom of the human mind,—beckoned him forward with his *manuscript*. The *Ptolemaic* system supposed the earth to be *immovable*, and ascribed all motion to the firmament. That is, the earth was the *centre* of the universe, and the revolutions of all the planets diurnally westward, and periodically eastward, were performed round the earth as their centre:—a system that was attended with insurmountable difficulties. The *Copernican* system derived its title from a philosopher of that name. It was a revival of some obscure opinions held by the ancient *Pythagorean* philosophers, respecting the revolutions of the earth and heavenly bodies around some central fire, which Copernicus interpreted to mean the *sun*. It is possible he mistook their meaning; but it was in accordance with such an hypothesis that he prosecuted those inquiries, which resulted in the establishment of principles that eventually became the scientific faith of the world. As Galileo progressed with his experiments and calculations, the error of the *Ptolemaic* system, and the truth of that of *Copernicus*, became every day more evident. To the astonishment of the popish world, a book was issued from the press, in the year 1632, in which were discussed the merits of the “Two Systems of the World, in the form of a Dialogue.” The Inquisition at Rome was immediately on the alert, and attempted to arrest the progress of the book. The author was cited to appear before the tribunal of that cruel and bloody institution; where he was found guilty of heresy, and was condemned to the dungeons of the pope, and his work burned. He was finally allowed to depart from Rome, but deprived of his Professorship at Pisa; commanded, at his peril, not to wander from his residence, near Florence; and all intercourse with his friends was totally prohibited. This was a heavy

blow to Galileo, but he bore it with the patience of a philosopher, and, some time afterwards, presented to the world a second work, on the "*Laws of Motion.*" Worn out at length by a series of misfortunes and persecutions, he took to the bed of his last sickness, the particulars of which I cannot now enlarge upon. But soon after, he quietly bade farewell to this world of sorrow, and, it is to be hoped, through the merits of his Redeemer, entered into life eternal,—into a state of existence compatible with an acquaintance with all that is wonderful in "creative power," the certainties of science, and perfect happiness.

I have read the remark somewhere, that *Galileo* was born on the day that *Michael Angelo* died; and, that *Galileo* died on the day that *Sir Isaac Newton* was born. Thus, when one man had succeeded in gratifying the world by some of the most splendid triumphs of genius in architecture, painting, and sculpture, a *genius* was given to that same world, who revealed the glories of the firmament. And when the bigoted and blindfolding hand of the Romish church had incarcerated a *Galileo*, and, by sorrow, extinguished the light of his eyes, and sealed them at length in death, the Almighty gave to the world a *Newton*, but committed him to the care of a nation which knew better how to appreciate his talents.

But it is time to return from this long digression. We now stand before the famous *Leaning Tower of Pisa*. It is a cylindrical tower, built of *Carrara marble*, consisting of two walls, placed three feet apart, with a circular well in the centre, which is twenty-two feet in diameter. The entire height of the structure is about two hundred feet. It is encompassed with eight successive tiers of columns,—circle above circle, supporting open round-arched galleries, which, being divided by cornices, all of white marble, have an exceedingly pretty effect. But its principal attraction is its deviation

from the perpendicular,—about fourteen feet, some say sixteen. At the first look, it seemed just in the act of falling; and it is with some hesitation we dare to approach. The question, whether this inclination has arisen from accident, or from the design of an eccentric architect, has long divided the opinions of antiquarians. Some have asserted, upon what authority I do not remember, that when the structure was in the course of erection, and before it had half attained its intended height, it suddenly swagged into its present inclination, by the depression of a part of its foundation. That the architect, who was a German, having found means to test the strata that had given way, gave it as his opinion that it would sink no farther; therefore he, and his Italian successor, were allowed to proceed and finish the tower, in accordance with the accidental tendency. Others, on the contrary, affirm, that the fault was not in the foundations, but in the eccentric head of "*the designer*,"—that the obliquity must be ascribed to caprice, or to a desire to startle and amaze the world by "a production in architecture," not only at variance with the long established rules of the art, but setting at defiance the laws of *gravitation* itself. Where so many wise men have differed, we have a right to form our own judgment. The soil upon which Pisa stands, is evidently *alluvial*,—"a plain of deposits," from the river Arno. The waves of the Tyrrhenean Sea, have often swept over the lower stratas of this plain, until it gained a height which set boundaries to their incursions. The soil gaining consistence and firmness with age, invited men to erect their habitations upon it, and to cultivate its surface. At the early age when this tower was built,—seven centuries ago, the art of forming foundations by piles, was not generally known to architects. That such an isolated mass would depress a soil so soft, and cause it to lapse or settle away in one part more than

another, any one, acquainted with the unequal stratas which are peculiar to an alluvial soil, would readily admit. None of the courses of masonry in this tower appear to have been laid horizontal; some of the lintels of the doors, I perceive, are broken,—an additional evidence, one would think, of the subsidence of the soil. We have not the means of measuring, but I question whether there are any of the pillars and spars of the Cathedral exactly perpendicular:—they have an evident inclination southward,—that is, toward the Arno,—in the same direction that the tower leans. Yonder is a belfry that declines, and so does that observatory in a neighbouring street;—such, indeed, is the deviation of the latter building, one informs us, that astronomical calculations are affected by it seriously.

The remembrance that this tower has stood six or seven hundred years, and that it is likely to stand as many more, unless some earthquake topple it over,* leads one to honour the judgment of the architect, whoever he was, who continued the building on the plan of the hazardous inclination, while it inspires us with courage, to do what millions have done before us, to ascend to its summit. We are now at the top, and what a view have we before us!—the plains around Pisa, the Mediterranean,—the island of Corsica, &c., and the Apennines!—forcibly reminding one of the fine description of the poet *Lucan*,—

* Italy has lately been visited by a terrific earthquake, which has resulted in the loss of several lives, and in the destruction of much property,—especially in and around Leghorn; and, indeed, through an extensive tract of Tuscany. A traveller, who happened to be in Pisa at the time, remarks: “I ran to see what had become of the Leaning Tower; and great was my surprise at finding it standing firm. What an object it must have formed at the moment of the shock! Those who had the opportunity of observing it, assured me that its vibrations were most awful.”

September, 1846.

J. C.

" In pomp the shady Apennines arise,
 And lift th' aspiring nation to the skies;
 No land like Italy erects the sight,
 By such a vast ascent, or swells to such a height:
 Her num'rous states the tow'ring hills divide,
 And see the billows rise on either side;
 At Pisa, here the range of mountains ends,
 And here to high Ancona's shores extends:
 In their dark womb a thousand rivers lie,
 That with continual streams the double sea supply."

It is said, the inclination of this tower assisted Galileo in his discoveries relative to the nature of terrestrial gravity. By means of certain deductions, made from the *equal acceleration of heavy bodies*, he was enabled to lay down laws in reference to *motion uniformly accelerated*, the truth of which has never been successfully controverted. The application of his principles to the motion of bodies, whether falling freely by the force of gravity perpendicularly, or upon an inclined plane, was of the highest importance to science; and to his *theories* may be traced most of those facts which contributed to establish the science of *universal gravitation*. The principle of *compound motion*, though discovered before Galileo's time, was reduced by him to a *system*. He applied it successfully to "the motion of a body receiving an original impulse in a direction oblique to the horizon, and urged by the accelerating force of gravity."

This has been considered as the *first fruits* of mathematical philosophy. But to Galileo must the honour be ascribed of applying the science of mathematics to *free bodies in motion*. His pupil, indeed, *Toricelli*, in his work, entitled, *De Motu Gravium naturaliter accelerato*, simplified and expanded his discoveries, and made some important additions to them; but *the true laws of projectiles* were never properly understood, I believe, till they received the application of his theories. Many a time did the old philosopher

hobble up those stairs we have just ascended, loaded with his instruments, in order to combat the opinions of Aristotle, with regard to the phenomena of falling bodies. It may be enthusiasm, yet one can hardly avoid the thought, that the *bias* of this tower was providential. We know that not a few of the apparent eccentricities of nature have been straightened out to human apprehension, by the eccentricities of science and scientific men. Galileo's experiments corrected Aristotle's errors. But we must "come down in the world;" yonder is the *Campo Santo*;—the Pisan cemetery,—rather, the *holy cemetery*, as the title implies. Why holy? Because of the sanctity of those interred there? Yes, assuredly; though, possibly, many of them were by no means remarkable for holiness in their life-time, but they sleep in "*holy soil*,"—earth which was brought from Jerusalem in fifty galleys, and deposited there in the time of the republic. Come, then, let us tread the soil of Palestine.

The Campo Santo is an oblong square, with the measurement of which we shall not trouble ourselves. Surrounding the interior is a light and elegant corridor or portico of white marble. How delicate and airy is that Gothic-work which adorns those three-score arcades! And what a variety of *antiques, busts, vases, and sarcophagi* have we here!—"It is a *funeral museum*!" says one. But who ever heard of a gallery of paintings in a cemetery? Here is one that almost entirely encompasses the resting-place of the dead. Painting has long been the "ruling passion" in Italy, and it is carried here to the very portals of the grave. But I forgot that some writer tells us, that such cloistered cemeteries as this, were the field where painting first appeared in the dark ages, on emerging from the subterranean cemeteries of Rome. I question, indeed, whether any kind of painting with which we are acquainted, is so ancient as *fresco*, which appears to

be the sort we have here. The *durability* of this style is very well demonstrated,—more so, perhaps, than the talents or capabilities of the artists. These productions afford one an excellent chronology for the Tuscan school of painting; as we have here the works of several masters, during the lapse of three hundred years. Here are subjects from Scripture, popish legends, and imaginings not a few from the poetry of Dante. How coarse are the first and second pictures of the series!—but they are the oldest; “and they betray,” says one, “a thin, timid, ill-fed pencil; the trees resemble sticks, and men corpses;—inflexible forms, flat surfaces, long extremities, raw tints,—anything but nature.” It is, however, hardly fair to be severe upon these relics of antiquity, when one considers the infancy of the art which they represent, and the number of years which have elapsed, since they sprang from the pencil. There are others, it is true, nearly as old as these, but the workmanship is by far superior. Although not by any means perfect,—the progress of the art is readily traced,—“You catch perspective entering into the pictures, deepening the back-ground, and then adjusting the group to the plans. You see the human figure, in some of the paintings, first straight, or rather *stretched*, then foreshortened, then enlarged; rounded, salient, free, various, expressive,” and gradually approaching to the truth of nature. The austerity of the age to which they belong, and, indeed, of the Tuscan school,—“*singular, terrible, expressive,*” but not beautiful, is here exhibited. As we proceed, the designs and colouring, though *wild* and *hard*, are upon the whole better, and there is a manifest improvement in freedom and correctness of outline.

Here is, *The Triumph of Death*;—but it is over *the young, the gay, the beautiful*, not the aged and decrepid,—the proper mark for the “*insatiate archer.*”

Beneath, in the vale of years, is a grisly company,—the *old*, the *miserable*, the *infirm*, who seem ready to hail the approach of the grim messenger,—as if imploring his kindly aid to shorten their wearisome pilgrimage, and put an end to their troubles. “*The king of terrors*” pays no attention to these, but directs his course towards a group of lovers, and pleasure-takers, who are listening to music in a grove of orange trees;—these are his unsuspecting and unprepared victims. The figures are numerous, tolerable in drawing, and expressive of character and circumstances.

Here is a terrible scene,—*The Day of Judgment!*—Heaven and hell unfolded. Some of the figures are reprehensible, others absurd, yet lessons may be learned there not unimportant. The terrible and the ludicrous are combined with all possible gravity and sincerity. Behold the monk! a hypocrite among the elect,—has slyly concealed himself among the saints, on this flaming day of God! It is Dr. South, I think, who tells us that the word *hypocrisy* was borrowed originally from the stage, and signified then, as now, the acting of a part. The same writer says, that he had heard of a stage-player who acted a part so long, that he believed himself to be the very person he acted; and that he did not consider it an extraordinary thing for the religious hypocrite to be given up to the same delusion,—to believe his own lie; and, having put on religion first for a formality, to believe at length that that formality is religion. I remember the saying of an aged divine, with which I was once peculiarly struck; that the Cato without, and a Nero within; a Jacob without, and an Esau within; a David without, and a Saul within; a Peter without, and a Judas within; a saint without, and a satan within, is ripened for the worst hell. Matt. xxiv. 5. Hypocrites, he said, are the freeholders of hell; all other sinners do but hold under them; none have so large a portion in hell, as

hypocrites have. He concluded by a terrible appeal to these spiritual counterfeits,—that Christ would, ere long, *unmask* them, *uncase* them, disrobe them,—take off their vizards and hoods, and turn them “inside out,” to their eternal shame, before all the world. Nothing counterfeit can long pass undetected. Fraud and guile cannot escape the Almighty. An angel is dragging the old monk out from among the happy throng, by the hair of the head. The flames of hell are waving yonder, to receive the hypocrite. See that *layman* yonder,—in the garb of a youthful peasant. He has got among the damned by mistake,—“*the foundation standeth sure; the Lord knoweth them that are his.*” How joyful he looks!—a sure sign that he does not expect to remain long with his present company. Well may he look happy;—a heavenly messenger disentangles him from the labyrinths of perdition; and yonder is a company of the happy and the holy, who are waiting to welcome and conduct him into the society of the redeemed.

This, certainly, was a blow at the priesthood, which must have been felt and acknowledged. That it has remained uneffaced from generation to generation, is as much to be wondered at, as that the painter should have had the temerity to make such a representation. But the painters of Italy have ever had a remarkable latitude allowed to the *display of their genius*; and, when compared with the shackles which have ever checked the liberties of the Italian press, the contrast is striking and instructive. “That liberty,” remarks a traveller, “so constantly denied to the press in Italy, seems never to have been withheld from the pencil; and artists long continued to paint the *satires* which authors dared not to write. Of these, there are many remarkable instances in the old pictures. In the ante-room to the gallery of the Institute at Bologne, there is a representation of hell, after the manner of Dante’s

Inferno, in which the then reigning pope is placed conspicuously; and the vindictiveness of the poet is very evidently illustrated by the sympathy of the painter, who was, I believe, his own friend Giotto." Until the press has equal liberty with the pencil,—rather, till its trammels are entirely struck off, I question whether the system of popery will ever be overturned in Italy. I have seen the remark somewhere, that it is to the art of printing that we owe the Reformation. Slow, indeed, would have been the progress of Luther's doctrines, but for the *press, and its freedom*. These secured,—those doctrines spread over the civilized world, with the rapidity and might of an inundation. One can scarcely believe that this Campo Santo could have been for centuries the common burying-place of an entire city. But some one has remarked, that this "Jerusalem soil long possessed the quality of speedily corroding bodies deposited therein; and of destroying them in twenty-four hours." I was thinking, a few minutes since, had the priests only ventured to affirm, upon the authority of the pope, that the virtues of this holy ground extended to the souls of all interred therein; it would, doubtless, have become a source of considerable revenue to the Church of Rome. How many of "the faithful" in Italy, would have been induced to "sell all" in order to secure such a benefit! Nor would such a decision, from *the chair of infallibility*, have been at all "out of character" with the other "acts of faith," which have originated from the same source; and, certainly, as useful to the soul as the immense sums of money which are annually expended in praying souls out of purgatory. Should this page ever be printed, and, what is not very likely, should it ever meet the eye of his holiness, the hint may not be unworthy of consideration,—unless it may have quite lost its virtues, by having originated with a *protestant heretic*. We

have only time for a short walk through the city, and then we must hasten back to Leghorn. But here is the Baptistarium;—an octagonal edifice, covered with sculpture, and crowded with columns. Its interior is ample. Who that has read of Pisa, forgets the echo in the Baptistery. And what an echo!—perfect,—powerful. The pulpit is marble, profusely sculptured. The font is a gigantic marble basin, and, seemingly alive with *antique pagan emblems*; but what business have they here? And, “look aloft,”—“arches are perched on arches, and pedestals are stilted on the capitals of columns.” During several centuries this was the only baptismal font in Pisa. How many hundreds of thousands have been baptized here, many of whom repose in the cemetery we have just left! but their souls,—where are they? and the echo replies, “Where are they?”

We have just enjoyed a walk through the university,—once, the second school of law in Italy. At present, it is greatly reduced from its former renown. How solitary its halls! The memory of Galileo is its glory; and I know not any other great name besides, in which they have any particular cause to glory;—*but he was a host.*

* * * * *

One is surprised, considering the low position of Pisa, and the humidity for which the climate around the city is so noted, that the buildings are not more aged and weather-worn. I have met with the remark, in the course of my reading, that, moist as is the climate of Great Britain, yet double the quantity of rain falls around Pisa, annually;—not less, we have been informed, than forty-seven inches. But there is this difference,—it usually descends with more violence: “It generally falls in large round drops, direct to the ground. It never breaks into moisture, nor dims the air, nor penetrates the houses, nor rusts metals, nor

racks the bones with the searching activity of an English shower." It is partly on this account, and for the mildness of the winter, that vast numbers of invalids, particularly those affected with diseases of the lungs, flock here from all parts of Europe. Many recover,—so as to maintain the celebrity of the climate ; but vast numbers come here only to die. They had, possibly, clung too long to the north,—or to the home of their fathers ; or affection had lingered, unwilling to allow one or two of the family to follow the example of Young toward his drooping, lovely Narcissa :—

“ I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid North,
And bore her nearer to the sun.”

But a climate so favourable to the preservation of the works of art, and the health of man, possessed no inherent properties *conservative* of the *liberties and independence* of that republic, of which this city was the capital. These depended upon *other and different elements* ;—and when allowed to do their “ *evil will*,” how fearfully did they beat upon prostrate Pisa ! “ *How are the mighty fallen !*” What reader of history can forget, when viewing Pisa, that, “ at an early period the city asserted its independence, and, in the tenth century, blazed forth in all the glory of a mighty and victorious republic. Its numerous fleets rode triumphant on the *Mediterranean* ; and *Corsica*, *Sardinia*, the *Saracens* on the coast of Africa, and the infidel sovereign of Carthage bowed beneath its powers. Captive kings appeared before its senate ; the Franks, in Palestine and Egypt, owed their safety to its prowess ; and Naples and Palermo saw its flags unfurled on their towers. Pontiffs and emperors courted its alliance, and acknowledged its effective services ; and the glory of Pisa, twice ten centuries after its foundation, eclipsed the fame of its Grecian parent, and,

indeed, rivalled the achievements of Sparta herself, and of all the cities of *Peloponnesus* united." Pisa never recovered the shock she received in the destruction of her fleet by that of Genoa, in the latter part of the thirteenth century. About one hundred and eight years after this event, the Pisan republic was dissolved by the Florentines, and incorporated into that government. Such may be the final destiny of the United States of America, should "the dissolution of the union" occur. The tie that at present binds the States together into one united and happy republic may be broken. Each state will then sink into an insignificant and petty republic. Then, and not till then, will those scenes be enacted which have left so deep a stain upon the annals of Italy, and which have rendered a republican form of government so much suspected; and, therefore, so unpopular in most parts of Europe. Yours, &c.,

J. C.

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Civita Vecchia, September, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,

THIS is an old Roman port; distant from Rome about sixty miles. At present it belongs to the pope of Rome. But a stranger is not left in uncertainty as to the proprietor. Everywhere, upon every piece of masonry of any importance, or which happens to look a little better than its immediate neighbour, the traveller is annoyed with an array of "gingerbread sculpture,"—the tiara, keys of St. Peter, &c., with a long, eulogizing inscription to the particular pontiff under

whose auspices it was erected or improved. How childish to make such a parade about trifles! It is enough to make the royal family of any throne in Europe "laugh outright" at such priestly vanity. But so it is, so it always has been, and so it is likely to be in all times to come; when the ministers of religion descend from the great and glorious work of soul-saving, to grasp at *worldly honour, property, or power*, they are generally permitted by God to render themselves ridiculous.

We arrived here this morning, and the captain kindly allowed us to spend the day ashore; but he purposes to sail for Naples about sunset. The weather continues charming. Yesterday afternoon we returned to Leghorn from Pisa. Seldom have I contemplated a scene of such beauty and magnificence, as that which presented itself as we proceeded, in a small boat, across the harbour of Leghorn to our steamer. This fine sheet of water reflected, as in a mirror, the cloudless sky, the shipping, and the buildings of the port. To the left, beyond Pisa, the Carrara mountains,—"*the mountains which, from Pisa, shadow Lucca*;"—their summits, hoary with years, arose and played along and into the blue unclouded firmament, with purest outline. Never were objects invested with a clearer and purer atmosphere. The sky seemed to be *resting down* upon the clear outlines of the mountains, rather than the mountains soaring into "*the clear obscure*" of the sky; as if to remind one of those lines of Wordsworth, if I rightly remember:—

"Has not the soul, the being of your life,
Received a shock of awful consciousness,
In some calm season, when these lofty rocks,
At night's approach, *bring down th' unclouded sky,*
To rest upon their circumambient walls?"

When we ascended the deck, the scene became still

grander; for, in addition to the varieties on shore and in the harbour,—light vessels skimming to and fro,—the sea itself was “*one molten mirror, one illumined plane,*”—as if a storm had never disturbed it; and glowing with the fervour of the declining sun. As our steamer weighed anchor, and moved out of the harbour, we stood alone, in a quiet recess of the quarter-deck, “*lost in wonder, love, and praise.*”—

“While gold and roseate blush the west,
With tints divinely blending,
We stood alone, to mark the close,
The dawn of night, the day's repose.”

Having cleared the harbour, we veered southward, and steered for Naples. The scene continued charming. The sea, if possible, was more sublimely placid, and still,—“as one burnished sheet of living gold;” and westward, “where sea and sky were each in other lost,—and each might seem the other,” the sun was, in his glory, descending, and “dipping down, inch by inch,” into the sea, attended by a few half submerged clouds, reposing at a respectful distance, but almost as glorious as himself. It was *sublimely beautiful*. The ancient sages, who formerly inhabited these shores, used to interpret such a splendid sunset thus: “The horses of the sun are plunging into the sea, to refresh themselves, after their glorious course through the heavens.” The knowledge of a western hemisphere, quite upset this poetic idea, and appropriated other employment to the sun and his steeds. There was something in the scene before us which suggested reflections on the present aspect of Europe. The king of France, somebody remarked the other day, is the bond of peace to Europe; and many suppose that his death will be but the signal for great commotions, if not bloodshed. Politicians are the best judges in such matters. This I know, while the sun maintained his

dominion in the heavens, he held, as if by enchantment, the wind, the sea, and all nature, in universal peace. But the moment he disappeared, the fairy scene was immediately dissolved; the golden hues vanished from the sea; the sky changed into purple, next into a dark blue, then into a scowl; next came the wind; and, lastly, a skirmish between wind and waves. Now, to such things I have no particular objections when safely located on the shore; but I am seriously opposed to them when at the mercy of their frolics or their fury. It was just as a poet has described:—

“And now another change is on the sea:—
That which was late so bland and beautiful,
Has taken now a stern and iron hue,
Turbid and threatening: above, below,
A growing darkness closes on the scene;
The elements are mustering their strength
For desp'rate conflict. The determined wind
Lays on the waters its continuous blast,
While myriad billows whitening in its track,
Wave o'er wave,——”

But who could stand to repeat poetry with any comfort, under *more than an apprehension*—of *sea-sickness*? We retreated from deck, and left the good steamer to battle the night out alone. I shall write you from Naples. Farewell.

J. C.

LETTER XXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

Naples, October, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,

MY last was dated at Civita Vecchia,—a filthy town, and all around it, *desolation*. Poverty and misery

seemed to reign in almost every street. After "straying through the town," we walked out beyond the walls, bathed in the Mediterranean, hastened aboard the steamer, employed ourselves in journalizing, weighed anchor, and sailed for this city early in the afternoon. The day was fine, and our course afforded a good view of the coast. We could not but remark how barren and desolate was the entire sea-board of the pope's dominions;—a circumstance that attracts the attention of all travellers, whether Roman Catholics or Protestants; but its *sterile and dreary aspect* is frequently construed, by the prejudices of the latter, into a mark of divine displeasure:—as if those solemn declarations of the *prohibited scriptures* were literally fulfilled: "*The whole land is made desolate, it mourneth unto me, because no man layeth it to heart.*"

* * * * * *And will drive him into a land barren and desolate, with his face toward the east sea, and his hinder parts toward the utmost sea; and his stink shall come up, and his ill savour shall come up, because he hath done great things;—to make their land desolate, and a perpetual hissing: every one that passeth thereby shall be astonished, and wag his head."*

And now that we are comfortably seated in the New York Hotel, in the city of Naples, I shall proceed to note down any particulars, connected with our voyage from Civita to this city, which I may deem most likely to interest or amuse you. In doing so, some attention to my "*pencilings by the way,*" may save me from the fault of *tediousness* in detail, and, perhaps, preserve that "*freshness of style*" to which you are so partial.

The Tiber! Yonder is the mouth of the Tiber! And what river (if we except Jordan) is so celebrated in history as the Tiber, or is calculated to awaken so many interesting associations? What classic scenes

have those *yellow waters* visited, since they began to stream their lonely way amid the mountains of Tuscany,—meandering downwards to Rome, one hundred and sixty miles, and thence to the sea, fourteen English miles more! How vast and mighty the changes which have occurred, on each side of its channel, and in the world, since "*he from Troy went up the Tiber!*" How forcibly does the scene before us, though denuded of its ancient woods, and dreary and desolate as it is, remind one of that fine passage in the *Æneid*, where Virgil describes the approach of the Trojan fleet, and the scene which presented itself to *Æneas*, as he viewed, for the first time, from the deck of his galley, the mouth of the Tiber!—

"The Trojan from the main beheld a wood,
Which, thick with shades, and a brown horror stood:
Betwixt the trees, the Tiber took his course,
With whirlpools dimpled, and with downward force,
That drove the sand along, he took his way,
And roll'd his yellow billows to the sea:
About him, and above, and round the wood,
The birds that haunt the borders of his flood,
That bathed within, or bask'd upon his side,
To tuneful songs their narrow throats applied.
The captain gives command, the joyful train
Glide through the gloomy shade, and leave the main."

Night approaches; the sea roughens. "*I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.*"

We have enjoyed a good night's rest; are now on deck, thankful to the God of all our mercies:—

"And now the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unimprison'd, unfolds the spreading day."

How rude! how sullen! and yet how diversified is this coast! American scenery, in general, far exceeds it in grandeur, but not in historical interest. South

America has her volcanoes, "that seem to thunder in another world." North America has her mountains, aspiring to the sky; she has her lakes resembling seas, and forests interminable. Beautiful valleys are hers, "and hills that echo to the distant herds;" she can show her rivers "one thousand miles long,"—

"Where roll Ohio's streams, Missouri's floods,
Beneath the umbrage of eternal woods."

She can boast of her Niagara, resounding with a voice like thunder;—as if all the rivers in the world had congregated for a "shout and a leap,"—"the rocks and nodding groves rebelling to its roar;" and over all her charms is spread a sky of as deep and lovely a blue as Italy ever boasted. But how many centuries must pass away, ere that scenery shall be invested with associations so deep and so interesting, as that which we are now contemplating! "But," remarks a traveller, in reference to American scenery, "But if Plato, or Pythagoras, or a Pliny, had visited their recesses in pursuit of knowledge; if a Homer or a Virgil had peopled them with ideal tribes, with heroes or with phantoms; if the useful ambition of an Alexander or a Cæsar had carried war and civilization to their borders:—" Aye! to be sure, this would have thrown a splendour over American scenery, and a romantic interest which it does not now possess. But, let it be remembered that, if in Italy everything reminds the observer of the past, in America the past is as nothing;—there, the aspect of all things is toward the future. The inhabitants of Italy endeavour to console themselves by recollections of the *glories of the past*; American citizens are *cheered by the hopes of the future*. Which of the two emotions is best calculated to awaken and sustain the energies of a nation I shall leave you to determine.

It is in Italy, not in America, that an *Improvisatrice* may be heard mournfully saying,—

“ Our idle life is scarcely here perceived :
 The silence of the living to the dead
 Is homage : they endure, but we decay.
 The dead alone are honour'd and alone
 Recorded still ;—our destinies obscure
 Contrast the glories of our ancestors ;
 Our present life leaves but the past entire,
 And deep the quiet around memory :
 Our trophies are the work of those no more :
 Genius itself ranks 'mid th' illustrious dead.
 Italy is now the country of the tomb.”

Had Christianity not become corrupted in Italy, it would have been far otherwise at present with that nation. Had the church which was in Rome maintained its purity,—such as it was when St. Paul eulogized it in that expressive passage in his Epistle to the Romans, which now lies open before me, Italy might now be occupying a more glorious and noble position among the nations of the earth than any other, perhaps, in Christendom. “ *First, I thank my God through Jesus Christ for you all, that your faith is spoken of throughout the whole world.*” Rom. i. 8. It is with backslidden nations as with individuals; sooner or later they are made to see and feel that *it is an evil thing and a bitter to forsake God*. O Lord God of hosts, bless the empires of England, and of the United States! May they answer all the high designs of Heaven! They have the truth; they know the truth; that truth has made them free,—noble,—powerful,—glorious. May they never sell it, nor corrupt it! If they do, the purposes of the Almighty will be frustrated: “*ICHABOD,—THE GLORY IS DEPARTED,*” will be inscribed upon their respective escutcheons, by the finger of Providence. What then?—dissolution,—desolation, and utter ruin.

Every mile we advance, the coast increases in beauty and interest. The scenery before us is not, perhaps, celebrated for many of those stirring incidents and heroic achievements which have immortalized other parts of Italy. But *there* resided most of those eminent characters whose names are illustrious on the pages of Roman history. What dell, or glen, or cliff, or romantic recess, along all these shores to Naples, has not been graced with the villas of men renowned in antiquity? This was "*the winter retreat of the luxurious Romans,*" from the fall of the republic to the rise of the monarchy; and, indeed, down to the fall of the Roman empire. We are now, probably, sailing over what a poet has so well described:—

"The masters of the earth, unsatisfied,
Built on the sea; and now the boatman steers
O'er many a crypt and vault yet glimmering,
O'er many a broad and indestructible arch,
The deep foundations of their palaces."

The scenes which now attract our attention "have aided the meditations of the sage, and have awakened the rapture of the poet; and as long as the Latin muses continue to instruct mankind, so long will travellers survey with delight the academy of Cicero, the tomb of Virgil, and the birth-place of Tasso." True, one cannot forget that this scenery was once scandalized by the foul presence of Tiberius, and scourged by "the wild and cruel freaks of Caligula." But can we forget that it was once dignified by the presence of a Horace and a Virgil? or, that a Cicero, a Cæsar, and a Pompey, have there enjoyed "*the feast of reason, and the flow of soul,*"—on politics, legislation, war, commerce, eloquence, philosophy, poetry, painting, sculpture,—aye, and the *concerns of the soul also,*—*conscience-led,*—"from what they knew, to what they wished to know?" Upon yonder gentle eminence

Cicero may have discoursed upon the immortality of the soul, encompassed by a few chosen friends. The activity of the mind,—the wonderful power of the memory,—the capability of the soul to penetrate into the future; as well as its vast powers, so amazingly developed in scientific discoveries;—all these were well-known Ciceronian themes. From these he drew that famous inference, that it was impossible a nature so rich in accomplishments should be mortal, and perish like the brute;—that such a mind could no more be annihilated with the ruined body, than a sunbeam, straying through a crevice, could perish beneath the falling edifice. Those rocks may have echoed his lofty and noble conclusion:—that, if he was wrong in supposing that the souls of men were immortal, he would persist in pleasing himself with the mistake; nor while he lived, would he consent that this opinion, with which he was so much pleased, should be wrested from him; but that if, at death, annihilation should befall him, as some minute philosophers had opinionated, he had this to console him,—that those wise men, also extinct, would not be present to laugh at his mistake.

“ First in man's mind we find an appetite
 To learn and know the truth of ev'ry thing,
 Which is co-natural and born with it,
 And from the essence of the soul doth spring;
 With this desire, she hath a native might
 To find out ev'ry truth, if she had time;
 The innumerable effects to sort aright,
 And, by degrees, from cause to cause to climb.
 But whoso makes a mirror of his mind,
 And doth with patience view himself therein,
 His soul's eternity shall clearly find,
 Though th' other beauties be defaced with sin.
 Her only end is never-ending bliss,
 Which is th' eternal face of God to see;
 Who, last of all ends, and first of causes is:
 And to do this, she must eternal be.

But since our life so fast away doth alide,
 As doth a hungry eagle through the wind,
 Or as a ship transported with the tide,
 Which, in their passage, leave no print behind.
 Of which swift little time, so much we spend,
 While some few things we through the sense do strain,
 That our short race of life is at an end,
 Ere we the principle of skill attain :
 Or God (which to vain ends hath nothing done) .
 In vain this appetite and power hath given ;
 Or else our knowledge, which is here begun,
 Hereafter must be perfected in heaven.
 God never gave a power to one whole kind,
 But most part of that kind did use the same ;
 Most eyes have perfect sight, though some be blind,
 Most legs can nimbly run, though some be lame.
 But in this life no soul the truth can know
 So perfectly as it hath power to do :
 If then perfection be not found below,
 An higher place must make her mount thereto.
 Again, how can she but immortal be,
 When with the motions of both will and wit,
 She still aspireth to eternity,
 And never rests till she attain to it ?
 Water in conduit pipes can rise no higher,
 Than the well head from whence it first doth spring :
 Then since to eternal God she doth aspire,
 She cannot but be an eternal thing."

There! that must be the "hazardous point" to which Virgil so admirably alludes, in his story of *Æneas* voyaging along these haunted shores. For, by the way, from here to Naples, *Roman mythology*, so vividly delineated by this great Latin poet, peopled every recess and crag of any importance with invisible deities. *Æneas*, it seems, had a narrow escape from the cruelty of *Circe*,—famous for her enchantments. But a propitious wind, excited by Neptune, carried him quite away from the lions, bears, &c., which had been conjured into existence and fury by the goddess:—the translation is by Dryden, or Addison, I do not remember which.—

" He plough'd the Tyrrhene seas with sails display'd;
 From land a gentle breeze arose, by night
 Serenely shone the stars, the moon was bright,
 And the sea trembled with her silver light.
 Now near the shelves of *Circe's* shores they run,
 (*Circe*, the richest daughter of the sun,
 A dangerous coast: the goddess wastes her days
 In joyous songs, the rocks resound her lays.

From hence were heard, (rebellowing to the main,
 The roars of lions that refuse the chain;
 The grunt of bristled boars, and groans of bears,
 And herds of howling wolves that stun the sailors' ears;
 These from their caverns, at the close of night,
 Fill the sad isle* with horror and affright.
 Darkling they mourn their fates, when *Circe's* power
 (That watch'd the moon, and planetary hour)
 With words and wicked herbs, from human kind
 Had alter'd, and in brutal shapes confined.
 Which monsters, lest the Trojan's pious host
 Should hear, or touch upon the enchanted coast,
 Propitious Neptune steer'd their course by night,
 With rising gales, that sped their happy flight."

Thank God for the religion of the Bible! The more we know of heathenism,—even of what it once was, in its most refined and polished state among the Greeks and Romans, the more we shall value Christianity. Paganism entailed its own peculiar curse. The doctrine of a plurality of gods,—contending gods,—was the torment of its votaries. He who imagined he had propitiated the favour of one god, had no assurance that he had not incurred the displeasure of another, whose vengeance might be his destruction. Deists boast of their knowledge of the existence of one God, without being beholden to the Bible for information. As well might a company of men, each with a farthing candle in his hand, boast of their splendid

* Not now an island, though some parts have the appearance of having been once insulated from the main land.

illumination, while the broad sun is traversing the heavens in his glory ! I never knew a sensible deist able to maintain his argument against divine revelation with any spirit, after listening to a candid and truthful appeal to heathen mythology. The truth is, the existence of *one God*, "whose presence is diffused through immensity ;—who spreads the ample canopy of his administration over all its dwelling-places ;—who sends the wakefulness of his omniscient eye, and the vigour of his upholding hand, throughout all the realms of nature and providence,"—was too large a thought,—too sublime and magnificent an idea for a heathen mind to comprehend. The Bible, and only the Bible, through the medium of an unwavering belief in its divine authenticity, could establish such a faith. The wisest and best of the Greeks and Romans, were, in this respect, on a par with the most ignorant of their countrymen. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* of Homer, and the *Æneid* of Virgil, are not the only proofs to which a Christian may appeal. How nobly does our vessel skim along the water ! How beautifully does the coast open out to our view ! But is it not singular that, with the loftiest conceptions of the grandeur and benefits of Christianity, one should take so lively an interest in places so identified with the fables of an ancient and degrading idolatry ? The Latin poets have immortalized every object that claims our attention. Yonder is *Baiæ* !—there it was, as Virgil gravely informs us, that *Æneas* was conducted by the prophetess into the infernal regions. And there too is *Averno* ! about which I shall say more hereafter. And here is all that remains of ancient *Puteoli* ! where St. Paul landed, on his way to Rome, after his perilous voyage, Acts xxviii. 13, 14 : "*And from thence we fetched a compass and came to Rhegium : and after one day the south wind blew, and we came the next day to Puteoli ; where we found brethren, and were*

desired to tarry with them seven days; and so we went toward Rome." It was here he first trod the soil of Italy, "with Aristarchus, and Luke, the beloved physician." And here, at this early age of Christianity, they found brethren. "How memorable a day for Rome, and for all Europe, was that upon which the Apostle first set his foot on the shores of Italy! The day dawned, and the day-spring from on high visited them:—there the little stone cut out of the mountain began to break in pieces and scatter to the winds of heaven the monstrous image of pagan idolatry!" And, says another traveller, "I thought of this apostle and of his perilous voyage, as we rounded to the quay, and pictured to myself the sort of vessel in which he had arrived nearly eighteen centuries since in the same harbour. She was called the Castor and Pollux, (what a thing to know even her name!) the ship of Alexandria, that had wintered in Melita, and which put into Syracuse, where she lay three days;—thence they fetched a compass to Rhegium,—the Reggio of Lower Calabria, which lies nearly opposite to Messina,"—from thence, by the aid of the south wind, they were wafted across the deep into the port of Puteoli. I have been reading over the memorable journal of that voyage,—see Acts xxvii., xxviii. How simple, beautiful, and instructive is the whole narrative!

It was somewhere near here, we are informed, that lately, a clergyman of the Church of England met with an accident which cost him his life. It seems that himself and party left Naples, and spent the day agreeably amid the romantic scenery of the coast,—but chiefly at the Sibyl's Grotto, Gumæ. When about to return to Naples, it was proposed to take a walk, and enjoy the evening breeze before they entered the carriage. The minister following the impulse of the moment, started off in a different direction, when suddenly he arrived at the edge of a precipice, which

he did not observe, being near-sighted, and the evening had considerably advanced,—he fell headlong from the fatal rock, and was not discovered till an hour afterwards. The servant who found him, was just in time to hear him say, in great agony, “Thank God my life is spared, but my limbs are broken,”—in a few moments he expired! “Sure it is a serious thing to die, my soul!” but to die thus, how terrible! He,—

“Look’d from time’s trembling precipice
Down on eternity’s abyss,
Till breath and footing fail’d.”

Some writer, when commenting on Genesis iii. 19, considers death in the light of a *statute law of Heaven*,—and yet but a *sudden lapse into immortality*; but it was hard to die thus suddenly, fearfully, and alone. A friend at my left hand says:—

“Determined are the days that fly
Successive o’er thy head;
The number’d hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead.”

An old saint used to say, (and I do not know that the sentiment ever rested upon my mind with greater sweetness or power,) that there is nothing under the sun more certain than death, but nothing more uncertain than the time of dying; that it was his determination *to be ready at all times for death, which may come at any time,—must come at one time or another*;—that a readiness for death could not *hasten* it, but would certainly *sweeten* it when it came,—that it would not make him die *sooner*, but *better*. An excellent remark! Lord help me to act upon it!—“for,” says Jesus, “in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh.” In a conscious readiness for death, at any hour, and in any one of its forms, there is safety and happiness.

Yonder is Vesuvius!—with its robe of green,—its bald head,—banner of smoke,—and heart of fire! Wonder of creation! Power of God!—smoking like a hell! Who could behold without awe? I fear I shall tire you with poetry :—

“ And from the mountain top
Till then invisible, a smoke ascends,
Solemn and slow, as erst from *Ararat*,
When he, the Patriarch, who escaped the flood,
Was with his household sacrificing there.”—

Its scorched summit, and ascending smoke, have an aspect almost supernatural; nor need one wonder that the old pagan poets drew their impressions and delineations of hell from some of its singular and terrific exhibitions.

And still, as its column of smoke and its exhalations ascend through the still clear atmosphere, how forcibly does it remind one of the death of Pliny, the celebrated naturalist. And *there* is the cape from whence “he went to watch Vesuvius through the flames;—those flames consumed him!”—so pathetically described by his adopted son or nephew,—generally known by the name of the *Younger Pliny*, in order to distinguish him from his uncle, to whom I refer,—Pliny the Elder. His letter, on this mournful occasion, to *Tacitus*, the great historian, is still extant. It is a beautiful and classic piece of composition, and was truly an *earnest* of the eminence he was destined to attain, both as a Roman statesman, and an orator;—for he was only a youth of eighteen when the letter in question was written. Through the kindness of a friend, it now lies before me; but I fear I can only afford time for a short extract. Besides, if I had time, want of space would prohibit more, as I anticipate “*much matter* for the pen,” in Naples and its environs.

“ To Tacitus.—Your request that I would send you

an account of my uncle's death, in order to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgements; for if this accident shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am well assured, will be rendered forever illustrious. And, notwithstanding he perished by a misfortune, which, as it involved at the same time a most beautiful country in ruins, and destroyed so many populous cities, seems to promise him an everlasting remembrance, notwithstanding he himself has composed many lasting works; yet, I am persuaded, the mentioning of him in your immortal writings will greatly contribute to eternize his name. Happy I esteem those to be whom Providence has distinguished with the abilities of either doing such actions as are worthy of being related, or of relating them in a manner worthy of being read; but doubly happy are they who are blessed with both these uncommon talents, in the number of which my uncle, as his own writings and your history will evidently prove, may justly be ranked. * * * * * He was at that time with the fleet, under his command, at Misenum. On the 23rd of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just returned from taking the benefit of the sun, and after bathing himself in cold water, and taking a slight repast, had retired to his study. He immediately arose and went out upon an eminence, from which he might more distinctly view this uncommon appearance. It was not at that distance discernible from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterwards to ascend from Mount Vesuvius. I cannot give you a more exact description of its figure than by resembling it to that of a pine-tree, for it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches, occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that

impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upwards; or the cloud itself, being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in this manner. It appeared sometimes bright, and sometimes dark and spotted, as it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders. This extraordinary phenomenon excited my uncle's philosophical curiosity to take a nearer view of it. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me the liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I rather chose to continue my studies, for, as it happened, he had given me an employment of that kind. As he was going out of the house he received a note from *Rectina*, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her; for, her villa being situated at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, there was no way to escape but by sea; she earnestly entreated him, therefore, to come to her assistance. He accordingly changed his first design, and what he began with philosophical, he pursued with an heroic turn of mind. He ordered the galleys to put to sea, and went himself on board, with an intention of assisting not only *Rectina* but several others; for the villas stand extremely thick upon the beautiful coast. While hastening to the place from which others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his direct course to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind, as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and figure of that dreadful scene. He was now so nigh the mountain that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice-stones and black pieces of burning rock; they were likewise in danger of not only being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain, and obstructed the shores. He stopped to consider whether

he should return back again, to which the pilot advising him, 'Fortune,' he said, 'befriends the brave; carry me to Pomponianus.' Pomponianus was then at Stabiæ, separated by a gulf which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms upon that shore. He had already sent his baggage on board; for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within the view of it, and indeed extremely near, if it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind should change. It was favourable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation. He embraced him with tenderness, encouraging and exhorting him to keep up his spirits; and, the more to dissipate his fears, he ordered, with an air of unconcern, the baths to be got ready; when, after having bathed, he sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or, at least, (what is equally heroic,) with all the appearance of it. In the meanwhile the irruption from Mount Vesuvius flamed out in several places with much violence, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still more visible and dreadful. But my uncle, in order to sooth the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages, which the country people had abandoned to the flames; after this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little discomposed as to fall into a deep sleep.

* * * * * The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer, it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out of it; it was thought proper, therefore, to awaken him. He got up and went to Pomponianus and the rest of the company, who were not unconcerned enough to go to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which now shook from side to side with fre-

quent and violent concussions, or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers, and threatened destruction. In this distress they resolved for the fields, as the less dangerous situation of the two; a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration. They went out, then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins; and this was their whole defence against the storm of stones that fell around them. Though it was now day everywhere else, with them it was darker than the most obscure night, excepting only what light proceeded from the fire and flames. They thought proper to go down farther upon the shore to observe if they might safely put out to sea, but they found the waves still run extremely high and boisterous. There my uncle, having drunk a draught of cold water, threw himself down upon a cloth which was spread for him, when immediately the flames and a strong smell of sulphur, which was the forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the company and obliged him to arise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead, suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapour; having always had weak lungs, and being frequently subjected to a difficulty of breathing. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, exactly in the same posture that he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead. * * * * * You will choose out of this narrative such circumstances as shall be most suitable to your purpose; for there is a great difference between what is proper for a letter and a history; between writing to a friend and writing to the public. Farewell." Thus perished one of the most learned men

of ancient Rome. His work on Natural History, consisting of thirty-seven books; is known and read in the nineteenth century. He was a *confidant* both of *Vespasian* and *Titus*, and was entrusted by them, several times, with affairs of the greatest importance to the Roman empire. Pliny the Younger became quite as celebrated as his uncle:—and that, not on account of his writings only, but for his exploits on the field of battle, and his overpowering eloquence in the Forum at Rome. His letter to Trajan, written about forty years after the death of St. Paul, is still extant. It is a good specimen of his style, and at the same time a noble testimony to the character of the primitive Christians.

We are just entering the bay of Naples. How sublimely beautiful is the picture before us! A curve of the bay, laved by waters intensely blue, is the frame of the picture. And what a frame!—from the promontory of Posilippo to that of Misenus,—a spacious line of curving coast, describing a compass of not less than twenty miles! How many gems bespangle this frame! *There* is Virgil's tomb, scarcely discernible amidst the foliage,—where it reposes on the brink of the Grotto of Posilippo. Next, the harbour of Naples, with its mole,—its Pharos,—and its shipping,—the whole surmounted by the city:—Then *Portici*, and *Resina*, standing on the carcass of *Herculaneum*. From thence the eye is attracted toward Torr-dell, Greco, glistening in the rays of the morning sun;—how gay it looks,—*as if it stood not upon the grave of its progenitor!*—rather Phoenix-like it has arisen out of the ashes of its former self; therefore, why should it not look young, bright, and beautiful?—seeing it has been purified withal by the fires of Vesuvius. Pompeii must be concealed behind the brow of yonder shelving hill; and there are other towns and villages, but I know not their names. Indeed almost the whole line of coast which we are now contemplating,

is embroidered by a fringe of white houses, varied in architecture and decorations, which contrast admirably with the water which sleeps at their foundations, and the green background of the bordering mountains. To the left, close to the promontory of Posilippo sits Naples enthroned in her beauty,—*Queen of the Mediterranean*. Alas for her! the throne is nothing more than the abrupt swell of “*three delabrated craters*” of an extinct volcano. Perhaps I should not have mentioned this, as it may mar the beauty of the picture in your imagination. This would be wrong. The situation of Naples is beautiful, and, when viewed in connexion with palaces, churches, domes, terraced roofs, and hanging gardens, is really magnificent. Its form is amphitheatrical, part of which is distinctly mirrored in the limpid waters of the bay. Above and around the city, are vineyards and gardens gemmed with pretty villas, imparadised in alleys of acacias, groves of myrtle, and orange trees, and sparkling with fountains, vases, and statuary. How harmoniously are all the parts of this splendid scenery blended together! How bewitching,—how indescribable the charm with which the whole is invested! Distance serves to conceal all objects that are offensive, or unseemly. It is thus we are frequently deceived by appearances, with regard to our fellow creatures. We contemplate remotely the *splendour of their circumstances*, and the *means of happiness* which they possess; and at once decide that it is impossible they should not be happy. But we forget that there are troubles peculiar to their situation, and with which they themselves are but too familiar; but which, were we allowed a closer inspection, would surprise us into the acknowledgement, that,—

“Nothing is proof against the general curse
Of vanity, that seizes all below.”

Those who are versed in life's vanities, are usually versed in its woes also. How many "*grasp seeming happiness and find it pain!*" How few realise happiness without alloy, or enjoy a portion of blessings free from "some thistly sorrow" growing by their side! Nor should we forget the sentiment of the great poet:—

"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, or Hell of Heaven."

Ungrateful should I be to my heavenly Father, if such a scene of beauty and wonder did not excite within my heart feelings of *gratitude and adoration*. His works proclaim his power. The loveliness of nature unfolds his beneficence. Historical recollections teach one many an instructive lesson regarding his providence. Classical and mythological allusions, so powerfully excited in the mind, when viewing the scenes where not a few of them were originated, move the heart to pity the *delusions* of those who have passed away. The remembrance of the great men who frequented these shores in past ages,—statesmen, heroes, poets, and orators of antiquity,—many of whom were men of great talents and rare integrity, considering the times in which they lived, and the disadvantages of their dispensation,—inspires my soul with thankfulness to my gracious God for calling me into existence at a period of our world's history so favourable to my well-being, and to the enjoyment of the benefits of a higher and more glorious dispensation. "*Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name!*" Nor should I forget, now that I am about to enter that great city, that "*thou God seest me!*"—that, if I live under superior light and privileges, my obligation to be *holy* and *faithful* are proportionably increased.—

"O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;

Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin for God is there!"

Some writer has said, "*The only amaranthine flower on earth is VIRTUE*;"—which is only another name for real religion; "*the only lasting treasure upon earth is TRUTH*;"—which is to be found in the holy scriptures. I enjoy religion, and am therefore happy. I have my Bible, and therefore I possess a *treasury of truth*, in reference to important doctrines, genuine philosophy, and sound morality. There is no book in existence which can compare with it in the above respects; nor is there one to be found so rich in poetry and eloquence,—in true sublimity, dignified simplicity, and exquisite beauty of language and description.

How majestic does old Vesuvius appear with his column of smoke! Vesuvius is the glory of Naples;—at once her sublimest ornament, and most treacherous and dangerous foe,—from whom she has the most to dread. For, should Naples be so fortunate as to escape those rivers of consuming lava which at intervals roll down from the lofty summit of that mountain, any serious obstruction within its crater might, at any moment, give birth to an earthquake that would lay Naples in ruins;—or a few shocks might at once sink her into a *burning volcano*, upon the crusts of whose crater she has been seated for centuries. If one could believe that most of the population would but escape a more dreadful hell, in case of such a catastrophe, one's heart could the more readily rejoice at beholding her situation,—so sublimely beautiful,—though encompassed by elements so alarming. How forcibly does the inquiry press upon the mind, when approaching this great city, What is the *religious state* of the *half* million of people who are congregated within its walls, and of the one hundred thousand immortal beings who are said to reside upon the shores we have just been contemplating? *Popery!* How forlornly does the

word fall upon the ear!—what a train of mournful associations does it carry to the mind! “*Here and there,*” says a charitable individual, “*one may be found, by God’s mercy, to rise above the errors he is born in, and attain a somewhat clearer view of truth. But the system is a fatal one; it darkens the understanding, it enslaves the conscience, it perils the soul.*” The sentiment both *relieves* and *oppresses* the heart. The *truthfulness* of the closing sentence is fearfully evident to any one acquainted with the holy scriptures and the dogmas of Romanism; but especially to those who have witnessed “the degrading works of popery” in those countries where there is no neutralizing influence emanating from the presence of Protestantism.

A small boat is ready to convey us ashore. In viewing once more this noble scenery, my thoughts *oscillate* between *present Romanism and absent Paganism*, but are unable to find satisfaction in either system. If we find degradation in the history of one, it is so also in the other. *Modern Romanism*, which is *popery*, has dishonoured Christianity and degraded man. Ancient Romanism, which is pagan idolatry, contemned the Almighty and disgraced man. The wickedness of some great characters who belonged to the latter system, and whose history is identified with these scenes, proclaims the great fact, that the *depravity of man* has co-existed with all generations since the fall of Adam. Nor, in connexion with the above thought, should the island of Caprea be overlooked,—sitting yonder, like a lovely gem, on the bosom of the tranquil bay. Nor can one look at that pretty island without remembering the interrogation of the Latin poet:—

“Who has not heard of Caprea’s guilty shore,
Polluted by the rank old Emperor?”*

* Tiberius.

But I must close this long letter. It has afforded me some pleasure to put into order the few *imperfect reflections* suggested by the classical scenery of the interesting shore along which we have sailed. We are now prepared, with a light and cheerful heart, to visit those scenes and places so generally interesting to all travellers. The results I shall faithfully note down, and transfer them to you as soon as convenient.

Love to Mrs. ——— and to ———. Ever, and for ever, your brother in Christ Jesus our Lord.

J. C.

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